

## Wintry Grey

Arcturus

Frozen streams and vapours gray,  
cold and waste the landscape lay...  
Then a hale of wind.

Hither-Whirling, Thither-Swilrling,  
Spinn the fog and spinn the mist...  
Still we walked on through woods and wintry gray,  
home through woods where winter lay - Cold and dark...

(Waiting for a change in the weather.  
Waiting for a shift in the air.  
Could we get there together, ever?  
Waiting for our late, late return)

Through the woods. Home through the woods where winter lay...