

The Springrise

Satariel

Burn away the winter's frost
Cast down the veil of grief
Turn away from what's lost
Rise up from that grave so dark

Rivers of divinity in which to drown
The whitest of light burning my eyes

Shattering ice, my blood is warm again
The springrise, I'm this world born again

Whispering words in the wind
Roll away towards the horizon
With the staff I draw the sign
And a world dead comes in bloom

Rivers of divinity in which to drown
The whitest of light burning my eyes

Shattering ice, my blood is warm again
The springrise, I'm this world born again

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