

Arcturus, To Thou Who Dwellest In The Night

Here is so desolate;
Times, they are dark
Words ceas' - to end as echoes rolling afar

Empathy arises
whilst thou drapest this world in black;
The only colour that can paint my soul

Clad in the shades of night
Thou reflects the pure of heart

Amidst all the grief this winter unfoldeth
The thorn in my side - thou retainst

Thy breeze maketh me shiver
Maimeth me with its frozen malice
Thou minglest with the dense night
I hearken to the voice of thy winds
They are the saddest of all sounds of thine
Never will I take leave from thy haunt

Hast thou ever desired me?
I recieve no answer, thou letst it pass in silence...