

As I March

Aeternus

my pale soul on one of my bold mountains shines under my moon i
hold my torch high i stand up against my black sky glow in the
light of the moon more and more as the unpure blood the skulls
in my belt so does my sword runs off and down on my bold stron
g mountain if runs my mountain drinks it calls the rain it cal
ls my father brutally they come deep into my pale soul as thu
nder they slam their powers i scream in pain and lust my wind
brings the rain from my mighty oceans i scream and laugh my
black sky is still clear under my moon as i dance the dance o
f war in my storm on one of my seven mountains