

Folkearth, Horned Trolls And Mystical Folk

Horned trolls and mystical folk
Within the deep woods of twilight
Ethereal misty fingers entwine
Crooked boughs and mossy roots

Smell of the rain soaked ground
Yet hark! What be this sound
Coming from afar?
Haunting tunes, the fairy song

They join in rings to dance
Plucking fiddles hewn of oak
Dwell in a citadel of fog
Horned trolls and mystical folk

These horned trolls and mystical folk
They dwell in the brooks
They dwell on the trees
They live under rock
They live by the sea

Astride frogs and dragon flies
They travel far and wide
Mortal dreamers they invite
To their realm of ever light

Perchance in thy strangest dreams
You glimpse fairies sound asleep
There by the creek
Yet deeper still

They join in rings to dance
Plucking fiddles hewn of oak
Dwell in a citadel of fog
Horned trolls and mystical folk

These horned trolls and mystical folk
They bless the land
They bless the field
They whistle to me
They whistle to you
They whistle to the moon

These horned trolls and mystical folk
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