

White Fields

Barren Earth

On white fields the hate still rages on
Where does its endless force come from?
It runs amok in great greed
When flesh is weak
And desire dark
Hear the sighing of a bleeding world

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The howling arrows skim on white fields
Hunting down the prey of night
Cutting sore wounds in many shields
In a dream of life there's (only) death in sight

A crimson snowdrift before us
A rimy forest behind
Life's a prisoner of the underworld

The chasing anger is gaining
Its passage can't be prevented
The stare of the heaven's star is cold

A dimly visible horizon
The northern sky ablaze
A crowd of fate
Roaming in the haze

On the road to doom,
Not victory
The path of gore and frost
We step upon a trail of misery

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