

Red Mist

Elvenking

Why can't the whitest snow
Hide, cover, conceal bleak memories?
Why can't the winds of north blow away this chilling pain?
I pray upon the brightest stars
To give me force to run afar
From the source of this secret restless wrath

The dawn will soon arise
The morning rays of light will bring advice
Choose my fate
Please guide my own hate

Blood for all the tears I shed since her demise
Blood for all the fears that wake me in the dead of night
Blood for all the tears
The weeping that I hide
Written in the red mist
Fore you I shall bide

With hair as white as snow
A hermit walking on the path of throe
A reader of the runes
A master in the arts of night
Beyond the way lies a thriving star
A silhouette I see so far
A host that walks inside this fog swinging untouched

The dawn will now arise
And all the ones at fault will soon apprise
Seal their fate
Anguish will abate

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Blood for all the fears that wake me in the dead of night
Blood for all the tears
The weeping that I hide
Written in the red mist
Fore you I shall bide

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Hide, cover, conceal bleak memories?
Why can't the winds of north blow away this chilling pain?

The dawn will soon arise
The morning rays of light will bring advice
Choose my fate
Please guide my own hate

Blood for all the tears I shed since her demise
Blood for all the fears that wake me in the dead of night
Blood for all the tears
The weeping that I hide
Written in the red mist
Hear my clear advice

Blood for all the tears I shed since her demise
Blood for all the fears that wake me in the dead of night

Blood for all the tears
The weeping that I hide
Written in the red mist
Hear my grave advice

As above and so below
A hermit on the path of throe
A reader of the runes
A master of the black arts
Blood for all the tears I shed since her demise
Written in the red mist
Feel my last advice