

# Borknagar, Summits

The towering rocks, untamed, rise stark and bold,  
Reflecting in my eyes, as forces clash,  
In this our own expanse where lives unfold,  
I plant my feet and feel the sleet's coarse lash.

The windswept summits, plains that gently sway,  
Beyond the rifts, dark rumbling drifts away,  
I fix my gaze and watch the vaulting grey  
I'm here to thrive, to build another day.

A distant flicker, hues in highland fields,  
A flame, a spark, a pulsing glow it wields,  
On these unsheltered grounds my future gleams,  
A song that resonates with vibrant themes.

The choir sings hoarsely, I fear no strife,  
I seek out my solace, I shape my own life.  
Austere persistence, a mantra I keep,  
I conquer the challenges, steep after steep.

Resounding through forests, these resolute calls,  
Horizons await, where splendour enthralls.  
With each step I take, on this stark, boundless quest,  
I embrace the hardships, I greet every test.  
For in the pursuit of these sights still unseen,  
I carry my history, bold and serene