

The Moss Beneath The Snow

Panopticon

The final snow has fallen
The north wind fell silent
Rushing waters awaken
Yet the worlds are still
Wandering ghost
In the valleys
On the verge speckled hills
And the north awakens from winter's chill
How many more glorious winters will we survive?

There may only be a few
Perhaps we'll never know
But the answer will haunt us
So ask the moss beneath the snow
Perhaps we'll never know
But the answer will haunt us
So ask the moss beneath the snow