

## Midwinter

## Lethian Dreams

Here I stand  
Where winds come and go  
A garden of snow  
Where cold Settled home

In every moon  
A different fate  
A silver Threat  
awaits for fall

In a midwinter voice  
fields and hills cry  
All is setting forth  
In different shades of white

No one will save no one  
No one can see you  
No words will heal you now  
No one can save you

We're setting forth again  
We flee like ghosts again  
In shapeless shadowslands  
We're setting forth again