

## From the Frozen Plains

Mithotyn

The harsh biting winter night  
Embrace everything in this silent land.  
A lonely man is wandering through the snow  
With a wooden staff in his hand.

Dressed in old torn grey rags  
He tries to keep himself warm.  
The icy white long beard  
Dances in the hard winter storm.

His hands which once wielded the steel  
Can now barely raise his horn.  
Patiently he's searching from house to house  
For a meal and a roof over his head.

From the frozen plains he comes  
On a journey without destination.  
Once a hero- now forgotten  
On the edge of death by chill and starvation.  
From the frozen plains he comes.  
And to the frozen plains he goes.

He gained his pride throughout the wars.  
Of the knights he was the best.  
He risked his life for his king and queen.  
Of all the heroes he was the bravest.  
From the frozen plains he comes.  
And to the frozen plains he goes.