

Moonsorrow "Daughter Of The Wind"

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O' hear the daughter of the wind
singing her fairest song.
How gently her silent breath
caresses the lilies on the open lake.

Into the deepest green of her eyes
is cast the light of stars.
In her heart, strength like brightest laughter
that endures beyond worlds.

'til the end of time daughter of the wind
is singing her fairest song.
A lost wave guided home by her call.
The sleeping woodland cradled by her hand.
THE WAY OF A WARRIOR

Grand is his power
and enormous his strength.
Man grown on barren lands,
grown under an icy wind.

A mere breeze can lead its forces
to calm through the eye of a storm.
The way of a warrior is to bear his name,
never to lower his sword.

Warrior, a hero,
bearer of the golden cloak.
Into battle, into death,
on the path to the city of the gods.

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