

# 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