

# Nattvindens Grat, A Lonely October Night

Once again left the rider  
With no clue where to do  
Helpless and frustrated  
He began to wander in woe

He wandered here and where  
Without a place to go  
Nights fell and days damned  
Onwards he just rode  
The trees dropped their leaves  
Soon the first snow would fall  
A lonely rider was sleeping  
Beside the ancient stonewall

"Behing the wall is a realm no man dares to go  
There thou find the answers... or not...  
Wise and old is the keeper of the stone  
The stone sees days - passed and to come";

The rider heard the voice  
Whispering these words  
Where it came or who it was  
A delusion he had heard?  
Snowflakes drew a picture  
Right on his eyes  
A line of hills behind forest  
Where dusk colours the sky

"Behing the wall is a realm no man dares to go  
There thou find the answers... or not...  
Wise and old is the keeper of the stone  
The stone sees days - passed and to come";

When the sun appeared over the woods on the horizon  
The rider sat thinking was it a dream or real  
In a moment he mounted the horse, began to search  
For a gate to enter the unknown realm