

Sorcier Des Glaces

"My Journey Into The Black Forest"

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Whispers in the Night-Dark Winds of Evil
As I walk in this Black Domain
With Might and Wisdom in My Hands
I Travel across the Horizons

(Black) Misanthropy fills our Souls
With the Darkness of the Night
And with all the Spells of the Forest

The Moon turns to Red

A Gloomy Light Appears Before Me
This is the Way (that I Look Upon)
Towards the Icy Northern Highlands
The Threshold is Covered by Snow
And far Beyond I can See
The Sun Dying

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