## In The Woods... "Creations 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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