

Cauldron Born

"Wicker Man"

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Roman Soldier
You've gone too far into the forest of the Druid
A black moon looks over Hadrians Wall
Hecate frowns on you
An elfin fire kindles for you tonight
Human sacrifice

Thou art the Wicker Man
Your charred bone and blood rebirth our dying land
Thou art the Wicker Man
Thou art the chosen one

Head a-spin
Woke up from a night of drinking poisoned mead
Apparition Witch just a will-o'-wisp
Why do I hang in a wicker cage

Vision clearing as my life flashes back
Are those raised daggers for my heart

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