Borknagar, Winter Millenium

Through milleniums of winter so waste I have passed eras to following time I have faced the force of the nocturnal course Where the winter comes resounding

On the plains of the earthly wisdom I have walked the silence yet furious fields Seen the children of the cold The elder and the bold Burning by belief, yearning by deceit

Behind each embracing creature I saw thousand fighting beasts I saw the furious black colours Like the jaws of a bloody feast

At the end of mans wisdom I saw passion fly so terrible high I heard sorrow groan At the end which I found Where live convulse resound

I came from a distance in time
From the hill where the sun for the first time came through
I followed every wind to every spot it blew
I rove the eternity of time, the history of existence