

## God of the Cold White Silence

3 Inches of Blood

When it's cold and the ice grips your skin  
Few can stomach how harsh it is  
In the woods lurks a great old one  
Who can scare the flesh right off your bones  
A ravenous specter  
Walker on the wind  
By many names it's known  
But nothing's more fearsome when its face is shown  
You'll fall to your knees and beg to  
The god of the cold white silence  
A frozen giant with a heart made of ice  
Hideous flesh eating creature of northern desolation  
In a land so cold  
Its story told for hundreds of years  
A horrid giant born from the snow  
Face to face you'll be torn apart  
By its claws or merely its gaze  
Under black skies treads this grim arctic god  
Oh great old one, god of the lost  
Long and bitter winter  
At the mercy of the arctic gods  
God of the cold white silence