

Goresleeps "The Old Sea-King"

Visit "[The Old Sea-King](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

He stood alone on the cliff
He Looked down on severe storm
And waind threw in his fase the thorny
Splashes of sea foam.

But waves hit at his feet
And the sea voice spread far and wide
The sea voice like the mournful cry
The mournful cry...

Somewhere, far away
On the dragon-ships sail hoisted
And baneful battles will burst out again
But old man ashore
Knelt down. His orbs are moistened
His lot is hearken now how women play.

His grandson has set off for Fame
Somewhere in expanse of (the) great Tide
To fight and win his own good name
Under (the) kindly sky.

The ridges break up the waves
The tears corrode (the) skin of his cheeks
Cause of his glaive will not be blaze
And smash up enemies.

I do wish be strong and violend
Put my face under briny
Waind fight against senility

God, give me eerlasting
Strength, glaive and billow gusty
Sole way to white purity.

Visit [Goresleeps](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.