

Crimfall

"Frost Upon Their Graves"

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Abeyant winding way
Cascades sheltered in white
Lead them far astray
Where shrouded frail may hide

Pursued is ones prey
Onto trackless ground of frozen grey
Flight to river marmoreal
Where cold-blooded winds of north them flay

Streams blind and old
No sin or virtue here avails
Tede them nameless holds
Berths beneath thine waves

March onward unmarked trails
Horns underneath bay strident wails
Upon coiling spine
She'd ice-white blades of serpent scales

Frost upon their graves
Furrows fraught with dead
Thill waters to deprave
And slower runs the river red

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