

Divine Sin "Winterland"

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Embraced by the chill of the wind
It's icy fingers reaching for my soul
The arctic wasteland greets my eyes
As I watch my fate unfold

The sad wings of solitude wrapped around me
The cold spell of winter bites my skin
The flames of pain sear my wretched flesh
Still this purgatory won't cleanse me from sin

[Chorus:]
I've kissed the sinner's hand
I've drunk from the chalice of tears
Still death grants my soul no rest
Damned to dwell in my winterland

[Solo: Micke]

The animation of my soul
Vivid images of barren plains
Brought darkness into my eyes
Spawned by eons of pain

[Chorus]

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