

# Wyrd, The Hounds Of The Falls

In the dying light of the demon moon  
By the falls of the hounds  
Their shadows dance in the eerie gloom  
The damp night air is thick with their howls  
Ageless voices carried with the winds  
As darkness creeps upon the falls  
Countless songs wailed into the night  
Echoing in the dim moonlight  
Bodies drowned, spirits alive  
As ghosts they'll haunt these falls  
Even the roar of these dark waters  
Can't hide their nocturnal calls