

The days have grown darker
And clouds are hanging low.
The hills once spread lush and green
Snow's falling where the roads have been.

So little her confidence
But still she walks strong.
I'm born from the season's dance
To men I belong.

Winter's alive, one splintered soul
No heartbeat inside.
Breathing the cold, uncertain stride
Trying to feel, to be next to her.

The cold is coming closer
And the harmony is lost,
This burden that lies on my soul
And in my hand my people's hope.

My maiden's uneasiness, her anxiety,
To put all those fears to rest is a task given to me.

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