

A Song for This Winter

Black Sun Aeon

I can't recall
That the summer came this year before the fall
Leafs didn't grow on trees, grass wasn't green
No lifesigns to be found
It's like a soundscape of silence

The final harvest has become
with bare hands we sowed the fields of ice
Lats crop that died on the ground
Into the frozen soil
Where I bury myself to be reborn

I can't recall
That the summer came this year before the fall
To The land of thousand frozen lakes
Where the endless winter without sun will bury us
Like a snowfall