

## The Frost-Giant's Daughter

### The Sword

Waiting for dawn on the snow-covered tundra  
Your foes lying dead at your feet  
Look to the sky for a good star to guide you  
And pray that the morning you'll meet

Tresses of fire  
Skin white as snow  
Promising pleasure  
She brings only woe

In the far northern reaches  
Where dark mountains rise high  
Enchantress beseeches  
That you give up your life

Witch of the wastes  
Dancing on snows  
Lord of the gallows  
Takes what he's owed  
A wisp of gossamer is all that remains...