

Grey morning, dawn won the fight  
Daylight drives away the night  
Fog's rising out in the fields  
The birth of winter is in sight

Dark shadows fall from the sky  
They alight on gallows tree  
black feathers, amber beaks  
waiting for their deity

Leaves are spinning 'round  
Lost and never found  
When the king takes the crown

Can you feel  
The autumn wind blowing  
Ravenlord is coming to stay  
Can you hear  
The passing bell tolling  
Ravenlord - takes you far away

Sharp talons, pinions of ice  
The obscure the new-born day  
Hot breathing freezes to snow  
piercing caws lead you astray

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