

Somewhere Beyond the Frozen Moors in the Highest North
Where only the Falling Snow from the Sky managed to Enter
A Kingdom Forever Deserted since it's Birth
Forgotten in the Extremest of Storms and Cold
A Landscape in Ancient Sleep of Deathlike Silence
Yet Breathing in the Growing Wastelands of Frost

[Voice:]“...At the End of this Bitter Winter Eternity
Laid the Ultimate Overshadowed Ice Forest on Earth...
Once the Northern Lightning Struck the Skies
It became a Shape in the Entangling Ice...
Winds of Great Haze Whispered upon the Blizzard Storms...
an Arctic Domain under a Grinning Silver Moon..."

In the Center of the Frozen Burial Ground
The Most Monumental Grey Creation was Placed
To Conquer Time by Possessing Immortality
The Sworn Oath was Coming True

Unseen Spirits of the Ancient Universe
Sent a Vision through half a Mortal Dream
The Sentinel of the World to all Black Elves
Was Predictive and Granted by the Wisdom
He had to Transcend his Cryptic Wishes

All Life and Time stood Still for that Moment
Even the Winds Rode Colder and Stronger
The Gate Closed with a dustfilled Breath of Vacuum
And so it's heard..This became the Castle of Blackheim

(And even Today the Prophecy Tells)
When all Spirits are as many as Stars
Something not Known in Words will come to Happen...