

Raven's Dance

Khors

In the whirlwind of ashes
I can tell forbidden signs
And dull whisper of the dashers,
Who struck bosom of the brine

Hollow wail is penetrating
Through the tatters of the haze
Brings a song that dedicated
To the glory and the praise

Being covered by a shroud
Frozen breath and icy touch
On the wings of flaming round
Till it finally comes to crunch

Wolves are wildy roaring
Till they're out of breath,
I see ravens soaring
In the dance of death