

Winter's Gate, Pt. 2

Insomnium

And there, amidst the fog
A solemn mountain rises
Its pinnacle touching the grey sky
Silent spruces guarding the shore

There waits a grinning prize
Worthy of legend
There waits a golden wolf
A beast with six legs

And yet I search on
And yet I wait
To find your shadow
Amidst the darkest night

Still I bear the flowers of pain
Still I bear the flowers of solitude

What trick of gods is this?
Rewards and riches
Here within our reach
Yet not within our grasp

And yet I search on
And yet I wait
To find your shadow amidst the darkest night
And yet I search on
And yet I wait
To find a place where no sorrow creeps in