

## Netherstorm

## Frozen Crown

Born in silence, in the darkest blaze  
We hold the winter in our clench  
The storm lives through our veins  
We'll ascend to the outer space  
Come back with the power of a thousand flames  
Holding up her grace

We're the keepers of the wildness  
We have travelled through demise and history  
Falling keeps we left behind us  
Cosmic rifts below our long craved victory

Faster is breeding the ancient primal  
Unleashing its spiteful wicked brood

Warcries are feeding the crimson son once lost  
Enlightened by the keepers of dusk  
It reveals its outmost bright

Cold winds drive the force beneath  
And throw the seeds on weakened soil to feed  
Bring new poison through the fertile leaks  
And lead the world into the final mourn