

Nightfrost

Forgotten Tomb

I walk again through these darkened paths,
As the cold wind blows on my face
And the fog creates sinister forms,
They guide me in the dark night
A night as black as Death
An iced hand closes my eyes
As the frost surrounds me with it's obscure shroud
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No moon over me this night,
Only the dark is real now
I stand obsessed by the signs,
Occult symbols carved in the ground
Of this ancient moor

They show me the mysteries of the afterlife,
The way to the knowledge
Now i must die to see this...

Wandering in the lands of Death
I know, i' ve seen beyond
Untrodden paths, but only in this life,
I walked them
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