

Symbol "Wassel Grove"

Visit "[Wassel Grove](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Of an experience in a heathen wood.

A line of fire
Flickers on mist enshrouding knees
Hooded carriers of torches file
Through the dark and twisted trees

The trees, the forest,
The trees in the forest
We worshipped in sacred groves
Effigies on wooden poles
Whispering with dead souls
I once did this

Scuffing through groves
That whisper old songs
And riddles to solve
We longed for the mead hall
The symbol and boast

To walk and crackle through the soft bracken
I see what this hidden world was for
And what it meant to the heathen mind
A gateway to interaction with gods
I acknowledge my bloody past
Of sacrifice within these trees
It is part of us
And so I return here
In modern ways
Drink to the evolution
Of our new heathen hearts!

Woden!

The trees, the forest
The trees in the forest.

Visit [Symbol](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.