

Ahriman

"Crowcloud"

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[Varj?felh?]

A season - in the most simple colours
Birds - reigning on it
They blacken the sky as a sign
Singing a song bringing with themselves

An element - the water appeared as icemail
Snow - blanket of lands, hider of fields
Follows and covers me
Oozes away at the beginning of spring

Wings - countless on the white plough-land
Taking flight when it's time to travel again
Up into the arms of the air
Into it's throwing and mighty adventures

Crowcloud - bringing the winter away
Nests - where they shall live again in winter
They are gone
A new season to be started
By the lifenature

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