

Wyrd, Cold Son Of The Wind

How chill is morning, how cold its melody.
On a season of withering, when time stands still
I listened and the wind spoke to me,
I heard the woods sing to me.

Reciting poems and myths, from earliest of ages
Shadow of a crooked rowan tree, looks more like a bear in sleep
Season fades along with its leaves,
until one plough day earth covers earth

Cold, son of the wind, freeze the winter willows
Chill the birch chunks, Cold, son of the wind

I listened and the rain whispered to me,
I heard the streams murmur my name.

Shared their timeless wisdom, a cruel tale of nature unveiled
Until one plough day earth covers earth