

Wyrd, The Pale And The Dead

In the woods not far from here, stands an age old dead tree
On a meadow once green, nothing grows now
They used to hang people from this oak, or so they legend claims
Beneath the shadows of these branches, witches and heretics have burned
The ground is dead and stained black with blood,
the sorrow of centuries it bears
No man, bird or beast dares to wander here
Even during daylight hours darkness always seems to be near
The soil is poisonous and swarming with snakes
Oh, I tell you, it's a cursed place
Here meet the pale and the dead, here the most coldhearted will dread

The pale and the dead, ghosts from times long gone
Relics of past dread, they walk beyond the sun

When the night falls, the mist rises from the depths of the dead, cursed soil
Damned, forgotten souls, centuries of old,
wake from their cursed sleep of empty eternity

The pale and the dead
wretched souls that prey on living flesh
The pale and the dead,
souls unset, forever doomed to haunt
The pale and the dead,
beyond dawn and daylight the stalk