Folkearth "Eldritch Sorcery And Faery Runes"

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Spirit of the ash tree
Dweller in the oak, Thy realm I wish to traverse;
I whisper the ancient verse
Whisper the ancient verse

Passage safe to earn.
Gods of the earth,
You who made sylvan breath
Hear now my spells
Hear now my spells

As I flirt nightshade In pagan forests primeval Where dusk enthroned is king! Once upon a day

On the wings of fairytale, Shamanic paths I take Where in adoration Wolves to the moon bay; To the moon bay

Another figure I bcome
Inside the sylvan canvass
Hidden, away far from your world
I have ridden!
Spireless lands await me

In a world of elder magecraft Elven runes engraved Upon hyperborean skies Like stars arrayed. The man in black There he awaits; And there's no coming back! Forest calling to mine ear

Distand echoes of the Dryad. Enthralled I stand by this woodland melody. Upon the altar of yew Before Fangorn's palace

The Elven heart is beating;

Rhythm of my breathing My hands lie bleeding Dagger bitten grimly

An offering of life
To ethereal folk I sing.
An eerie moon beckons me
Gnarled boughs whistle

Attuned to a magic wind, Call of elder arts I hearken! Rings of stones, Idols of crows Whilst primordial wonders stir the air

Trees lively welcome me In this mystical realm Of eldritch sorcery and Faery runes. Faery runes...

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