The Mournful Euphony

The Sins of Thy Beloved

As thou await for the embrace of the poudrins thou hear the roaring of a stormy wind thou feel a gelid shiver deep within as thou wonder what will this winter bring

The spectress of winter are rising under the pale north star mist benights the horizon cold and arcane it appears

Hearken thy mournful euphony when wintry tempest so furious sweep sounds so majestic, a symphony so enchanting a deep sonorous grief

Carry me o'mighty winter to my desolate realm where i shall narrate my tale of woe my creed my unseemliness

the northern light above the murky skies enchaning me it's so divine as the winter nights slowly enlarges snow conceals it's winther'd leaves

I'm thy winter fire embrace thee with desire always sorrounding thee and enswathing thee

Yet it shall bloom
the mid'winter storm
that compels
the landscape to deform
embellishing in
the enchanting twilight
as the master of winter
evinces his might

Carry me o'mighty winter to my desolate realm where i shall narrate my tale of woe my creed my unseemliness

The poudrins embrace my cold realm so arcane but yet so gracious it emerged in solemn splendour so alluring and beyond divine