

Born, forged in the frost
Frozen and created by the four winds
Bred, dressed and embossed
Feeling the blackness of night wearing thin

Hearing the call of the frigid cold north
Summoning darkness within
Hollow and haunted by melancholy
Feeding the ultimate sin

This is our allegiance to the forlorn
Freezing eternally, encloaked infinitely
Cold, shivering into the night
We dwell in the dark

Sheltered in frost we disdain the light
Veiled in shadows and buried beneath the
Ice, singing a hymn to our gods
Behold, a requiem for the north

For the north!

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A requiem for the north

From deep in the woods of the north
Into the endless abyss of the night