

Roads

Lethian Dreams

Slow cold and somber
Brushing the shores
Morning never comes
I turn into a prey

Fear thy dawning lights
Hear them drown

I've been calling for so long
In a wind of clay
Just like the smoke
I'm led away

Feeding frostbitten roads
Might heal a pain
No one hears
Just raven words
One might hear the rain
Flooding the leaves and me away