

Winter's End

Xanthochroid

Words were writ
Long ago
Darkness would claim my throne

Crushing weight
Bearing down
Life traded for a crown

Light reveals
Fertile soil
Stone laid by kings of old

Winter's end
Melting snow
Still I can feel the cold

Ashes rain from skies
And smother Erthen fire
My soul is ever weakened
By winter's cruel disease