

Sacrilege, Crying Statues Of Paleness An Ice

Feel the wind slowly approaching
from the deep fiords in the north
Slaying the remains of the fading autumn
to reign and vigil earth
As escort knights of the frost
Behind them flocks of ravens
Blessed are those who sail with thee
they'll bring calm to this unsettled world

Dreadful whispers broke the silence
The living became statues of paleness and ice
on their cheeks flew tears of blood
tears of blood

With lifted swords they rode out from the north
to conquer and desolate light
Born before time in an infatuated darkness so cold
preparing the autumn's entombment

And of breeze came storm
angels were captured by clouds so black
At the horizon's edge a rainbow fled
colours fading absorbed by a moon so red

Crying statues of paleness and ice
Dying in the paleness and ice