

Herald of Death

Nothgard

Call me Banshee
Over the course of life
All the gloss runs dry
No resort - no escape
Woe!

Outside the window
Black strands cover her face
Red eyes sparkle
In the moonlight they glow
Death bedevils this house
She is the herald
The time to part with
The ones you love

When the stars cry
They lose all light
Like diamonds coarse and raw - mat black
A veil on our soul
Beclouds all hope
Piece by piece the shivers will burst

Everytime you see her I die inside
Death our companion on every step we take
Farewell his shadow
We can't escape

We lose all light

Like diamonds coarse and raw
They lose all their light
- When the stars cry -
A veil on our soul beclouds all the hope
- The shivers will burst -