

Where Death Seems to Dwell

Amon Amarth

"Through a dark and desolate valley he walks
Pale, flickering fires light the way
Along an ice cold river lies his path
The sky is of darkest grey

A cold wind pierce through his bones
And the sharp rocks cut his feet
His clothes and skin are ripped by thorns
His eyes appear to bleed"

The land is dead and dry
The water is poisonous
Unknown creatures howling to the sky
Blood chilling and ravenous

The air is thick and dense
A smell of rotting flesh
Every breath is like one thousand knives
Cutting through his chest

Black birds of prey circle the sky
He hears the shadows moan
He sees pale faces pass him by
But he walks this path alone

Darkness fills his heart with chilling fear
A nameless fear he cannot quell
How did he ever end up here?
This place where death seems to dwell

He repeats the question in his weary mind
The riddle gives him no rest
Yet he knows the answer deep inside
He's been touched by the chill of death

Enchanting voices urge him on
Through he wants to turn around
They sing to him with soothing words
A chilling, frightening sound

A cold blue light shimmer ahead
Where a mountain reaches for the sky
Nidafiell, mountain of the dead
Terrifying it's might

He approach the gates
his heart is cold
He understands all too well
She awaits him
The truth unfolds
He's been sent to Nifelhel