

## **Under Black Clouds "Winter Solstice"**

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Within the misty late year's forest  
In times when clouds and trees stand empty  
Nine thousand wolves are gathered in the snow  
To raise a long and greyish howl.

Ebony black the earth went into the night  
Re-awoken, covered now in silver white  
Softly veiled by sparking moisture  
Out of the wolwes ' throats up to the sky.

Lap of sunrise sweated by birth pains  
its child - a cold red fireball  
Sharp silhouettes of old and tired eyes  
Their cradle stuffed with leaves and fog.

Impossible to march the shortest way today  
Come forth tied up all in wolwes' breath  
Early , therefore , the evening approaches  
it is the time of Winter Soltice.

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