

In The Woods... "Creation Of An Ancient Shape"

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See this form of darkness
and search its endless feast
Floating through this storm
immortal histories

Cold and destructive
Wisdom which hailed from the north
crushing all good
With a touch of bare skin
Spread total fear through them hordes

As chaos strikes
and weakness dies

Armed in iron weapons
Die to reach the sky
Brave men into battle
Allfather, greet me in your hall

A creation
All it will rise again
Warriors strive for vengeance
Ancient shapes of creation

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