

Tribe of Eternity

Catamenia

Shallow is the talent to see the future
Where waiting silently to your own murder

We tear down your memory as ruler
Cold winds run with us to new dawn

We came from north, The Tribe of Eternity
Our blood is ice, The Way of Inhumanity
We hear the call, The Tribe of Eternity
End of your lies, The Way of Inhumanity

I see the fallen land, buried in ice and snow
Old world has gone, you know it's your time to go

So you redefine the world for your own need
Just to fall and make you suffer and bleed

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Our blood is ice, The Way of Inhumanity
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The world you create serve nothing but senseless hate
Turn against indiscreet and lay on mankind's grave

Last thing you'll ever hear are our howls in the night
Fangs on your throat and we'll let the permission to die

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