

## Son Of North

Crimfall

Ota perkele pahin poikasi  
Joka on pitempi itseasi  
Mene pimeahan Pohjolahan  
Paivan paistamattomahan.

Rise son yet no man  
Ice anoint, cold baptize  
old names cast aside

Frostborn  
Son of north  
Onto the arms of war  
Son of north

Rise son yet no man  
One eye of white with raven's sight  
Your life it belongs to this land  
and demise our vermillion guide

Trail ahead foreseen  
is dark indeed  
and devotion heeds  
mere wisps in between

Dead begotten son  
When threads are few  
They must be strong  
Deliver us from life