

Nattvindens Grat, Vagabond's Dusk

Out of the misty forest
The rider came tired and dawncast
A chilly night was descending
The first snows fell forever it would last

Spirits of the woods they do remember
The rider who had wandered for a hundred years
Shadows of the night can be heard whispering
His name that flows in many mortal tears

The night he was his father
Dark and cold where the brothers in his kin
The moon she was his mother
The sisters hi hath where hate, woe and sin

Spirits of the woods they do remember
The rider who had wandered for a hundred years
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Lonely and disappointed
He turned his horse back towards his home
When he left it the first flowers of spring bloomed
Ah, memories old...

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