

A Sign for the Norse Hordes to Ride

Immortal

gathering the horde on a mountainside
awaiting the morning bestial sunrise
diabolic seven winds of hate
breathe in the chasm of the realms
in clouds above horizon grey
a throne of ice
watching silently with a warrior eye
winds of destruction fills our hearts
with joy portals to war lay before us
fog in the distance is all I see
born of the blackening sky of Blashyrkh
a ravens claws lifted towards the sky
is a sign for the Norse hordes to ride
a sign for the Norse hordes to ride
is the way for our enemies to die.