

## True North

Witchery

As dawn breaks upon the frozen waste  
A light burns bright on the horizon  
From sleep of ages they awake  
A thousand years of bloodlust in their eyes  
A pact was signed  
By hands of doom  
The dead retake their arctic tomb

True north  
True north  
True north  
True north

Black wings cut across the sky  
With nothing left alive in their wake  
A vast, endless void opens wide  
Plunging all into eternal night  
A pact was signed  
By hands of doom  
The dead retake their arctic tomb

True north  
True north  
True north  
True north

A pact was signed  
By hands of doom  
The dead retake their rightful tomb

True north  
True north  
True north  
True north