

High Season

The Lord Weird Slough Feg

From the snow and rolling thunder
From the frost and pouring rain
From the darkness, passing wonder
To illuminate again

Comes the highest of the seasons
When the crown of dawn returns
To collide in timeless reason
From the darkness as it burns

And when all your dreams discover
The future has eyes within you
And when all the paths uncovered
Are all you have left to turn to
The arrows of sun come dancing on your head
A flame that will burn until you're dead

Sunlight dries on your brow
Time to rise from the ground
Heaven cries, claim your crown