

Pagan Altar

"The Erl King"

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FATHER

There can be no dark force in this world,
That could take the soul of a child.
No spectre so grim would dare to be heard,
No beast could be so wild.

So rest my child and save yourself,
For the journey we must undertake.
I've done all I can but I need to get help,
And soon your fever will break.

SON

Father, dear Father the Erl king is near,
I can see the fire in his eyes.
I can hear his voice whispering in my ears
Like a million children's cries.

FATHER

My Son, My Son you have nothing to fear,
And the stars are the only light you see.
The wind in the trees is the only voice you hear
And the crying you hear is me.

SON

Father, dear Father surely you can see
That beckoning figure standing there.
His bony hands are reaching out for me
And he's running his fingers through my hair.

FATHER

My Son, My Son your illness will not last
And help is just over this rise.
Those hands are just branches
Brushing us as we pass
So please can you open your eyes!

