

Lake Of Tears, Raven Land

Do you know what you fear of the ravens dark
Do you know what they hide, hide within their hearts
Can you see the sorrow within their eyes
Can you hear their cries, when the fiddle dies ...

Mistletoe, friend of foe, so black upon the moor
Fallen leaves coloured red, blood of all the dead
Into mist they'll take you soul, they'll take your heart
And none of flames shall burn with the ravens dark

Raven land - mistletoe
Raven land - friend of foe

Whispering winds from the land of the nevermore
Bringing tales of the dead, dead in times before
Can you hear the shadows within the night
Can you see the flames, as the fire dies ...

Mistletoe, not a foe, black friend upon the moor
And the leaves coloured red, tears from all the dead
In the mist they keep your soul, they keep your heart
And all of flames shall burn with the ravens dark

Raven land - mistletoe
Raven land - friend of foe