

Winter's Gate, Pt. 1

Insomnium

The hoar sea enfolds us
The scent of coming winter
Hear the howl of the wind
A song from the ocean's womb
Far away behind us
Black smoke still rises high
Houses of the southern god
Broken under the iron hooves

The time of slaughter moon
Sunless, starless ways
Sailing to world's end
To meet our crown or doom
The time of slaughter moon
The season of the mist
We're faring in the dark
Sinking into cold night

The grim sea enfolds us
The scent of the burning temples
Hear the wail of the waves
A song from the hidden deep

Far away from homely shores
And winter is on our tail
Driven by hunger and greed
Swallowed soon by the great worm

The time of slaughter moon
Sunless, starless ways
Sailing to world's end
To meet our crown or doom
The time of slaughter moon
The season of the mist
We're faring in the dark
Sinking into cold night