

Autumn witches standing barefoot in the sea.
Singing songs that even brought the devil to his knees.

We shall inherit the time...
Like the thunder stands for comfort.
With the dancer in our dreams.

Autumn witches mesmerizing leaves to flee.
Dancing dances that even gods and undreamt dreams would wish to see.

We shall inherit the soil...
Like the one who wants our songs to end.
The one who perishes on moonlit fields.

We are the daughters of the one with broken wings and horns....

And the winterking shall be the one who carries the burden of the thorns.