

Darkwell

"Burn, Witches, Burn"

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Torchlight in utter darkness
Starts licking wood with it's deadly tongue
In seconds it's hunger grows
Wood is eaten by flames twelve feet long
Before the eyes of heathens
The shrine of the cross lights up the glade
On the ground lie six bodies
That have met their fate by pagan blade
Hear the autumn thunder in the sky
Vanishing the mild summer breeze
An autumn thunder roars down on the ground
By it's force the foreign god flees
A flash of steel cuts flesh
By doing so it cuts the cross
The mossy ground drinks the blood
Of a hundred men in white clothes
The morning smells of death
But still it feels like a fresh wind
After so many years
Where the forests returned to the pagan kings
Hear the autumn thunder in the sky
Vanishing the mild summer breeze
An autumn thunder roars down on the ground
By it's force the foreign god flees
Fullmoon turned to crescent and crescent to fullmoon
Many times over the forests of Hme
The old gods were respected
And new houses rose on the ashes of the cross
All was at peace
When the summer began to turn to autumn
But when the first leaves turned to yellow and brown
People began to see signs...bad omens
One day a hunter from the coast came
And told he had heard rumours
The ships of the foe had been seen in northwest
And their numbers were great
Morning mist chilly was floating up from the sea
At a dawn when leaves were falling down from trees
Gathered were the pagan kings to the circle of stones
Out of silence rose a man known as wise and old

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