

Dreams of Winterland

Catamenia

Shadows of whisper rising...
Open the stormwings over the night when the dusk of the thorns,
in the sky the clouds are
burning when the moonlit shines on the winter.

Grace...time in winter heaven`s burn when the strangers are counting for winds...shadows
of whisper rises, on the darkened sky.

[Speak:] Hear the winds of the sky, I am the winter moonlight.

War time and terror...war time cause` I am winter the moonlight
in enthroned sky,
whispering like heaven, burning as clouds, from the skies of mist is the winter.

[Speak:] Heaven`s are burning over my sight when the northwind storms on the
winds...nightbird is calling, when christ fire is burning.

Open the wings on the winterday, I am the wings of the night calling them.

[Speak:] Life is the time when the clouds upon of me burning high.
I am the winter, calling the daylight, I am the winter moonlight, heaven`s storms suffer
and burning when the enthroned sky like a mist.