

Winter's Gate, Pt. 6

Insomnium

Stumbling forward,
in knee-deep snow.
The wind is whipping,
my face in frozen slashes.

Void of direction,
void of hope.
I call her name,
in the whiteout.

There amidst the raging coldness,
I catch her figure.
The fear of death is staring,
at me through her eyes.

Through the wind's howl,
a scream now rises.
Something moves in the whirl of snow,
creatures born out of winter's furor.

Closing in on us!

Through the cave's mouth,
a crack in the stone wall
I'm tearing my way,
right into the dark.

A beast is rending,
the ground behind me.
Killing all the light!

Hear the grinding,
of stone against stone.
I'm crawling deeper,
in the dark.