

Witticism "Cold"

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In battleclothes, with the sword in his hands,
He walks a path, a path wich neverends...
Still behold by Oden's allmighty sight,
He fights his way through the blistering winternight.

The northern wind layed his icy chains on rivers, rocks
and seas;
The whipping snow blurrs his sigh,
Rocks sharp like blades cut his feet and pierce his
eyes.

Death is drawing near, but not a spark of fear in his
eyes.
Doubting not he'd give his blood, strong and brave
he'll fight
So he may live in glory afterlife.

They broke out of the mist from all sides, their swords
glaced in the rising wintersun.
Smiling the deadliest grin, they attacked without
remorse...

And so the brother's pack was overrun and their blood
soiled the ground.
Inferior they fought, one by one...
But sealed in blood, their downfall just begun!

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