

God of the Cold White Silence

3 Inches of Blood

When it's cold and the ice grips your skin
Few can stomach how harsh it is
In the woods lurks a great old one
Who can scare the flesh right off your bones
A ravenous specter
Walker on the wind
By many names it's known
But nothing's more fearsome when its face is shown
You'll fall to your knees and beg to
The god of the cold white silence
A frozen giant with a heart made of ice
Hideous flesh eating creature of northern desolation
In a land so cold
Its story told for hundreds of years
A horrid giant born from the snow
Face to face you'll be torn apart
By its claws or merely its gaze
Under black skies treads this grim arctic god
Oh great old one, god of the lost
Long and bitter winter
At the mercy of the arctic gods
God of the cold white silence