

Immortal

"Cryptic Winterstorms"

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A black sunset rises
Under the funeral sky

The freezing waters below
As mirrors made of funeral mist

But the blasting sky above
And the fullmoon is on the rise.
Fullmoon is on the rise

My hair blows in the winds of reap
Still I float with the cold diabolical massacre winds

On the bestial wings of evil
Above the mountain side and into cryptic winterstorms

I long for eternal frost and black winters
Asleep in the cold lakes
Awake in the stars in the sky

And silent the valleys in the North
Where I once were a proud warrior

Where I belong
Where I bath my soul in doom fire fog
Where I ride deaths cold winds
In the battles in the North

As Norse warriors I rode
The dark valleys
With longsword in hand
Sworn to throne the dark lands
To return to my masters in the blue mist of the dying
sunset

Black sunset dies under the funeral sky
My hair blows into winds of reap

Still I float with the cold diabolical massacrewinds
On the overshadowed bestial wings of evil

Above the mountain side and into cryptic winterstorms

Forever

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