

## White Fields

### Barren Earth

On white fields the hate still rages on  
Where does its endless force come from?  
It runs amok in great greed  
When flesh is weak  
And desire dark  
Hear the sighing of a bleeding world

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The howling arrows skim on white fields  
Hunting down the prey of night  
Cutting sore wounds in many shields  
In a dream of life there's (only) death in sight

A crimson snowdrift before us  
A rimy forest behind  
Life's a prisoner of the underworld

The chasing anger is gaining  
Its passage can't be prevented  
The stare of the heaven's star is cold

A dimly visible horizon  
The northern sky ablaze  
A crowd of fate  
Roaming in the haze

On the road to doom,  
Not victory  
The path of gore and frost  
We step upon a trail of misery

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