

Vordr "Deadfog"

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The fog crawls from the swamp
Smell of stagnant water
Souls of once drowned warriors
Awful shapes left of men

Penetrate through all
Nothing untouched
Their will of hatred
No soul unscarred...

At night beware them
The fog of the dead
Wishing nothing good
Cunning and treacherous

Faces of brothers
Long dead relatives
As much as the fog is familiar
It offers only death

Penetrate through all
Nothing untouched
Their will of hatred
No soul unscarred...

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