

With the Fortress north, As Cold as glass And Friendship west

Take your task at hand, To the number, Nine eight two

Through the woods, That No lion fears

In the sky the water veers, Small of scale, So Step across

Your Perspective should not be lost

In the center of five alike, tall, and split,

one winged and slight

What we take to be

Our strongest tower of the night

Falls gently, In winters night

Looking back from treasure ground

There's the spout! A whistle sounds.