

## **Sgns Of Darkness "Winters Dying Day"**

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This beauty unfolds, before generations grow old  
On that mist turns into mourns, to create this well  
known ancient lore

Until my dying day, winters dying day

And the mist separates the clouds from the grieving  
land  
The trees, this landscape claiming the snow to forget  
the battles fought

You are the silent whisper, the silent voice calling to  
come in winter  
For I grasped the key to this portal in front of me  
Dimensions far from here, I seek

I'll find

To forget the battles fought

Until my dying day, winters dying day

This beauty unfolds, before generations grow old  
On that day mists turns into mourns, to create this well  
known ancient lore

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