

## 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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