

## Fifth Son of Winterdoom

Iron Mask

This is my own requiem  
This is the curse of my life  
The dark fate, the tale of my clan  
My message to God  
Can you deliver my soul?  
From that pain I can't fight anymore

I was born as last and lonely wolf, in a land of wind and snow  
Where all castles are made out of ice and my dreams no longer grow  
I was raised, used to the harsh cold  
Hidden tears flooding my heart  
For the curse decides the way to go  
Left alone, forever lost in a land of ice and snow  
I'm the fifth son of Winterdoom  
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Precious laughs and tender words  
All has been taken away  
The Horseman of Death always winds  
Behind black clouds my sun disappeared  
Will I find peace in this realm?  
In the frozen season of my darkest days

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