

# The Spirit Of An Ancient Past

Hades

The mist of blue frost  
Falls the proud valleys of the north  
An iceage of terror  
As silent as snow hides the hills  
In this frozen land I ride  
As the northern light guides my way  
A blackwind I am  
A shadow of war and lust  
this path, whom for me is the chosen  
Forbidden for mortals to see  
the night is filled  
With diabolical summoning winds  
The moon is burning  
Like an eye gleaming of demonic hate  
Watch me as I choose my trail  
This journey is forever  
the spirit of gods and goddess I am  
Forgotten at the birth of new times  
A reflection of an ancient past  
Waiting in a lost realm of ice  
For the rising of a forever pagan age