

# The Call of the Wintermoon

Immortal

Buried beneath the mountains of frost  
Years of silent sorrow grim and dark  
My winterwings of evil sleep in eternal nights  
In deaths cold crypts of snow  
The moon chimed my return  
With blackstorms I came  
And not with the winds  
Northern darkness marches through the coldest night  
I can't resist the taste of these winds from the wintermoon  
I split my tongue for the taste these winds  
And bath my eyes in its grace  
Frost and winter return to my eyes  
The call of the wintermoon  
Nocturnal clouds blows freely in the distance  
In the grey mist of deaths horizon  
My winterwings of evil sleep  
In deaths cold crypts of snow  
Buried beneath the mountains of frost  
Years of silent grim and dark  
Into eternal nights  
Hearing the call of the wintermoon.  
Northern darkness marches through the coldest night  
I can't resist the taste of these winds from the wintermoon  
I split my tongue for the taste these winds  
And bath my eyes in its grace  
Frost and winter return to my eyes  
The call of the wintermoon  
In the Northern tribe  
The moon chimed my return  
Hearing the call of the wintermoon