

## **Steve Von Till**

### **"The Wild Hunt"**

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There's a candle in the window  
Of the old tatch house  
Mother said it was a beacon  
On this night of the hunt

She sang softly  
Of those who were gone  
As she poured whiskey  
On the stone near the heart

Howling beasts  
And unearthly cries  
One-eyed riders  
Stones of skies

The windows started to shutter  
Under the force of the wind  
Whirling mysts became furies  
Rolling clouds became wolves

Howling beasts  
And unearthly cries  
One-eyed riders  
Stones of skies

Though i was young that night  
Never once did i fear  
I knew this ancestral spectre  
Was wondering God

Known to our people forever  
Giver of breath and life  
I will gladly ride with Him  
When it becomes my time

Howling beasts  
And unearthly cries  
One-eyed riders  
Stones of skies

