

In the Cold Embrace of Mist

Khors

In the cold embrace of mist
Forest wardens are asleep,
By the magic have been ceased,
And it goes through ages deep

In the cold embrace of mist
I feel icy breath of North,
I hear whisper of black trees
And the night song of the wolf

Dreams are mirrors to old times
And they lead us to those nights
When our fathers forged their arms
And got ready for last fight