

Elvenking

"conjuring the 14th"

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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 afeared?

Ajar are the doors

A smell of rotten woods

In the mud, aren't you afraid?"

[Solo: Jarpen]

Hidden by the clouds

A pallid sun on a November day

An expedition organised

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 afeared?

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!

(Someone said it is a magic place!)

[Chorus:]

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) ground floor window is
always 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

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,
Was an 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 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

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!

(Someone said it is a magic place!)

[Chorus:]

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
on a hill

That mournful light in (the) ground floor window will be

always lit!

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