

True North

Witchery

As dawn breaks upon the frozen waste
A light burns bright on the horizon
From sleep of ages they awake
A thousand years of bloodlust in their eyes
A pact was signed
By hands of doom
The dead retake their arctic tomb

True north
True north
True north
True north

Black wings cut across the sky
With nothing left alive in their wake
A vast, endless void opens wide
Plunging all into eternal night
A pact was signed
By hands of doom
The dead retake their arctic tomb

True north
True north
True north
True north

A pact was signed
By hands of doom
The dead retake their rightful tomb

True north
True north
True north
True north