

The Spirit Of An Ancient Past

Hades

The mist of blue frost
Falls the proud valleys of the north
An iceage of terror
As silent as snow hides the hills
In this frozen land I ride
As the northern light guides my way
A blackwind I am
A shadow of war and lust
this path, whom for me is the chosen
Forbidden for mortals to see
the night is filled
With diabolical summoning winds
The moon is burning
Like an eye glearing of demonic hate
Watch me as I choose my trail
This journey is forever
the spirit of gods and goddess I am
Forgotten at the birth of new times
A reflection of an ancient past
Waiting in a lost realm of ice
For the rising of a forever pagan age