

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