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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

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