

The Dead Swan of the Woods

Doom:vs

Death gathers slowly
In these woods
A burning heritage
...lost to the wilderness

I remember nights of rain
Swallowed by the cold
In this all-consuming void
I reach out to thee

Reckoning tears
Underground hours
Trying to remember
...dying to forget

On the lake, frozen in time
Autumn's slow demise
You took my hand
Bleak from knowing
That everything dies

Your body still cold
From the fall
Weary eyes of old
...watches from the skies

I remember nights of snow
Consumed by the flames
From this all-consuming void
I reach out for you...

On the path, frozen in time
Winter's final rest
I took your hand
Cursed with knowing
Accompanied by your
Final breath