

Folkearth, Kingdom Of The Shades

I see the wolves gathered on the hill
And the carrion birds that fly
Etched against the (witching) moon
I was a string in Apollos lyre
I was the sword in a warriors hand
I was the crown on an emperors brow
I was the seal on a sorcerers heart
I saw the glory of Atlantis fall the jeweled spires that would gleam no more
I saw the grandeur that once was Greece its crumbling walls I now call my home
I see a woman crying on my mound she has been lover and homeland to me:
Alas! I know I will not see her again the kingdom of the shades is my home
Where the Sidhe play mournful tunes
Where the sea is black, without a shore
Where meadows are strewn with ash
There now lies my path