

Witticism "Storm Of Doom"

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Vast waves rise high into grey winter skies

The salty spray scourges in our faces

We're fallen from heavens grace

A strong wind bows as we're heading home

But confident we still gaze into the waves

The north wind bowed and filled our sails

A guiding sign,

time had come for us to leave

Through blistering wind and crumbling sea we brawl

A glory fate the Norns for us did weave

All of sudden

Chill winds passes our hair

The winter sun clears the misty way

Now that we see this bleak scenery

We're heading towards the gates of Nifelhel

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