

# Winter Enthroned

Folkearth

There are those who gather wood  
When the mountaintops turn white  
There are those who sulk scared  
At the first sign of wintry spite

But I revel in the glorious sight  
Of a snowstorm approaching by night  
Winter enthroned is my lord and liege  
I was born of its freezing heartbeat

There are those who are afraid of the night  
cowering at the sound of wolverine howls'  
There are those who are not at ease  
When the moon is full and the hunt is on

But I revel in the glorious sight  
Of a snowstorm approaching by night  
Winter enthroned is my lord and liege  
I was born of its freezing heartbeat

There are those who gather round the hearth  
Telling tales to entertain their fears  
There are those who are daunted in shame  
When marches in winter cruel cavalcade

But I revel in the glorious sight  
Of a snowstorm approaching by night  
Winter enthroned is my lord and liege  
I was born of its freezing heartbeat