

# Summoning, Moondance

Right in the dark  
Flames burn the glade  
You'll die, before we can try  
The blood aprice, shall not worry  
Your turn to pray  
You must not die

In this place we're all, we'll be alone  
But we pray and lord will grant us life  
That's all I'll be  
Break my spell

Right, but late  
Called at the gates of  
Place of bewitched  
Don't worry now  
The blood - a price  
The shadows bouncing over me.