

Inside the cradle without the sun,  
On frozen tides he tries to carry on,  
By a mistake it was all gone

Still seeking the twin for the tainted swan,  
Who glows in all the shades of grey,  
But he is facing the lightless dawn again

Small hours' mist,  
Upon the frozen land,  
Weariness in the wayfarer's eyes,  
No time to catch his breath

He walks alone recalling,  
The omen of the swan from his dreams,  
Wading through the gloomy backwoods,  
By the surging darkened stream

New sun once rose behind the fell,  
Brought her sisters down to the earth,  
They called the Maiden Saivo,  
To guide the swan to the furthest shore

He knows the signs of the sullen skies,  
And rhymes to open her sleeping eyes,  
Just can't let go of his dream and start to live alone