

Pagan Altar "Samhein"

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Samhein, the night of the dead
When they can reach out to touch you again.
On Samhein, the dead walk free
To roam the earth
On this October night
They call Halloween.

Samhein, when the veil is thin
You hear your name carried on the wind
Dark fleeting forms on creaking stairs
The door knocks loud but there's no one there!

Memories of the past arise
Of souls you thought long dead
They beckon you to follow them
And put voices in your head
Ghosts Whispering enchantments
From beyond the grave
The veil is rent asunder
On the night of Samhein.

Beware those whom you wrong in life
And those you seek to harm
Deaths memory spans a thousand years
And on Samhein the dead return.
Faith will never save you
From what lies behind the veil
And revenge can take so many forms
From far beyond the pale!

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