

## **Elvenking "Conjuring Of The 14Th"**

Visit "[Conjuring Of The 14Th](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Follow down the path, it leads to a circle of houses  
Where foreigners are not well thought  
And strangers unwelcome to their affairs  
The villagers, so they said, do heathen rituals

Just for a while look through the chimney stack  
Through the mist, aren't you afraid?  
Ajar are the doors, a smell of rotten woods  
In the mud, aren't you afraid?

Hidden by the clouds, a pallid sun on a November day  
An expedition organized to go and see what's going on  
The villagers, none of them weren't seen in town for  
weeks  
To get provisions as they used to

Just for a while look through the chimney stack  
Through the mist, aren't you afraid?  
Ajar are the doors, a smell of rotten woods  
In the mud, aren't you afraid?

Hearsay called him the 14th  
Was never born, he's always been  
The sins to expiate in front of him  
Will be the worst part of your dreams, of your dreams  
(Someone said it is a magic place)

Through the hazy heights  
Two leagues from Avhon  
Among the heart of brushwood  
Aloof from the glances  
Lies a village built on a clearing

Thirteen houses aligned maliciously  
And a mansion on a hill  
That mournful light in the floor window is always lit  
Is always lit, lit

As they reached the hamlet on the hill  
They found nobody at all  
(Was anybody there?)  
Faint light in the house

(Where have they gone?)  
Would they dare to go inside  
(To go inside)

When they all returned back home  
They told of uncanny things  
(They told)  
When they all returned back home, inside  
(Knock, knock)  
Their souls, something's hopelessly gone

Jesp Van Cleave, the first found dead  
Drowned in the stream while we was having a bath  
A terrible misfortune, incredible and fatal accident

Ichabold De le Fournier, son of the major  
Was the second one, his horse fell on top of him  
The wounds were too serious to be cured

One by one, the thirteen died  
All those who had been to that village  
Faced the unknown one

One was hanged, the other's choked  
Little by little all the townsmen understood  
The conjuring of the 14th  
Was gliding in the mazes of their lives

Thirteen souls to replace the old  
The evil lifeblood will flow  
In the shadows of their bodies

And now hearsay called him the 14th  
That was never born, he's always been  
The sins to expiate in front of him  
Will be the worst part of your dreams, of your dreams  
(Someone said it is a magic place)

Through the hazy heights  
Two leagues from Avhon  
Among the heart of brushwood  
Aloof from the glances  
Lies a village built on a clearing

When they went back to the village then  
Thirteen houses occupied  
Thirteen new inhabitants  
Whom does he look like?

Thirteen houses, aligned maliciously  
And a mansion

That mournful light in ground floor window  
Will be always lit, will be always lit  
Is always lit

Visit [Elvenking](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.