

Pagan Altar

"The Cry Of The Banshee"

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Over mist covered hills and valleys, across lochs and
lonely shores.
Through fields and rain drenched forests and dark and
desolate moors.
Screaming...
A keening wailing cry
No living soul ever made that sound, stalking those
about to die!
The cry of the Banshee

Her fleeting shadow in female guise cloaked in
darkness and mystery.
With wind tossed hair and sparkling eyes, she cries out
in misery.
Watching...
With eyes that are full of tears.
And a cry that rips your soul apart and herald's death is
near.
The cry of the Banshee!

The glimpse of a wraithlike figure that resembles
female form
Silhouetted in the moonlight to disappear before the
dawn.

Some say the living cannot hear her, only those about
to die,
But many swear upon their lives, they've heard that
mournful cry.
The cry of the Banshee!...

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