

# EverEve, Embittered

...So we have left behind the ceaseless change  
the ceaseless change of Seasons,  
embittered by the inevitable maelstrom  
that draws us towards the fields of winter  
where crows burst out in their scornful cries.  
And our eyes fall on the realm of much prouder  
but nevertheless even sadder creatures  
the realm of the Stormbirds...