

# Hagalaz' Runedance, Dreaming Wild White Horses

Down by a willow-tree, a hidden place so rare  
Across a silent lake, where their secrets lie bare  
The most delightful scene to see  
The dancing messengers of purity  
Wild manes in the wind, she holds the key  
Riding towards the dawn, sky-clad and free  
The maiden goddess, her spirit to me  
Fills the cup with Eostre's sensuality  
Passing white mares in the silver moonlight  
Carriers of ghosts seeking the other-side  
Vanishing into the night before my eyes  
Passing, leaving but a dream behind