

April 14th and the sabbath is near.
The ground is trembling,
weakened by the longest winter.
These are the last steps
of the frost giants as they leave.

An April moon is rising as the trees turn to rust.
Killing season comes in shades of gray.
An April moon is rising as the spring turns to dust.
We lie down to a howling sound
as the world is slowly coming down.

Bless me, ghosts of winter,
for you have made me stronger,
to face this day and ever nights,
further north our paths will go.
South is burning, east is vast,
west is dying fast.
But as I leave,
my heart holds no fear;
I know there's nothing from here.

An April moon is rising as the trees turn to rust.
Killing season comes in shades of gray.
An April moon is rising as the spring turns to dust.
We lie down to a howling sound...

On the altar of endless snow,
on a deep glacier's glow,
we prepare our graves.
Here under the north star I will sleep away,
to the deep hum of your icy womb.
April 14th, and death is here,
the tide has finally turned.

The ground is trembling,
weakened by the longest winter.
These are the last steps
of the frost giants as they leave.
But my heart holds no fear;
for I know there's nothing from here...