

Behind the Veil

Manilla Road

Here I kneel amongst the dead
My mind a clouded haze
Dancing o'er the field of death
A vixen calls my name

Behind the veil of gossamer frame ivory white
Voice like a harp with cruelty in its' chime
The northern lights begin to dance the sky's alive
Her haunting laugh echoing off the ice
I'd die just to find what's behind the veil

She lures me through the snow-clad peaks
This wench in gossamer
My smoldering heart she hopes to reap
The Frost Giant's daughter

She beckons me with body white and golden mane
To follow her across the icy waste
She taunts me on, entices me, to violent rage
My frozen limbs fed fire from the chase
I'd die just to find what's behind the veil
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