

Early Snow

The Sword

The days are getting short again,
Leaves fall from the trees.
Nights are haunted by howling winds,
Harbinger of the freeze. But sometimes there is no way to know,
Until it's too late and,
You wake up to an early snow. Eyes have become cold again,
A distant light from the trees.
Waiting for winter to begin,
Before it's up to your knees. But some things you can never know,
Until it's too late and,
You're buried under an early snow. Brace yourself against the cold
Wish you could have stayed in bed
Follow me for bread and gold
An ancient nexus lies ahead. When the days become warm again
Mountains covered with green.
Flower's bloom as the clouds roll by,
Ain't a better sight to be seen. Brace yourself against the cold,
There is a road we all must tend.
Fallen leaves of red and gold,
An ancient nexus lies ahead.

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