

Arcturus, Wintry Grey

Frozen streams and vapours gray,
cold and waste the landscape lay...
Then a hale of wind.

Hither-Whirling, Thither-Swirling,
Spinn the fog and spinn the mist...
Still we walked on through woods and wintry gray,
home through woods where winter lay - Cold and dark...

(Waiting for a change in the weather.
Waiting for a shift in the air.
Could we get there together, ever?
Waiting for our late, late return)

Through the woods. Home through the woods where winter lay...