

Embraced by Frost

Mithotyn

The moons pale light falls over the trees,
and they cast their black shadows
over the snowcovered heaths.

Behold this land, embraced by frost.
Life and fertillity, forgotten and lost.

A mirrow of ice upon the lake.
I praise this land of ice and snow.
Snowstorms whining among the trees.
I praise this land where freezing winds do blow.

Fallen snowflakes in the starlight,
lies silently and still.
A lonely wolf barks in the winternight.

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