

The Girl at the Riverbank

She was taking a walk,
The floor she moved on smooth like chalk.
The snow fell finley,
Constantly the death she will face.

In a black cozy coat, she was dressed,
The coziness you could see, through the
movement of her chest,
Footsteps have been left in the snow,
A single cry of a sweet black crow.

A riverbank frozen to ice,
Nothing there, to bring back to life.
The animals had run away,
The deathly beauty, left to stay.

She continued to move on,
Didn't she know the end of her lorn?
A man hidden behind a tree,
No way, she could've noticed nor see.

A riverbank frozen to ice,
Nothing there, to bring back to life.
The animals had run away,
The deathly beauty, left to stay.

His footsteps have been erased by time,
Nature is the one which started to rhyme.
She continued her way along the river,
Her soul responded, leaded her body to
shiver.

A riverbank frozen to ice,
Nothing there, to bring back to life.
The animals had run away,
The deathly beauty, left to stay.

She now had passed by,
Her time had approached to die,
The corw which had cried out,
Didn't leave a hint nor doubt.

The man, started to move soundless her
way,
No time now was put by the norn's, left to
stay.
His dagger had been risen by his hand,
Just behind her, where he had stopped to
stand.