

Pakkasherra

Throes Of Dawn

From the heart of northern storms
After several lifetimes go by
I, the coldness arise

Touching the sky, turning the light
To frosty shine, forming to frost
I am a ghost, the lord of frost

Wolves call my name-
Pakkasherra
I am the northern wind-
Pakkasherra

With the black wings of light
I fly to the castle of mine
Higher to the mountains
Deeper to the woods
To the cold heart of moon