

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