

# Demether, Old Well

When he was riding through the old Romanian town,  
Heading to the East, he had to stop 'till dawn...  
He had to stop' till dawn...  
Late it was, he took water from a well,  
Glittering and cold, water quenched his thirst...  
But, that old well was dry...  
And the moon was shining bright,  
Scattered sparkles rounded the well,  
Sound of a distant flute he heard,  
His horse ran away...  
Suddenly, some children all in white  
Made a ring around him, whispering:  
He, who drinks the water from the well,  
Falls into her embrace, tells the tale...  
As the eyes are windows to the soul,  
Through his gaze she'll know it all...  
No one ever heard a word of him,  
Some tale says his soul still lingers thirsty...  
And if you're riding  
Through some old Romanian town on your road to East,  
You should never stop before the dawn...  
Never stop before the dawn...