A Distant Flame Before the Sun

Summoning

I sit beside the fire and think
Of how the world will be
When winter comes without a spring
That I shall ever seeI sit beside the fire and think
Of people long ago
And people who will see a world
that I shall never knowI sit beside the fire and think
Of older times that were before
I listen for returning feet
And voices at my doorOn high above the mists I came
A distant flame before the sun
A wonder ere the waking dawn
Where grey the nordlands waters run
In elder days and years of yore

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