

Borknagar, Summits

The towering rocks, untamed, rise stark and bold,
Reflecting in my eyes, as forces clash,
In this our own expanse where lives unfold,
I plant my feet and feel the sleet's coarse lash.

The windswept summits, plains that gently sway,
Beyond the rifts, dark rumbling drifts away,
I fix my gaze and watch the vaulting grey
I'm here to thrive, to build another day.

A distant flicker, hues in highland fields,
A flame, a spark, a pulsing glow it wields,
On these unsheltered grounds my future gleams,
A song that resonates with vibrant themes.

The choir sings hoarsely, I fear no strife,
I seek out my solace, I shape my own life.
Austere persistence, a mantra I keep,
I conquer the challenges, steep after steep.

Resounding through forests, these resolute calls,
Horizons await, where splendour enthralls.
With each step I take, on this stark, boundless quest,
I embrace the hardships, I greet every test.
For in the pursuit of these sights still unseen,
I carry my history, bold and serene