

Winterheart

Winterstorm

I have come with the winter sun - in my eyes
from the land of fire and snow - blood will rise
far beyond the hills guided by the will
of the one and what I've become
is the archon of my tribe.
So I'm marching on where no one has gone
ever before me now.
So I will lead the way.

Oh, hear it in the oaken trees.
Oh, feel it from the ground beneath.
See what no one's eye can see
from the bottom of my winterheart.

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Say farewell to well-known shores - sword at hand
I set sail into the unknown - till my end
out and on my own destiny has shown
what it has in mind for me now
and what I will prevail somehow.

Plunge into the waves as I clench my blade
I remember that my success
is the reason for your faith in me.

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