

## The Sword

# "The Frost Giant's Daughter"

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Waiting for dawn on the snow covered tundra  
Your foe's lying dead at your feet  
Look to the sky for a good star to guide you  
Pray that the morning you'll meet

Tresses of fire, skin white as snow  
Promising pleasure, she brings only woe

In the far northern reaches  
Where dark mountains rise high  
Enchantress beseeches  
That you give up your life

Look to the sky for a good star to guide you  
Pray that the morning you'll meet

Witch of the wastes dancing on snows  
Lord of the gallows takes what he's owed  
A wisp of gossamer is all that remains

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