

Wyrd, Daughter Of The Forest

Daughter of the forest
With a pine garland on her head
Binded from twigs and thorns
Unsightly, yet radiant
Beloved of the woods

Daughter of the forest
With mud and soil on her face
But no amount of dirt hide her grace
Once revered, now alone
Relic from the olden days

Her altar was built from the sighs of gods
Covered in wild roses, ash and thorns
Look into the fire and you'll still see her shape
Dancing wildly, winding like a snake

Daughter of the forest
Beloved of the woods
No one calls her name anymore
No one stares into the flames anymore
Forever lost are the olden ways