

# Lady Of The Wind

Whispered

Frozen figure stands in the storm  
Flakes of snow embrace the essence of her earthly form  
Her eerie song heard through dales and mountains far away  
Brings a curse on those who dare to listen

Floating above the plains she wanders in her realm  
Hearing screams of her prey draw closer  
She gazes upon the fields where battle rages eternally  
Waiting for warriors weakened to fall in her arms

In their eyes they saw her presence grim float above the ice  
Wounded still they crawled towards her call  
They hoped to find salvation from her arms, white and pure  
But the storm grew strong as they closed her figure

Cursed be this woman  
The lady of the wind

Night casts its shadow on the field of battle  
Few still breathing but the air turns cold  
She appeared like a spirit of death  
Blizzard veil in ground around her  
Embracing the last of the living with her hands  
Young and cold as ice

In our eyes we saw her presence grim float above the ice  
Wounded still we crawled towards her call  
We hoped to find salvation from her arms, white and pure  
But the storm grew strong as we closed her figure

Cursed be this woman  
The lady of the wind

In our eyes we saw her presence grim float above the ice  
Wounded still we crawled towards her call  
We hoped to find salvation from her arms, white and pure  
As we reached her gown we felt her hands slowly sweeping our l  
ives away