

White Storm

Ensiferum

On this magical dawn the colours of autumn are reflected by a light

A light that has been captured for years in oblivion of time

Circles of time are raging now
so his powers are slowly dying
Before the coldness rapes the land
his spirit is wandering into the night to die

...

Over the mountains
he had travelled
Across the oceans
deep in the night
Now when it's time to
say last farewells
show us your power
show us your mighty
gift from the sky

His eyes can see it so clearly now
but his restless mind cannot sense it in the air

The white storm is close

...and his powers gained in this mystical place
more than he ever possessed before
So now he could rule the realms of ice once again