

# Subterranean

Setherial

A subterranean and hidden place  
Deep in the dark realm  
Where no man has gone before  
Circling above the bloodthrone

From hell  
I return from the grave  
Under the moonlit sky  
Dark and endless winters...

In the coldest mist so dark  
My blood freezes to ice  
The stench of death is all around  
Under the endless night sky

From hell  
I return from the grave  
The blood is so cold  
Burned is my soul...

But why should you fear  
This path leads the way...

Subterranean - Spirits of the winter night  
Subterranean - In the black depth I want to rise

In the coldest mist so dark  
I bear the devil's mark...

Subterranean - Spirits of the winter night  
Subterranean - In the black depth I want to rise

Within this nightrealm  
Black winds embrace me  
Cursed I reign  
My words they mock thee

From hell  
I return from the grave  
The blood is so cold  
Burned is my soul...

As diabolical and fearful place  
High up in the north  
Where death reigns forever more  
There I'm seated on my blackthrone

From hell  
I return from the grave  
The blood is so cold  
Tortured is my soul...

Subterranean - Son of the winternight  
Subterranean - In the black depth I wait to rise  
Subterranean - In the coldest mist so dark  
Subterranean - I who bear the devil's mark