

Winter

Dargaard

I call forth the cold
The coming signs of winter
The coming signs of winter

Black hands raised to the sky
Silhouettes of trees with no more leaves
Growing on their long lean twigs
Soul mirrors showing me
A shadowed face

Waters - frozen and rugged, unmoved
Cloth, white, is falling
on the ground

Snow from the sky
Trying to hide
The face of the earth
Thousand daggers are piercing my skin
Winds from the north, alone in the skies

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Ravens seem to be the only
Life beside me - suddenly
They cover the sky to the horizon
Blood becomes ice
Flesh becomes rock

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