Hiber

Ihsahn

Upon the edge of winter's chasm
The seeds of evil flowers grow
And a sleeping giant curls below
In fever burning nightmare spasms

I rest upon this trembling ground
And in my bones they resonate
And thus, alike, we lie in wait
For both of us are nothern bound

No longer can my heart deny
The seven solitudes across the sky
I know too well the beacon's flame

Forever has it been the same
I call upon thee, aquilon
To take my soul and bring me home

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