

Immolation

"The Call Of The Wintermoon"

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Buried beneath the mountains of frost
Years of silent sorrow dream and dark
My winterwings of evil sleeps in eternal nights
In deaths cold crypts of snow
The moon chimed my return
With the blackstorms I came
And not with the winds
The Northern darkness marches through the coldest
night
I can't resist the taste of these winds
And bath my eyes in it's grace
Frost and winter return to my eyes
The call of the wintermoon
Nocturnal clouds blows freely in the distance
In the grey mist of deaths horizon
My winterwings of evil sleeps
In deaths cold crypts of snow
Buried beneath the mountains of frost
Years of silent sorrow grim and dark
Into eternal nights
Hearing the call of the wintermoon.

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