

## **Baker Anita**

### **"Spellcraft & Moonfire"**

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Black stone summoning the eternal power of the winter moon...

Fen-witch revel in ancient spellcraft,  
Beneath a horned and waning moon  
Enchantress, heather-bride a' dreaming,  
The beckoning gloom enthralls me,  
The Lord of Wolves haunts the forest,  
In brooding winter's icy rapture,  
Hoarfrost glimmers 'neath the moon,  
Sorcery opens fiend-haunted pathways before me.  
Black Stone summoning the eternal power of the winter moon...

Enthralled by the evil lotus-dreams,  
Witches' eyes agleam with candle-flame,  
Nine Elven stones beneath the waves,  
Whispered spells in serpent-tongues,  
Gleaming sword in ice enshrined,  
Chaos-Throne witch-fire entwined,  
Marsh grasses swaying 'neath the moon,  
Dark spellcraft summons the Black Gate before me...  
Icy waters whispering,  
Tower of Silence hides the shadow-key,  
Ember-trees haunt my fevered dreams,  
Moon-Bride, sing thine dark enchantment.  
The moonless abysses of mid-earth,  
Black basaltic halls of night,  
Ghoul-plagued darkness, vale of fiends,  
Amorphous leige bloats and breeds.  
Elder shadows writhing before the silvern gate of eternal winter,  
Dark shapes entwine the mist-veiled cromlech,  
Dyng torchlight gleams on silent black waters,  
Fen-wolves sing to the gibbous moon...  
Arise from dreams, shape-shifting fiends,  
Dance madly 'neath the moon,  
To the pipes of bone, anoint the (witches') stone,  
Beneath the ancient tomb.

(lyrics: Byron, Music: Jonny & Chris)

