

## Ahriman

# "The Wrath Of The Witches In Storm"

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An owl glided among the trees.  
Only the light of stars wanted  
The dusk to be buried by the night.  
Seeing their march, hiding into crows  
And holding torches, with the chosen words,  
Now they spoke the storms.  
OSTARA! HEARD!  
The clouds came, the nature awoke.  
Rain drops fell into the fallen leaves,  
And the flames died for this rebeemer moment.  
Their flying dreams,  
The celebration of nature.  
Encouraging, way-showing sign of the screaming  
silence.  
Their voice fell with them,  
As the owl to the funeral of the storm

Sing,  
For your souls' awakening for dance on this chily,  
But rebeemed night.

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