

Behold of the moon  
Full circle suns reflection  
Silvery light illuminates the world below

Gaze upon the world of frost  
Forged from the ice of ages  
Dominion of winter, realm of snow

In the snow  
Traces a wolf  
A trail leading into the wild  
Untamed and fierce by its nature

Across the woods  
In absence of warmth forevermore  
The soil is frozen to the core

On the shore of stream colder than ice  
A tomb built into a perfection

A grave that shall never be frozen  
Dark waters  
Calm surface  
Gives no reflection

On the river floor  
Underneath the countless fathoms  
In the pitch-black depth  
Lies the fallen ones great in numbers

Beneath the icy flow  
Buried in the lightless vault  
Layed to rest into the deep  
In the river of ice they sleep

What the chasm seizes the depth will keep  
No deliverance gate to break free  
No redemption a salvation to seek  
In the river of ice they sleep