

Tuatha De Danann, Abracadabra

Following the whistler we'll going straight ahead
One by one, magic's flowing hear the whistler and his songs
He show us all the secrets of the music, life and spells
Teach the language of birds, magic rhymes that sounds like bells

Step by step we're going staring at this beautiful faun
Led by this wise man that came from the underground

The tunes he plays sounds like a nightingale
His old whistle lead us to the rainbow
He is the last man who knows old words to charm on
So come on
Waiting for his sign - Were following his light
Facing all this Bright - shall leave this world behind