

The Call of the Wintermoon

Immortal

Buried beneath the mountains of frost
Years of silent sorrow grim and dark
My winterwings of evil sleep in eternal nights
In deaths cold crypts of snow
The moon chimed my return
With blackstorms I came
And not with the winds
Northern darkness marches through the coldest night
I can't resist the taste of these winds from the wintermoon
I split my tongue for the taste these winds
And bath my eyes in its grace
Frost and winter return to my eyes
The call of the wintermoon
Nocturnal clouds blows freely in the distance
In the grey mist of deaths horizon
My winterwings of evil sleep
In deaths cold crypts of snow
Buried beneath the mountains of frost
Years of silent grim and dark
Into eternal nights
Hearing the call of the wintermoon.
Northern darkness marches through the coldest night
I can't resist the taste of these winds from the wintermoon
I split my tongue for the taste these winds
And bath my eyes in its grace
Frost and winter return to my eyes
The call of the wintermoon
In the Northern tribe
The moon chimed my return
Hearing the call of the wintermoon