

## Cryptic Winterstorms

Immortal

A black sunset rises under the funeral sky  
The freezing waters below as mirrors made of funeral mist  
The blasting sky above and the fullmoon is on the rise.  
My hair blows in the winds of reap  
Still I float with the cold diabolical massacrewinds  
On the bestial wings of evil  
Above the mountainside and into cryptic winterstorms  
I long for eternal frost and black winters  
Asleep in the cold lakes awake in the stars in the sky  
And silent the walleyes in the North  
Where I once were a proud warrior  
Where I belong where I bath my soul in doom fire fog  
Where I ride deaths cold winds in the battles in the North  
As a Norse warrior I rode the dark walleyes  
With longsword in hand sworn to throne dark lands  
And to return to my master in the blue mist of the dying sunset  
A black sunset dies under the funeral sky  
My hair blows into winds of reap  
Still I float with the cold diabolical massacrewinds  
On. the overshadowed bestial wings of evil  
Above the mountainside and into cryptic winterstorms forever.