

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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