

Akashah "Gwynn Apnid"

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In the Celtic twilight
He returns on Solstice night
Rising from the halls of Anwnn
Through the gates of Tor
Commanding the raging host
This seeker of dead
A storm on the horizon
The spectral hunt ensues
The psychopomp rider
White son of the night
With Gwn Anwnn he travels the storms
He comes from beyond this world
Face black as death
To carry the souls of men
To the halls of Anwnn

When thunder cracks the sky
When the wind howls through the trees
When the bark of bell hounds fills the night
In the season when life sleeps
When doors are locked and bolted
When flames fall from the sky
Appears the loathly hunters
The Tylwyth Teg
Returns the White rider come this Beltaine night
He's gathered his warriors to pit tribe against tribe
Gwyther ap Greidwal, arche nemesis
A seasonal clash, fight of the elements
Spear clash with shield in warriors' dance.
From lust of a woman born such fits of rage
Natural law shall pronounce the defeat
White on born of Nudd back to the halls of Anwnn

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