

Grave Without A Name

Cryptic Wintermoon

As crimson colours the sky - where ravens fly
Staring to the sky above - the incoming darkness
And lonely we die

No one who prays for us - no one who cries
We die - to the place where our dead brothers lie

And now the cold grips my heart
I can see them coming
A heart of ice - and the eyes like winter

Not afraid of the coming night - remember where darkness there
is a light
A burning flame forever to remain
Just another grave in the cold without a name

Now darkness fills the sky - see the Valkyries fly
A last look to the sky above - we are warriors born to die