

Winter's Gate

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 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

And there, amidst the fog
A solemn mountain rises
Its pinnacle touching the grey sky
Silent spruces guarding the shore

There waits a grinning prize
Worthy of legend
There waits a golden wolf
A beast with six legs

And yet I search on
And yet I wait
To find your shadow
Amidst the darkest night

Still I bear the flowers of pain
Still I bear the flowers of solitude

What trick of gods is this?
Rewards and riches
Here within our reach
Yet not within our grasp

And yet I search on
And yet I wait
To find your shadow amidst the darkest night
And yet I search on
And yet I wait
To find a place where no sorrow creeps in

And yet it wrings me
Like a strange cold hand
And yet it burns me
Like a viper's tongue

Better it would be
To lie on a bed of silt
And watch the moon's face
From under the waves

Better it would be
To rest on bed of mire
Inside the ocean's womb
Dreaming of days long gone

Sunless, starless, pathless is the way

Still I bear the flowers of pain, of solitude

And on the mountain's side
Grim-looking gate lies
Staring towards the north
Waiting in solitude

Barring the way inside
The giant doors of stone
Not built for mortal men
Not made for us to pass

Vile trick of ornery gods?
Rewards and riches
Right here within our reach
Not within our grasp

I walk with my head down
Wind blows right through my waning heart
Weightless, like a bird in my arms
She looks into the bottom of my soul

Grave tidings from the northside
Grave is the tone of this night
Weightsome the dark around us
The weight of time upon us

No one will sing tonight
No one will leave the pyre
Dreaming of golden wolf
Dreading the winter's might

Hear the sound resonate
Through your flesh
Through the ground, across the skies
Cracking roar, a thunder's bark
Echoes here, the voice of doom
Blackened clouds now seize the welkin
Wielding all of winter's ire

And it will rise with a white voiceless face
From the heart of the earth
From under the mountain

The storm wind engulfs us

The whirl of white and grey
The downfall is upon us
The reprisal of wanton gods

Here at world's end we will tremble
Far beyond the deceitful seas
Here we hide now, crawl to shelter
Far away from the homely shores

And it will rise with a white voiceless face
From the heart of the earth
From under the mountain
Devouring the sun and the earth, forest and sea
Devouring us all...

Stumbling forward in knee-deep snow
The wind is whipping my face in frozen slashes

Void of direction... void of hope...
I call her name... in the whiteout...

There amidst the raging coldness, I catch her figure
The fear of death is staring at me through her eyes

Through the wind's howl, a scream now rises
Something moves in the whirl of snow
Creatures born out of winter's furor
Closing in on us

Through the cave's mouth, a crack in the stone wall
I'm tearing my way right into the dark
A beast is rending the ground behind me
Killing all the light

Hear the grinding... of stone against stone...
I'm crawling deeper... in the dark...

The flame is weak and frail
A circle of shivering men
Enclosed by endless coldness
The evernight, eternal dark

The moan of undying winds
Now merged with hollow screaming
The fire dies in a single breath
The end has come

Out of the darkness, out of the cold
Out of the night they have come
Cruel is the laughter, cruel is the fate
Cruel is the winter's will

Merciless is the fray
Bitter the final stand
Perdition and ruin;
The icy grip now traps them
Right here at the world's end
The frost of death will take them all

The lords of the high seas
Are smitten down into snow
No way to bear the fury
No way to ward off all the fiends

Devouring the sun and earth
Devouring the forest and sea

Devouring us all

Sing a quiet song to me
Sing of spring and sing of sea
Sing a silent song to me
Sing of hope and sing of sleep