

Dance of December

Eternal Tears of Sorrow

The four winds still keep moaning,
The song once heard at the birth,
It is the chant for the northern sun,
And for the seven stars of the Plough

Forged in the flames of the heavens,
On the vault of winter skies,
The ancient call for the snow,
And the rune for the blazing ice

Pouring tears of the weeping maiden,
Staining the dress of the virgin white,
Leaves the deepest kind of yearning,
In the chains of the northern lights

Like a moth in the darkness,
Through the flare of the charm,
And the first winter storm

Where the frozen leaves are falling,
And the light gives up to shades,
Sweet touch of the mother nature,

Seals up all in rest
In the arms of the darkest season,
Sleeps away the flame of the day,
Joins the dance of December,
The dance of descending winter veil.