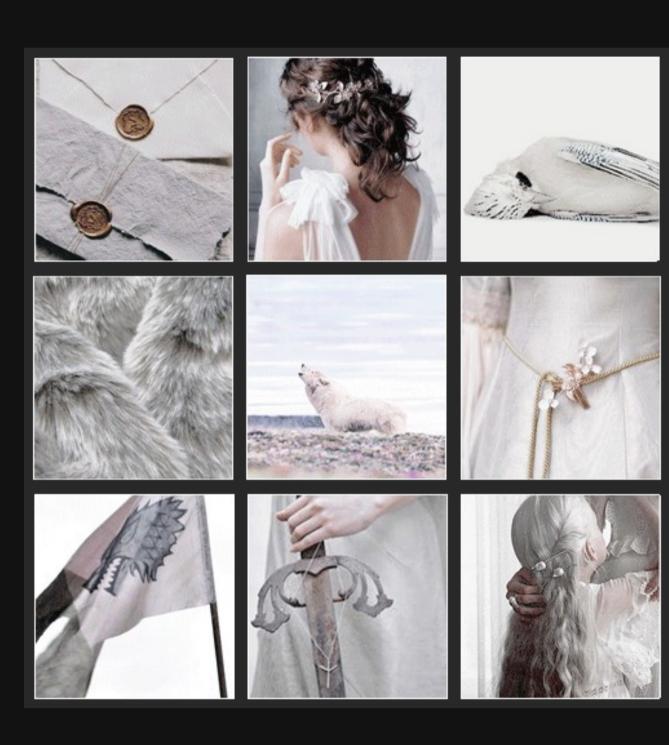


" Doubt thou the stars are fire,
Doubt the sun doth move,
Doubt truth to be a liar
but never doubt thy love?"

LYRA STARK was familiar with the cold. She was born of winter and clad in frost. Her birth right was the frozen lakes and ice tipped pines. The wolves howled her name in reverance as she strode over barren plains. The moon gleamed against her pale skin, stardust captured in her sable hair. A gleaming jewel of the North, iridescent as pearls upon a glacial shore.

However, even the purest of snow would soon melt under the golden sun. Crimson would seep and bloom upon silver flakes. Lyra was unfamiliar with the heat. She was not born of summer or tempered in searing flames. But when Daemon Targaryen looked at her, she **burned** for him.



THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE
NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH

"I was in the middle before I knew that I had begun."

**LYRA STARK** by Àstrid Bergès-Frisbey



"You have bewitched me, body and soul."



...other characters as their respective cast...

"It isn't what we say or think that defines us, but what we do."



by sufjan stevens

i have loved you
for the last time.

i have touched you
for the last time.
and i have kissed you
for the last time."

warnings: language, violence,
a so excruciating death

please spare a vote and comment if you enjoy

thank you <3

courtesy of daemon targaryen

featuring other deaths.