

# 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