

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]