

Heathen

"Winterking"

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I open my eyes
I see the sun shining through the night
The light that blinds Reflex the fear that I have no time
I watch the leaves
I see the glance shining icy bright
The day has come
I step outside facing darker side

Warmth keeps fading
Frost is cutting
Air I'm breathing
Death cold feeling
Now I see the hordes are coming
I'm still living!

Face of the Winterking
White frost on the fields
Creeps into the souls
Force of the Winterreal
Across the clear blue sky
The reign of snow will rise

Battle begins
Our Blades are sharp and against the foe
We march out
Mellow men fight against time
The field is lost
Save your souls from the Winterking
Leave this place
Cause your damned and you fight in vain

Time is running out
I am old and tired
Afraid of dying reckless
Golden light admired
The King's sword is grazing me
Remorsefulness desired

He covers the skies
Looks out the sun brings us endless nights
The ruler of ice

Collects the souls of the fallen knights
The fields is lost
Save our souls from the Winterking
Leave this place
Cause your damned and you fight in vain

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