I'm From Barcelona ''Blashyrkh''

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far above the ravengate
the spreaded wings of blashyrkh waits
Above the roaring depths
Sits the oath of frost
On the elder raventhrone
Older mountains sleeping in my sight
By chilling woods I stand
A grimly sound of naked winds
Is all that shall ever be heard from here
Cometh the rightful kings of highest halls
Cry of tavens lurk the realm
Eternally through the noctambulant grimness
...Demons stride at the gates of blashyrkh...
...Blashyrkh... Mighty ravendark...

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