Winter's Gate, Pt. 2

Insomnium

And there, amidst the fog
A solemn mountain rises
Its pinnacle touching the grey sky
Silent spruces guarding the shoresThere waits a grinning prize
Worthy of legend
There waits a goden wolf
A beast with six legsAnd yet I search on
And yet I wait
To find your shadow
Amidst the darkest night
Still I bear the flowers of pain
Still I bear the flowers of solitudeWhat trick of gods is this?
Rewars and riches
Here within our reach
Yet no within our grasp
And yet I search on
And yet I wait
To find your shadow amidst the darkest night
And yet I search on
And yet I wait
To find a place where no sorrow creeps in
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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