

Unsilent Storms in the North Abyss

Immortal

delight of the moon is burning inside
spiritless I lay on cryptic stones
mesmerising snow wait silent above me
and my yearn for frost grow strongly.
I am demon
a demon with a shadowed face
entering to my wintercoffin
awaiting to see the dawnless realms
staring into a ground of glass
a perfect view I could failed into my eyes
the unsilent storms in the north abyss.