

Months of the northern winter
Darkest mountains mask the sun
I hear a storm approaching
Blackest clouds and howling winds
Echoes across the sky
I'm safe within my fortress, locked from within
No sympathy for the weak, confide in yourself
Accompanied, shadowed by power

Journey to my kingdom
Destined to remain a soul of the old world

I glimpse into the past and stare into what once was
But may never be again
And receiving only time to search all paths
And roam the land

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