

“Winters Gate” By Insomnium

The hoar sea enfolds us The scent of the coming winter Hear the howl of the wind
A song from the ocean's womb Far away behind us Black smoke still rises high
Houses of the Southern God Broken under the iron hooves The iron hooves
The time of slaughter moon Sunless, starless ways Sailing to world's end
To meet our crown or doom The time of slaughter moon The season of the mist
We're faring in the dark Sinking into cold night Into cold night
The grim sea unfolds us The scent of the burning temples Hear the wail of the waves
A song from the hidden deep Far away from homely shores And winter is on our tail
Driven by hunger and greed Swallowed soon by the great worm The great worm
The time of slaughter moon Sunless, starless ways Sailing to world's end To meet our crown or doom
The time of slaughter moon The season of the mist We're faring in the dark
Sinking into cold night Into cold night And there, amidst the fog A solemn mountain rises
Its pinnacle touching the grey sky Silent spruces guarding the shores There waits a grinning prize
Worthy of legend There waits a golden wolf A beast with six legs There waits a grinning prize!
And yet I search on And yet I wait To find your shadow Amidst the darkest night
And yet I search on And yet I wait To find your shadow Amidst the darkest night
Still I bear the flowers of pain And still I bear flowers of solitude Still I bear the flowers of pain And still I bear flowers of solitude
What trick of Gods is this? Rewards and riches Here within our reach Yet not within our grasp! Yet not within our grasp!
And yet I search on And yet I wait To find your shadow Amidst the darkest night
And yet I search on And yet I wait To find a place Where no sorrow creeps in
And yet it wrings me Like a strange cold hand And yet it burns me Like a viper's tongue
And yet it wrings me Like a strange cold hand And yet it burns me Like a viper's tongue
And yet it wrings me Like a strange cold hand And yet it burns me Like a viper's tongue Better it would be To lie on bed of silt
And watch the moon's face From under the waves Better it would be To rest on bed of mire Inside the ocean's womb
Dreaming of days long gone Days long gone! Sunless, starless Pathless is the way
Still I bear the flowers of pain Still I bear the flowers The flowers of solitude And on the mountain's side Grim-looking gate lies Staring towards the north
Waiting in solitude Barring the way inside The giant doors of stone Not built for mortal men Not made for us to pass
Vile trick of ornery Gods? Rewards and riches Right here within our reach Not within our grasp!
I walk with my head down Wind blows right through my waning heart
Weightless like a bird in my arms She looks into the bottom of my soul
Grave tidings from the northside Grave is the tone of this night
Weightsome the dark around us The weight of time upon us
No one will sing tonight No one will leave the pyre Dreaming of golden wolf Dreading the winter's might
Vile trick of ornery Gods? Rewards and riches Right here within our reach
Not within our grasp! Not within our grasp! Hear the sound Resonate through your flesh
Through the ground Across the skies Cracking roar, a thunder's bark Echoes here, the voice of doom
Blackened clouds now seize the welkin Wielding all of winter's ire And it will rise
With a white voiceless face From the heart of earth From under the mountain
The stormwind engulfs us The whirl of white and grey The downfall is upon us The reprisal of wanton Gods
Here at world's end we will tremble Far beyond the deceitful seas Here we hide now, crawl to shelter
Far away from the homely shores And it will rise With a white voiceless face From the heart of the earth
From under the mountain Devouring the sun and the earth The earth, forest and sea!
Devouring the sun and the earth The earth, forest and sea! Devouring the sun! Stumbling forward
In knee-deep snow The wind is whipping My face in frozen slashes Void of direction Void of hope
I call her name In the whiteout There amidst the raging coldness I catch her figure
The fear of death is staring At me through her eyes Through the wind's howl A scream now rises
Something moves in the whirl of snow Creatures born out of winter's furor Closing in on us!
Through the cave's mouth A crack in the stone wall I'm tearing my way Right into the dark
A beast is rending The ground behind me Killing all the light! Hear the grinding
Of stone against stone I'm crawling deeper In the dark The flame is weak and frail
A circle of shivering men Enclosed by endless coldness The evernight, eternal dark
The moan of undying winds Now merged with hollow screaming The fire dies in a single breath
The end has come Out of the darkness, out of the cold Out of the night, they have come
Cruel is the laughter, cruel is the fate Cruel is the winter's will! Merciless is the fray Bitter the final stand
Perdition and ruin The icy grip now traps them Right here at the world's end
The frost of death will take them all! The lords of the high seas Are smitten down into snow
No way to bear the fury No way to ward off all the fiends Devouring the sun and the earth!
Devouring the forest and sea! Out of the darkness, out of the cold Out of the night, they have come
Cruel is the laughter, cruel is the fate Cruel is the winter's will! Devouring us all!
Sing a quiet song to me Sing of spring and sing of sea Sing a silent song to me Sing of hope and sing of sleep