

# Nattvindens Grat, Vagabond's Dusk

Out of the misty forest  
The rider came tired and dawning  
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 his hath where hate, woe and sin

Spirits of the woods they do remember  
The rider who had wandered for a hundred years  
Shadows of the night can be heard whispering  
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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...

Spirits of the woods they do remember  
The rider who had wandered for a hundred years  
Shadows of the night can be heard whispering  
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