

The Druid Ritual of Oak

Elvenking

Autumn has arrives, leaves are gone, the sky's in flames
A crimson red is brushing the valley brightest light
I remember my Novembers, ancient rites throughout the fog
A magic melancholia surrounded all the plains

A manifest of winds, the forces of the Earth
Darkness laid the curtain against the mighty oak
Figures hooded in the shades on front of braziers aflame
My childhood eyes have witnessed the ritual rebirth

A breeze from the sea came like mystery cries
The druids chant a strange lullaby
The sparks from the flames reach the stars in the sky
Are we ready to die?

Forgive me Father for all that i have sinned
For all the times I tried to be a follower within
Forgive me Mother, sweet Earth where I have lived
The Beauty that I've mantled, the pureness of our kin

We all hail the Moon gathering on its Sixht Day
Turn every barren one fertile as our Mother
With Golden Sicles we raise eyes to the sky and pray
Cure every poison and take care of all our Brothers

Come and dance with us the dances of the witch
I dreamt the white druid's voice whispering the words
The mistletoe, the sickle, the big Valonia Oaks
From that day on my knowledge opened up to a new itch

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