

Heather Alexander, Samhain

As the sun bleeds through the murk
'Tis the last day we shall work
For the veil is thin and the spirit wild
And the crone is carrying harvest's child

Samhain turn away
Run ye back to the light of day
Samhain hope and pray
All ye meet are the gentle Fae

Burn the fields and dry the corn
Feel the breath of winter born
Stow the grain 'gainst season's flood
Spill the last of the livestock's blood

Samhain turn away
Run ye back to the light of day
Samhain hope and pray
All ye meet are the gentle Fae

Let the feasting now begin
Careful who you welcome in
The table's set with a stranger's place
Don't stare openly at his face

Samhain turn away
Run ye back to the light of day
Samhain hope and pray
All ye meet are the gentle Fae

Stranger, do you have a name?
Tell us all from whence you came
You seem more like god than man
Has curse or blessing come to our clan?

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