

## Winter's Guide

The raven flies over head,  
Neath' the purple sky.  
Night waning nigh,  
He shall fly  
Along the mountain side,  
Chilled to the bone  
The bitter cold,  
In that purple sky.  
Sticks snap,  
Leaves crunch  
On the frosted ground,  
As the wolf treads alongside.  
The raven flies, just nearby,  
Over that purple mountain side.  
Steering him alongside.  
He is the winter's guide.