

Descending Winters

Swallow the Sun

Out from the north into the south
Winter turned his frozen mouth
Tearing down the voices of living
Leaving bodies buried in ice

The wrath of distant clouds
And the weeping of the ground, it will come
Cold wind carries the voice of doom
Singing songs for the damned

Descending winters for all lands
All hope is gone in his hands
Out from the north into the south
Winter turned his frozen mouth

Slaying the oceans and darkening the sun
With little breeze, it will come
Enormous tide of burning cold storms
He will cleanse the land with single breath

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All hope is gone in his hands
Out from the north into the south
Winter turned his frozen mouth

No shelter can save us now
As the winds come roaring
There is no place to hide
The final season is close at hand
Taste the air so silent, it will come...

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Out from the north into the south
Winter turned his frozen mouth