

Heather Alexander, Wild Hunt

Ride with the wind
Through the fields and the trees
'oer the hills with your kin
'til you can't feel your knees
on a steed that won't hear
though you wail and you cry
for your reins will not steer
and you never will die!

Come and ride!
Come and ride!
Mystified by our powers!
Come and ride!
Come and ride!
Soul denied! You are ours!
Come and ride!

Come, join the hunt
For the fox running fast
We will ride in the front
You will take up the last
Through the night and the cold
Through the mist without rest
Cursed by magic of old
You will never be blessed

You'll be aching with grief
For the light of the day
For your lack of belief
It's the price that you pay
You've forgotten your ways
And refused to hold true
'Tis the end of your days
'Tis the ending of you!