

We Make Mist

Blackbriar

Echoey, magical, watery
As if a whale is singing
From the depths of the sea
With a crackling melody
A nightly blaze, sizzling
Like the sound a snake would make

A song that's made
When fire falls in love with ice
When volcanic twilights
Meet the Northern lights

We make obsidian
I am glacial blue
And you are vermilion
We make mist
We make tiny ice crystals
When we kiss, we make mist

A song that's made
When fire falls in love with ice
The alpenglow
On the white mountain peaks

When a torrent of lava
Meets frozen waterfall streams
Frozen waterfall streams

As if thunder is roaring
From the depths of the lake
With a dark and warmer sound
A sea of flames
Whispering embers
On a white landscape
Burning hearts, frozen in time
A paradoxical embrace

A song that's made
When fire falls in love with ice
The alpenglow
On the white mountain peaks
When the midnight sun
Meets the polar night
Dark and bright