

Necrofrost

"My Winter Of Forgotten Souls"

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When the night covers the land,
How a corpsecloth.
When the moon with its pale light
Breaks through the branches to the ground.
When the fog slid through the wood
With great effort
And wraps villages and valleys with grey veil.

The day turns to night
And the life in the dark forests wake up.
Howling wolves decide the time
Of silence and oblivion.

When the wind blows through the old walls,
He relates the tales from the glorious battles.

Now the souls of the dead come back
From the forgotten wood... they
Were silent witnesses from the past.

The dawn drives her right away
And with her goes the fog.
A new day has begun
In this senseless life...

The night turns to day,
The life of the night goes back,
And the howling of the wolves disappears,
And the daily life returns
... that captures us.

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