

# Faerghail, Witches Dance

A black cloath of forbidden wisdom  
To ride the night in fullmoon's celebration  
The wind has stopped it's whisper-like humming  
It's calm before the storm

Forest so vast and beautiful its shades  
Witnessing the dance of those once human  
Now just bleak of before been  
Shall they become what they've foreseen

Why do they gather to that macabre dance?  
Around the darkened bonfires glance  
Witches dance

Oh, streaming winds, give me thine strength  
give me thine mighty storms  
I am the queen whom the light shall dread  
Enchantress from the heathen north

Again it's the time of the summoning  
A woman is granted with ravenwings  
To fly through the skies so bright  
And to land where the seas throw their might

Paths that lead to the darkest woods  
See them cast their mourning spells  
For those not knowing what is grace  
Shall not die with witches' embrace