

Wyrd, Pale Forest

Hear the tune from the woodlands
Ghastly, forlorn
Hear the song of the forest
Pale, eternal!

I carve the runes for the spirits to speak
For the ghosts to dance among these trees
I chant the spells for the dead to live
For the souls to soar among the stars

Feel the eyes, staring at you
When you are all alone
Feel the cold, invincible hands
Touching all over you

When the fullmoon reaches it's zenith
Above this pale and cold forest
I enter the circle of bones
I recite the rites, embrace the night
I call forth the ancient spirits
Whom once roared in these woods

Once alive, alive once more