

# By The Hands Of Violent Winter

Illnath

By the hands of violent winter, his fate was sealed  
Crawling on the icy slopes with limbs frozen cold  
Memories of untold torture, in his mind  
Waking from the endless slumber leaving him numb

Creeping worms they eat his mind  
Feelings blind this clouded time  
They took his soul, so they could find  
The truth

Feeling hate for usurpers gone mad  
Reaching in for the power he had  
Wanting more than he could give  
But they would never falter  
In his mind only memories of hate  
Planted there by the monger's of fate  
Reaching out for sanity  
But hope is ever fading

Looking for the answer  
Why did they do this to me?  
Leaving me deserted  
I never asked for this hell

Reaching out for fires burning, in his eyes  
Hope is still a trusty friend but fires burn low  
Snow keeps falling all around him, as he screams  
Seemingly the only answer is from the void

Defeated and forsaken, he lies in fields of snow  
Only sign of life his eyes, in panic seeking solace  
Sun, rising high  
Bringing, warmth and energy again

Waking up from a steady state  
Of suspended animation  
Blinded by these rays of light  
Hailing from the sky

Senses now return to him  
Tribulations feeling dim  
Now a sordid memory  
Impeding doom approaching

As he run, try to shake off the vice  
No one hearing his desperate cries  
The usurpers are hunting him  
Hounds barking and wolves closing in  
His escape was a futile attempt  
He is hunted by common consent  
Now returned to the bleak white cell  
I hope that dying is the end of this hell

[Solo]

Looking for the answer  
Why are they doing this?

What is it I have done?  
To deserve this living hell

By the violent hands of winter, his fate is sealed  
Dying by the hands of strangers leaving him cold  
Memories of untold torture still in his mind  
Never more awakening, this time it's the end  
Defeated and forsaken, his peers would not let go  
The trial was an endless one, and death did not yet show  
Come, reap my life  
Now, it's the time of my departure

Afore of him a shadow stands  
It's glowing with eternal might  
"I am one of many names  
And one of them is bringer of light"

[By the hands of violent winter - Comments]

[The idea for this lyric came from an old horror-movie, that I can't remember the name of. But it was about a guy who had his memories shared with those of a cat. He got away from the scientist guys and ran and ran but they caught up with him in the end nevertheless, and all the time he had these flashy images running through his mind that he knew wasn't his own. I wrote it because I found it a scary thought that you were being experimented upon and you could do nothing about it. And in the end dying is not even a relief. The lyric was written together with Tyr, before Narrenschiff joined the band.]  
[- Tobias]