

Maelstrom

"Arctica"

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These wings they cannot fly the weather on this night.
Over crimson skies, come find me under moonlight.
What was meant to be - to meet upon this night.
This was our destiny - entombed forever in ice.

Far away the sun goes down over nights delay.
My last remaining breath. Cold suffocating death.
Held forever in my chest. Upon our final rest.
This was meant to be - the dying of your sun.
This was our destiny - until the morning comes.

Far away the sun goes down over nights delay.

"Beyond the horizon lies a tomb of forever ice.
A dead sun hangs in an empty sky.
Beyond the horizon lies an eternity in coldness.
And beyond the great eclipse, the dark horde
approaches."

Something sinister doth approach,
To rid my body of my ghost.
I fear the dawn shall never come.
The beasts have come for me - for the blood I cannot
bleed.
I stand ready, gazing into the eyes of my attackers.

With great anger I rain down upon them.

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