

Winter Sun

Worm Shepherd

From the beginning the lunar voices howled to me
Pushing bricks between my sanity
Eclipsing light that aimed to lead astray
Flashing lights, the call ov the horn
Have drawn me forward into the abysmal array of trees
Why have they disturbed me and what is thy plan?

Misbegotten, thy forsaken, lead me beside ever still waters
For Surtr burns unquenchable flames and withholds the screaming dozens

Progeny ov my innermost blackness

Is all as it appears? Or does my mind contort yet again?
In time waves of essence must bring forth clarity
For this misshapen line betwixt the aether and cast illusion has impaired and brought me to my baying death

Misbegotten, thy forsaken, lead me beside ever still waters
For Surtr burns unquenchable flames and withholds screaming dozens

Tribes chant from the trees, promising to reveal the ones reaching for me since my birth
Since my birth
The archaic whispers have seeped back into me, cutting through my suffocating darkness
"The hand behind the druids; a familiar hand cold and cruel"
Could this be? A realm born ov my spirit?
A slave to death, a slave to love, a slave to perception
A slave forestalled the horrors behind the calls
For I cannot overcome suffering
If I refuse to look its summoning direction

Through this darkness you will find him, in your sword still beats a heart
I hear the chants wafted through miles of wood and grass
I have walked through acres of carrion and weeping
Valravn

Misbegotten, thy forsaken, lead me beside ever still waters
The Winter Sun never sets for it never rose

A calm has yet to return
Tormented as I beg for peace upon a shrine ov ethereal essence
I offer my blood to whomever may erase the foreboding realms that seep into my reality
Valravn

Misbegotten, thy forsaken, lead me beside ever still waters
The aether burnt asunder
I am the illustrator ov these realms
Misbegotten, thy forsaken, lead me beside ever still waters

I am the overseer, and the self-defeated