

Rebirth

Mors Principium Est

The winds from the frozen north
Brings shivers down my bones
And my soul
Souls are torn apart

Towards the unavoidable death, we are traveling
And in the end no one will be freed
Only ash and dust shall remain
The man in black brings torture and pain

Why should the mortal spirit be proud?
He passes from life to his rest in the grave
The hand of the king that the blade has born
Is hidden and lost in the haze

Led into the darkness
No flame to light our path
Our fate is written
And we can't change the past
Rise into the light
And walk the earth again
Now sits the mask of God
Upon the face of men

Arise
From your burning coffin that is made from human skin
Arise
Arise
From your golden chamber that was buried six feet down
Arise
And suffer in flesh

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