From the Frozen Plains

Mithotyn

(Music: Stefan/Karl / Lyrics: Stefan)
The Harsh Biting Winternight
Embrace Everything In This Silent Land.
A Lonely Man Is Wandering Through The Snow
With A Wooden Staff In His Hand.
Dressed In Old Torn Grey Rags
He Tries To Keep Himself Warm.
The Icy White Long Beard
Dances In The Hard Winterstorm.
His Hands Which Once Wielded The Steel
Can Now Barely Raise His Horn.
Patiently He's Searching From House To House
For A Meal And A Roof Over His Head.
>From The Frozen Plains He Comes
On A Journey Without Destination.
Once A Hero Now Forgotten
One The Edge Of Death By Chill And Starvation.
>From The Frozen Plains He Comes
And To The Frozen Plains He Goes.
He Gained His Pride Troughout The Wars,
Of The Knights He Was The Best.
He Risked His Life For His King And Queen,
Of All The Heroes He Was The Bravest.
>From The Frozen Plains He Comes
And To The Frozen Plains He Goes.

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