

Grey morning, dawn won the fight
Daylight drives away the night
Fog's rising out in the fields
The birth of winter is in sight

Dark shadow's fall from the sky
They alight on gallows tree
Black feathers, amber beaks
Waiting for their Deity

Leaves are spinning 'round
Lost and never found
When the King takes the Crown

Can you feel
The autumn wind blowing
Ravenlord is coming to stay
Can you hear
The passing bell tolling
Ravenlord - takes you far away

Sharp talons, pinions of ice
They obscure the new-born day
Hot breathing freezes to snow
Piercing caws lead you astray

Leaves are spinning 'round...