

Morgul "The Ghost"

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And one night
when the moon was full and its silver spears
pierced her mournful heart
gently up the creaking stairs
already more dead than alive

Weak and weary
pale and cold
blood still flowing
si it is told

At the top she dropped to the floor
just outside my bedroom door
silent as a dying day
with a whimper she passed away
tis said from shadows grey
devild come to take her away
as her sin made heaven reject her
hell set out to resurrect her
born of evil and all that may dwell
in the darkest, the deepest of hell
so tis told in these here parts
the devils bride she became
when hell took her heart
centuries ago, maybe more
still she comes to my bedrrom door

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