

The Winter Is Coming

Elf Power

trailing out through the golden dawn. veering into the
angry swarm carried by the birds into the dark. swooping
down through the blurry clouds. peeling back the enormous
shroud to release the beast that lurks behind.

mother nature calls your name. leads you to an open
space. the winter is coming and you have no time to
waste.

later on at the _ lair, see the birds melt into the air.
no one could protect them from the sun. blazing on for
another world, setting off through the silent swirl.
think of all the faces they may know.

mother nature calls your name. leads you to an open
space. the winter is coming and you have no time to
waste.

free at last now, the bird has flown. looking down from
his floating throne. just a lonely stranger in the sky.
down below, people walk the road. they never pause as
they scurry home. they never see the birds are floating
by.