

Burning Witches, The Witch Of The North

Sweet call, oh mother of all
It's fate that binds us now
Your sight is guiding us all
To what can be

Rise! Rise of the druids
Oh, seeing ones
Fall! Fall of the tyrants
Make them pay

When we ride out for the witch of the north
When we ride out in valiance we go forth
When we ride out defying the frost
For Freya! Witch of the north

Let go, let the gift of sight flow
Feel the wonder and dreams coursing through
For peace, for the sake of prosperity
Wise are the ways of the womb

Rise! Rise of the druids
Oh, peaceful ones
Fall! Fall of the tyrants
Oh!

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Defying the frost... Witch of the north...
Go forth for Freya... Witch of the north...