

King Of Asgard

"Lingering A Sacred Ground"

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Down this road of mist and shadow
Souls of the dead has left their mark
The soil have tasted the steps of agony

Plant the seeds
Pluck the fruit of perdition
The clear path turned to dark
Where no sun shine
Constantly wrapped in darkness

The strength of death constant near
Lingering a sacred ground
Souls of men trapped in veil
Lingering a sacred ground

Tortured in endless pain
With no sign of aid
Forsaken by their gods

As darkness covers the fields of old
Forever lost, no chance to break free
Constant screams but no one hears

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