

Evemaster "Embraced"

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The drum is my steed, The wind my wings
The mind of an eagle is my soul... and my will is of
frozen soil

Far in the edge of night and twilight is a tree
on which branches lies the souls of unborn
And ravens the bringers of light
are guiding them into oblivion

My eyes didn't see I didn't speak when I was born
far north embraced by tundra
My forter said I bore the marks
I was going to be his successor
I watched my ancestors to bleed themselves
to attain the utter conciousness
To find the long-gone spirit to kill
to ride the night again...

When the dusk comes I feel myself alive
when the last rays of the sun have died
Begun my ride through the darkest of nights
as my will becomes one with the wolves...

...I feel the desire to haunt...
...I feel the desire to kill...

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