

# Abigail Williams, The Departure

I will ride again  
Beyond the moon wandering  
in the land of the dead I am a king

Of these negative forces  
reclaim the earth and burn down the heavens  
A god who's kingdom lays within  
but the cruel frosts and wintry winds  
make it difficult for me to protect you from the cold  
these icy shores are never

Ending this perennial cycle  
and if I'm not back by dawn please call my name

Run into the night  
Your snow covered heart is dripping away but mine is  
shattering in the coldest of winds