Winter's Gate, Pt. 4

Insomnium

Still I bear the flowers of pain, of solitudeAnd on the mountain's side
Grim-looking gates lies
Staring towards the north
Waiting in solitudeBarring the way inside
The giant doors of stone
Not built for mortal men
Not made for us to pass
Vile trick of ornery gods?
Rewards and riches
Right here within our reach
Not within our graspI walk with my head down
Wind blows right through my waning heart
Weightless, like a bird in my arms
She looks into the bottom of my soulGrave tidings from the northside
Grave is the tone of this night
Weightsome the dark around us
The weight of time upon usNo one will sing tonight
No one will leave the pyre
Dreaming of gloden wolf
Dreading the winter's might
Vile trick of ornery gods?
Rewards and riches
Right here within our reach
Not within our grasp
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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