

Weaver Of Fate

Brothers Of Metal

Clear as the sky
On a midwinter's night
And deep as the stormy sea
I hear a whisper inside
A hunger devouring me
I beseech you, my heart, to be free

Farther away
Than the night from the day
I reach for your true embrace
Shadow of mine
Memories fail through the veil of my mind
Here at the end of our time

Sure as the sun will rise
Over blood red skies
I will be on my way
Come the break of day

Dark as the night will be
So my heart, are we
Sorrow will reave my soul
This, my heart, I know

A thread has been spun
By an unyielding hand
The Norns have laid down my path
Just like the seed has to grow
The withering leaf must let go
To be buried beneath the snow

Sure as the sun will rise
Over blood red skies
I will be on my way
Come the break of day

Shrouded in doubt
As I leave for the shore
Though cold and unkind
The horizon calls
Way, way, wayward waves
I will follow you home
And vanish into the unknown

Sure as the sun will rise
Over blood red skies
I will be on my way
Come the break of day

Dark as the night will be
So my heart, are we
Sorrow will reave my soul
This, my heart, I know

Weaver of fate
To your will I must fold
Oh, wisdom of old

I beseech you, my heart to set free