

# Sleep, Evil Gypsy / Solomon's Theme

Insect caravan pulls its way  
Through the freezing and misty haze  
Gypsy casts a spell of frost  
Frozen solid our lives are paused

Glass village lies below  
Castle of sleet with magic glow  
Trapped inside icy glaze  
The burning sunlight sheds its rays

Escape the tomb of deadly freeze  
To the village of glass we have the keys  
Ice people everywhere once inside  
At home again the insects ride