

After The Burial, Drifts

Oh, so fucking cold.

The winds, the drifts of winter,
bonechilling nightfall.

Early evening sundowns make nights seem more like Borealis dreams.

My roots run deep, through veins, my ancestry. Everything I know, in body and soul...

...Lakeland

Look to the river rushing, unparalleled it's power. It carves away at the land. Eroding the banks, cor

They say, there's no other place like home, and they said it best. I've realized what this place mean