

Immolation

"A Perfect Vision Of The Rising Northland"

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Winter of the ages so dark so cold that flames turn to
the bluest frost
Mountains of ice rises above an dead an frozen ground
The ravens returns to the hills
And the Millennium black bells of eternal frost
Chaise through the Northern lightning
Upon the mountainside I stand
The floods of black runs below
Hair of a cold goatscalp I kiss
Eyestaken mountains still breathes
At one with the poisoned ground
Midnight dark sky open up
A blast of red lightning rides the night
With dooms winds deaths angels fly
Across an nearly closed skyline
And the sun freezes at one with the infernal holocaust
frozen clouds
Centuries of doom reigned by the Goathrone of desire
Raised by sorcery to the Holocaust sky
North black hordes storms
Through invisible cyclones of frostwinds I lift my hands
And join the ceremonial circle of the wind
Eyes of stone now sleeps into eternal night
This winter is forever
A wind of red I rode
A wind of evil cold
For the years that have passed in the North
Brought me visions of the Goathrone of desire
On the hillside where I stood I left for another world
Tragedies blows at horizon
The sun freezes to dust
A perfect vision of the rising Northland

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