

## Satyricon "Black Winds"

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Summon thy hidden wisdom, gather the unholy hate  
Winter is at hand, frozen my tears will be  
Created by blasphemy  
The edge of my sword, the powers of my mind

Winter is at hand, as two torches blaze in the dark  
A warrior dressed in black granted eternal life  
Black winds blow my hair, as the voice of the night  
Whisper my name  
Blackened ground, misty sound  
Hear the call for war, the master calling his  
Warriors to explore by the sign of the horns  
As the dawn arises the souls of a thousand  
Young men shall go wild  
As the fire shines into the night they're sitting by  
The campfires awaiting the dawn

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