

## High Season

The Lord Weird Slough Feg

From the snow and rolling thunder  
From the frost and pouring rain  
From the darkness, passing wonder  
To illuminate again

Comes the highest of the seasons  
When the crown of dawn returns  
To collide in timeless reason  
From the darkness as it burns

And when all your dreams discover  
The future has eyes within you  
And when all the paths uncovered  
Are all you have left to turn to  
The arrows of sun come dancing on your head  
A flame that will burn until you're dead

Sunlight dries on your brow  
Time to rise from the ground  
Heaven cries, claim your crown