

Hin Onde, Language of the Woods

(Music & Lyrics by Wircki)

Came the long winter's cold and told it's tale to me
Flew the moonbirds suggesting spells of the gleaming moon
Blew the wind with it's mystifying whispers
Swaying firs compiling secret words
For those with a mind to know

Ancient phares within the treetops
The language of the ages old
Spells never buried, the bard eternal,
The spirit of woodland sings it's wisdom, spreads it's magical might
And luckless lands of north reveal their secret forth