

## Winter Tides

### Remembrance

Across the high barren moors  
Searching for some living  
For signs of an early spring  
This is the end of all

We evolve in a maze  
In every winter  
And lose all distinction

Of our fears, of their lies  
In the Winter Tides  
We let ourselves die

Our visions of hope are endless, in the shelter we create  
Now in the winter tides, we let ourselves die

We're falling  
We're falling...  
In the Winter Tides, we let ourselves die  
The gods we are praying  
A mantra lost in a river asleep  
Another veiled betrayal  
What remains is our constant fear  
The frost covers our shields  
And our visions tremble

We witness the valleys  
Embracing each dying leave  
One by one, falling  
Such a Leitmotiv of final end