

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