

## Ten Winters Apart, Pt. 2: Song of Mourn

Crimfall

No man an island  
Swept away with rising tide  
Land a mare, saddled thrice  
By masters eager to ride

With open arms whole west disarmed  
Blood lets the blood, scars on feuds to carve

Between lines claimed  
Iron curtains waive on wind  
Entwined on soil of mine  
And honor coiled here within

With open arms whole west disarmed  
Yield the last vanguard  
Blood lets the blood scars on feuds to carve

Long gone are the voice and lore  
Our daughters fled these shores  
Who then bears the songs of mourn  
With new horizons shadowed from dawn

Long gone are the springtime born  
These hands of mine sent them forth  
Who then bears the wounds of war  
When my loins are bleeding to core