

Borknagar, The Winterday

Awakened by the hands of Autumn
The hands which made me sleep
Was a shadow vague yet deep

A creature, spine of the essence
Drifting in the wind, clad as Sin
The force behind my cause
The hands that fold me within

Awakened beneath a restless sky
By mountains which darken the day
Shadows, spiritual dust of my fathers
- The heart and soul of my way -

A creature, spine of the essence
Drifting in the wind, clad as Sin
The force behind my cause
Grim token of the path within

The Winterway
Leads us through the coldest night
The Winterway
To be walked by all men of might

Behold the ice on the big seas
The summits and the naked trees
Ashore the bay through the rough Winterway