

Into A Magical Night

Desaster

two warriors wandering through the night, longing for
the magic of a primeval
ritual place

take my hand and walk with me
walk with me through the night
to the place of dark desires
to the tree of sorrow

we are marching and no one
can stop us
till we found the place
of endless loneliness

do you feel what i feel
my son
this night is ours

the wintermoon is calling
and we follow him
endless in our desire
to get what we want

raise your hand to the sky
listen to the silence
the tree is spreading his arms upon us
we are him...

my eyes burn like fire
as i gaze upon the land
i get my power
from the silence around me

i wait for the darkness
i wait for the silence
when everything sleeps
except the dark warriors

when the land is dark
the air is cleansed
fullmoon can rise
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