

The Throat of Winter

Opeth

The throat of Winter is upon us
And the cold will linger in me

A shield on the eternal river again

Our fevered bodies will return
to the bowels of the vast decrepit earth

The devil spoke and called you to his side

Never will return again
Never will I see the rain
Never will return again
Never will I feel the rain

The throat of Winter

A demigod is observing us through child-like eyes
And his hordes are returning now
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And his hordes are returning now