

I walk again through these darkened paths,
as the cold wind blows on my face
and the fog creates sinister forms,
they guide me in the dark night
A night as black as Death
An iced hand closes my eyes
as the frost surrounds me with its obscure shroud

NIGHTFROST

No moon over me this night,
only the dark is real now
I stand obsessed by the signs,
occult symbols carved in the ground
of this ancient moor

They show me the mysteries of the afterlife,
the way to the knowledge
Now i must die to see this...

Wandering in the lands of Death
I know, i' ve seen beyond
Untrodden paths, but only in this life,
i walked them

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