

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