

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.