

## 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