

Winter's Verge

"Winterlong"

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Darkness surrounds us, on a cold winter's night.
A fire for metal is burning so bright.
Waiting for the right time
When fortune we will find
Braking the silence, we're one of a kind

[Chorus]

We are Winterlong reaching for the top of the hills.
Standing tall never to fall into the battle of forevermore
we go.

We're leaving the playground
To reach higher grounds
We stand by our six strings a warriors sound.

[Chorus]

We are Winterlong reaching for the top of the hills.
Standing tall never to fall into the battle of forevermore
we go.

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