

Aisling "Bora"

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Winter's coming
And this forgotten tale
Resurfaces time after time.
The cold wind blows letters of a

Lost love nymph call it's taranis

And prepares
The vengeance on man,
From a past no more known,
She cries the cruel faith
No more cheerful dance
Among trees...

A funeral force
Will prevail,
Over

Honey lips searching
For it's beloved poisoned heart,
Pulling down the wall
Of guilty man.

Under a freezing moon,
She'll wander shouting
With a shrill voice
Her desperation.

Many ages have passed
And she's always alone,
Never forgetting the misfit,
Yearning ravenous
For the killer's ruin.

Thout bora infuse your shining gaze,
We'll be your cut-throat sons.

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