

Winter Enthroned

Folkearth

There are those who gather wood
When the mountaintops turn white
There are those who sulk scared
At the first sign of wintry spite

But I revel in the glorious sight
Of a snowstorm approaching by night
Winter enthroned is my lord and liege
I was born of its freezing heartbeat

There are those who are afraid of the night
cowering at the sound of wolverine howls'
There are those who are not at ease
When the moon is full and the hunt is on

But I revel in the glorious sight
Of a snowstorm approaching by night
Winter enthroned is my lord and liege
I was born of its freezing heartbeat

There are those who gather round the hearth
Telling tales to entertain their fears
There are those who are daunted in shame
When marches in winter cruel cavalcade

But I revel in the glorious sight
Of a snowstorm approaching by night
Winter enthroned is my lord and liege
I was born of its freezing heartbeat