

Faerghail

"Witches Dance"

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A black cloath of forbidden wisdom
To ride the night in fullmoon's celebration
The wind has stopped it's whisper-like humming
It's calm before the storm

Forest so vast and beautiful its shades
Witnessing the dance of those once human
Now just bleak of before been
Shall they become what they've foreseen

Why do they gather to that macabre dance?
Around the darkened bonfires glance
Witches dance

"Oh, streaming winds, give me thine
strength
give me thine mighty storms
I am the queen whom the light shall dread
Enchantress from the heathen north

Again it's the time of the summoning
A woman is granted with ravenwings
To fly through the skies so bright
And to land where the seas throw their might

Paths that lead to the darkest woods
See them cast their mourning spells
For those not knowing what is grace
Shall not die with witches' embrace

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