

North For The Winter

Crescent Shield

I who hath wings, to fly to many places
Can clearly hear migration's call
Yet I turn away, betray the sky's arrows
My choice that will let instinct fall
Fall to the cold

Cold, from they go to seek warmer pleasures
They heed autumn's warning
To south they have fled
I long for the way, yet I turn around
And on icy cold wings I head north for the winter

Dark is the snow under chilling gray moonlight
Wind strips the down from my wings
Lonely and scared, as a new hunger finds me
This may be the last time I sleep

Hope I can dream

Dream of a place my friends have all entered
Warm and alive, to there I could fly
Yet here I will stay, and still I do wonder
My choosing, not calling is north for the winter

I could turn around, leave this vast prison
Empty the days I have, will be no more

I stay! Oh why do I stay?
Away! Please take me away!
Home is my winter
The day they find me is the day I won't see!

Last are the days that I will remember
Cold and alone, time knows when I'll die
Same is the sun that pales on this winter,
Also shines brightly on lands of the warm

Far from my home