

## The Mournful Euphony

### The Sins of Thy Beloved

As thou await for the embrace of the poudrins  
thou hear the roaring of a stormy wind  
thou feel a gelid shiver deep within  
as thou wonder what will this winter bring

The spectress of winter are rising  
under the pale north star  
mist benights the horizon  
cold and arcane it appears

Hearken thy mournful euphony  
when wintry tempest so furious sweep  
sounds so majestic, a symphony  
so enchanting a deep sonorous grief

Carry me o'mighty winter  
to my desolate realm  
where i shall narrate my tale of woe  
my creed my unseemliness

the northern light above the murky skies  
enchaining me it's so divine  
as the winter nights slowly enlarges  
snow conceals it's winther'd leaves

I'm thy winter fire  
embrace thee with desire  
always surrounding thee  
and enswathing thee

Yet it shall bloom  
the mid'winter storm  
that compels  
the landscape to deform  
embellishing in  
the enchanting twilight  
as the master of winter  
evinces his might

Carry me o'mighty winter  
to my desolate realm  
where i shall narrate my tale of woe  
my creed my unseemliness

The poudrins embrace my cold realm  
so arcane but yet so gracious  
it emerged in solemn splendour  
so alluring and beyond divine