

Winter Rage "Norhtern Legacy"

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Calm morning before the storm
Winter's grip is no more
This peace will not last
Death'll come to take us all

Countless soldiers march ahead
Into unknown forsaken land
Final battle is about to start
As red dawn paints the sky

Northern winds guide my hand
I'll cut them all where they stand
Their banners shall fall
Today I'll enter the golden hall

See the raven fly high
Into the blackened sun
Old age will burn in flames
As new era is being born
Centuries of darkness will be gone
In symphony of armagedon's call
Time is running, save your souls
Tomorrow will not come
Ever-more!

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