

## Born In Fire

### Cryptic Wintermoon

Once in an age unknown - terrible wars were fought  
The ground covered with bodies - fallen in the battles of gods  
And the armies of the foul - like they have never been seen  
Were slaying without a thought  
Creatures of chaos - burning skies - realms of fire - battlecries  
Walls of ice - with a deadly glow - crimson blood covered snow

[REF:]

Hammers of gods - smashing down  
Drums of war - roaring sound  
Fallen angels - painful cries  
Dying demons - gods of lies

In the night a child was born - of the witches lust  
Sacrificed the body - burned and turned to dust  
with the heart of a wolf - and the ravens eyes  
Roaming through the forest - flying above the sky

[REF:]

(And the godslayer was born - born in fire  
So the end of the gods is near - they will never survive)  
So he flies in the wings of a raven - and sees things that mankind will never see  
Mystic, wonderful places - places mankind will never be

Hail the godslayer

[REF:]

Where are the friends - no friends I can see  
Who are the foe - there is no difference to me  
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