## The Sins Of Thy Beloved, The Mournful Euphony

The Mournful Euphony As thou await for the embrace of the poudrins thou hear the roaring of a stormy wind thou feel a gelid shiver deep within as thou wonder what will this winter bring The spectress of winter are rising under the pale north star mist benights the horizon cold and arcane it appears Hearken thy mournful euphony when wintry tempest so furious sweep sounds so majestic, a symphony so enchanting a deep sonorous grief Carry me o'mighty winter to my desolate realm where I shall narrate my tale of woe my creed my unseemliness the northern light above the murky skies enchaning me it's so divine as the winter nights slowly enlarges snow conceals it's winther'd leaves I'm thy winter fire embrace thee with desire always surrounding thee and enswathing thee Yet it shall bloom the mid'winter storm that compels the landscape to deform embellishing in the enchanting twilight as the master of winter evinces his might Carry me o'mighty winter to my desolate realm where I shall narrate my tale of woe my creed my unseemliness The poudrins embrace my cold realm so arcane but yet so gracious it emerged in solemn splendour so alluring and beyond divine