

Halls of Frozen North

Catamenia

Growling in the night when the gromwell dies, hearing the whispering
from the empty hall...diskies.

Coming from graves, from the night, when the shadows of the winter rises from the
north...wind of sin.

Coming moonlit grimness when the dusk of child, nebulae winter
rises from the sky...astral

wind, astral winter, wind of lies, wind of sin.