

## Winter's Gate, Pt. 4

Insomnium

Still I bear the flowers of pain, of solitude

And on the mountain's side  
Grim-looking gates lies  
Staring towards the north  
Waiting in solitude

Barring the way inside  
The giant doors of stone  
Not built for mortal men  
Not made for us to pass

Vile trick of ornery gods?  
Rewards and riches  
Right here within our reach  
Not within our grasp

I walk with my head down  
Wind blows right through my waning heart  
Weightless, like a bird in my arms  
She looks into the bottom of my soul

Grave tidings from the northside  
Grave is the tone of this night  
Weightsome the dark around us  
The weight of time upon us

No one will sing tonight  
No one will leave the pyre  
Dreaming of gloden wolf  
Dreading the winter's might

Vile trick of ornery gods?  
Rewards and riches  
Right here within our reach  
Not within our grasp