

## Arkhangelsk

### Dark Tranquillity

Willed by winters so called frost  
Fix the in anxieties from grip  
The frost that burned the honorees  
Underneath the heavy clouds  
The lifted sword, the broken shield  
The end that drew the final word  
From the frozen mouth of Arkhangelsk

Let them go, let them burnt the world to cinders  
Let the rats run down  
Falling through the tungsten skies  
The burning clouds of Arkhangelsk

To the eye of judgement now  
What will stand when time of the end, (time of the end)

Center stone, into fire  
On to nothing and nothing to lose  
They gather, groaning to the souls  
Of the grinding winds of Arkhangelsk

In the world what movement in  
The fabric, everything dies  
The storm that sweeps the world away  
From the frozen plains of Arkhangelsk

You hear it from the morning star,  
What others brought  
And the land, forgot

Soring through the Nether mills  
Through blazing stars, the time suns  
The grinder now that carries us  
Through the bloody end of Arkhangelsk