

Wraith

Snow Ghosts

In the winter my blood grew black
Like the Ash tree I drew back
I am wooden but burned too strong
I am broken but still belong

In winter my roots grew down
Fingers clutching at a rusty crown
I was regal but ruled too long
I was broken and staging strong

You made a wraith of me
You made a wraith of me
You made a wraith of me
Like winter leaves
Like winter leaves

In the winter I would stand all night
Always lusting after loving light
So I hid my heart in haematite
Cast in iron and cold inside

You made a wraith of me
You made a wraith of me
You made a wraith of me
Like winter leaves
Like winter leaves