

Vinterland, As I Behold The Dying Sun

(whispers...)

As I behold the dying sun, with brightened eyes.
? It's light will then/soon dis/appear? from/in the land of death.

The frozen land of death.
Of death.

The winter, the darkness, the kingdom of all the night.
Of all the night.

I can hear the sun's breathing, the dying sun,
Behold the last of him, it will faint to grey.
To grey.
To grey.

The wings of winter, will rise as it dies.
The crystal ground will ask the sun to die.

Die!

As the sun die

Die!

The winter, the darkness, the kingdom of all the night.
Of all the night.

Behold the dying sun.