

Whiteout

Wolfheart

In the eye of the storm
Waiting for the winds to strengthen
A gale to grow

In the core of confusion
Awaiting for the fall

It's not a fault
Imperfection of sort
Not a sin to be forgiven

It's not a failure
To refrain from light
When there is only darkness in sight

In the heart of the chaos
Unease and disarray

Awaiting for the whiteout
To bring conclusion for us all

It's not a fault
Imperfection of sort
Not a sin to be forgive

It's not a failure
To refrain from light
When there is only darkness in sight

Embraced by the nightfall
The darkness came to me
Without descent of the sun

Before the flames shall return
And ablaze the sky on fire
I will hide myself
In the shade of the moon

Last ray of the light
Sole spark of the sun
Final and so fragile
Travelled from afar