

Hin Onda

"Supreme Chaos"

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Under the light of the pale seasonal sun, cruel lands of
snow where the legends freeze
In the northern sky the stars whisper
The song of the arcing moon, the winter twilight is upon
us

In the eerie ghastly gloom of the merciless midwinter
moon
Magic of the runes prophets the forth-coming doom
The signs and omens, now bright as mirages
On the eve of war, the fiery sky blossoms in inferno

Blood of the sun, lamentations of earth, open up in a
song, hymn of the One
Chaos supreme, the master of times present and past

Summer of flame came, violent storms of magic rage
Flood and plague, death and destruction, a new age
The millenium of fire

Like a river now runs the blood, like a stream is the
bleeding
Covering the berry twigs, hiding all the heathers

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