

## Winter

Dargaard

I call forth the cold  
The coming signs of winter  
The coming signs of winter

Black hands raised to the sky  
Silhouettes of trees with no more leaves  
Growing on their long lean twigs  
Soul mirrors showing me  
A shadowed face

Waters - frozen and rugged, unmoved  
Cloth, white, is falling  
on the ground

Snow from the sky  
Trying to hide  
The face of the earth  
Thousand daggers are piercing my skin  
Winds from the north, alone in the skies

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Ravens seem to be the only  
Life beside me - suddenly  
They cover the sky to the horizon  
Blood becomes ice  
Flesh becomes rock

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