

# The Dead White

Vreid

The dead white  
The eternal night  
No time or space  
A sacred cold place  
Lifeless and still  
Without pulse or will  
No moon shines the night  
Only the dead white

Coffin of nature  
All is bleak  
Eternal mountains  
Everlasting sleep  
Like skinned corpses  
Threes stand stripped  
The ground is covered  
Frozen and chill

The birds gone silent  
The flowers all dead  
The winds penetrating  
No sun ahead  
The cathedral of ice  
Frozen in time

As winter withers  
I hear the call  
The ice is cracking  
I thrive on its fall  
Solitude is fading  
Burning beams of light  
Rebirth of old  
I ride the dead white