

Crimfall

"Son Of North"

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Ota perkele pahin poikasi
Joka on pitempi itseasi
Mene pimeahan Pohjolahan
Paivan paistamattomahan.

Rise son yet no man
Ice anoint, cold baptize
Old names cast aside

Frostborn
Son of north
Onto the arms of war
Son of north

Rise son yet no man
One eye of white with raven's sight
Your life it belongs to this land
And demise our vermilion guide

Trail ahead foreseen
Is dark indeed
And devotion heeds
Mere wisps in between

Dead begotten son
When threads are few
They must be strong
Deliver us from life

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