

Ancient Rites

"A Ravens Reflection Of The Ancient Northland"

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As I Ride The Nocturnal Storm
Through This Eternal Winterland
The SilverMoon Shines Bright
Above The Naked, Cold Trees
And While I Descend Into A Sea
Of The Blackest Fog
Wolves Are Howling In The Dead Of Night

As I Land On The Frozen Ground
My Eyes See Through The Misty Distance
I See Black Shadows Dancing
Dancing With Red Glowing Eyes

The Obscure Ones Embraces Me
My Soul Is Now Among Theirs
I Am One With The Mightiest Creatures
My Wings Carry Me Through
Through The Grim, Chilling Air
To The Palace Of The Nocturnal Warlock
My Name Is Now Forever Among
Other Kings

I Am Enthroned
I Am Supreme
I Am The King Of The Land
Beyond The Horizon
My Soul Is Black
My Land Is Black

Enter Into My Palace Of The Frozen Moon
Where The Snow Falls Eternally
Enter Into My Hall Of The Deepest Sleep
Where Only The Twilight Awakes Me

But As The Dawn Breaks I Return
To My Coffin Of The Blackest Oak
In Which Only The Twilight Awakes Me

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