

## Descent Into Eminent Silence

Immortal

Standing by ringwalls of stone  
Deepest dungeons  
Passing irongates  
Nor the golden send dreams  
Under towers that  
Once stormed in sight  
That never storm  
Hill.. the elder ravens  
Above borgs layed in fog  
Forget not  
The blasphemic nordic deeps  
Shadows... steal our souls  
Into what we once were  
I'm feeling  
That well be taken there  
Closed in time for those  
Who shall not pass our gates