

Immortal

"The Call Of The Wintermoon"

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Buried beneath the mountains of frost
Years of silent sorrow grim and dark
My winterwings of evil sleep in eternal nights

In deaths cold crypts of snow
The moon chimed my return

With blackstorms I came
And not with the winds

Northern darkness marches through the coldest night

I can't resist the taste of these winds from the
wintermoon
I split my tongue for the taste these winds
And bath my eyes in its 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 sleep

In deaths cold crypts of snow
Buried beneath the mountains of frost
Years of silent grim and dark
Into eternal nights
Hearing the call of the wintermoon.

Northern darkness marches through the coldest night
I can't resist the taste of these winds from the
wintermoon
I split my tongue for the taste these winds
And bath my eyes in its grace
Frost and winter return to my eyes
The call of the wintermoon

In the Northern tribe

The moon chimed my return

Hearing the call of the wintermoon

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