

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
Tištěno z www.txp.cz