Born by thunder and lightning, a desolated child I see shadows, so frightening, when others see the light So my infinite journey has only just begun In the coldness I'm burning, the winter makes me strong

I'll be there when the universe reclaims
I'll be there when the spirit calls my name

The black night is so unholy
But delight lives in my heart
In the dark I feel so lonely
When the end is coming near I know I will get my last reward

When the snow coats the valley, the hawk is rising high See that small winding alley which leads into the night When my journey is ending I see the crimson lights When the old hawk is landing my final breath is bright

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