

Fires at Midnight

Blackmore's Night

I stood out here once before
With my head held in my hands,
For all that I had known of this place
I could never understand.

On the hills the fires burned at midnight,
Superstition plagued the air,
Sparks fly as the fires burn at midnight,
the stars are out and magic is here...

I wished on the seven sisters,
Bring to me wisdom of age,
All that's locked within the book of secrets,
I longed for the knowledge of the sage...

On the hills the fires burned at midnight,
Superstition plagued the air,
Sparks fly as the fires burn at midnight,
Stars are out and magic is here,
The stars are out and magic is here...

So, the sisters smiled to themselves,
And they whispered as they shone,
And it was from that very instant,
I knew I would never be alone.

While on the hills
The fires burned at midnight,
Superstition plagued the air,
Sparks fly as the fires burn at midnight,
Stars are out and magic is here,
the stars are out and magic is here...

Many stars were long forgotten,
Many faded and became ghosts,
Still my sisters glittered down from heaven,
Always there when I needed them most...

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