

Strawbs, Witchwood

I dropped down in the witchwood
To see what I could find
The trees had taken time out
To blow away my mind
All that I could hear there
Was the sound of my own voice
But the music it was making
Was nothing of my choice.

The interwoven branches
Were laden deep with snow
A rainbow shone so softly
To show which way to go
I observed its many colours
Till my eyes were rimmed with frost
I tried hard to trace my footsteps
For I feared I might get lost.

The witchwood started singing
With a strange unearthly sound
My fingers grew like branches
I stood rooted to the ground
And the spell is still unbroken
I am still her bidden slave
Till a casket from the witchwood
Bears my body to the grave