

## As I March

Aeternus

my pale soul on one of my bold mountains shines under my moon i  
hold my torch high i stand up against my black sky glow in the  
light of the moon more and more as the unpure blood the skulls  
in my belt so does my sword runs off and down on my bold strong  
mountain if runs my mountain drinks it calls the rain it calls  
my father brutally they come deep into my pale soul as thunder  
they slam their powers i scream in pain and lust my wind  
brings the rain from my mighty oceans i scream and laugh my  
black sky is still clear under my moon as i dance the dance of  
war in my storm on one of my seven mountains