

The Wild King of Winter

Ten

He is the night
He is a cold apparition
Bone white, a chiseled face
At every feast
He's the solitary
Beast at the table
Ghost by candlelight
A world erased

Blight upon a landscape
Where toothless
Crones smite infernal day
And though deceased
He remembers every
Piece of his nightmare
Swears blood vengeance
There'll be hell to pay

This crown
Waives penitent remorse to fight
This crown
Strikes out without recourse tonight
Yeah

He is the wild king of winter
Upon the last lover's throne
Dreams of his one true love
Awake, he's alone
He is the wild king of winter
A future-past cornerstone
She blows as ashes
Dust from bone

Entombed in ice
The permafrost bite, a prison
Stone-like, a wizened wraith
But now the darkness surrounds
Him in defeat
His defences down
Fate's victim
Of a cursed embrace

Life
Within the half-light, a vision
Coiled like a wounded snake
And in the great halls of anguish
He's alone
Wears his tortured crown
Where once there was
A heart to break

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Without a heart, soldiers on
Longing to hold her
Now she's gone