

# Wyrd, Cold In The Earth

Withering winds whispered no more  
And the air was stagnant still  
The rivers and lakes stood calm  
Nothing stirred within their silent depths

Cold in the earth  
And a dozen cold Decembers  
Cold in the earth  
In the womb of the dready grave

The sun and the moon thrown from their paths  
Not a single star flickered in the night  
Time stood still in silence  
Holding its breath, waiting for the end

Mother earth lies in her grave  
Into emptiness her life fades  
Apocalypse, the end of the world  
Now.