

Yersinia Pestis

Helheim

1349
Times of decay
Pestilence
Blood
Supreme
The years of sickening souls

Can you feel the breath upon your neck
Hear the cruel voice of the old
Revealing the flesh of the dead
The evil grin of the plague

I remember these times of great sorrow
These years of deep pain

A land lied in a veil of solitude
Faces pale as the moon

Stalking the landscape in the shape of an oak
Misery loves company

One could hear the violin play
A single dead tune
Marking the age of the dead

One nation lost in the claws of an oak
So foul that her gaze alone would make one freeze in torment
Lying on the deathbed with an empty stare
Only preparing for the journey to the other side
Nine long nights and days on the path of no return
Towards the realm they all know and fear: helheim

[MUSIC: V'gandr]

[LYRICS: V'gandr]