

Palace of Frost

Xasthur

Garden, still and cold
Leaves once green turned to gold
Wrapped in fields, eternal sky
I bid farewell, I die...

Birds of the night, sing my songs
Ocean of tears, leads so long
Solitude of my spirit, I am free
Now I am dead forever

Storms of sadness cleanse my wings
I dwell in grief after I die
The landscapes so below
I harken up, the Sunset choir
Sings from the palace of frost
The place where I shall dwell now
The palace for the lost