

Cloak Of Feathers

Damh the Bard

Owl at my window,
Calling from the tree,
I hear our voice in the cool moonlight,
Do you sing those words for me?
To me they sound so empty,
Why do you sound so sad?
As you tell me of the things you've seen,
And the home that you once had.

Beyond the mist of myth and legend
In a place not far from here,
Beneath the stones on the hill,
I want to see you land,
And I wonder if I'll ever, understand.
The owl she told me,
Of her home within the hill.
Of the wonder, and the magic land,
That lies within there still.
But a curse it follows lifetimes,
And it took away her skin,
For the words of a wicked man,
Made birds of her kin.
Owl of the nighttime,
Owl of the sky.
Spread now your ghost-white wings,
And on your back I'll fly.
Over the forest,
To the Hollow Hill of Stones,
Land there within the ring,
And call for your home.

Beyond the mist of myth and legend
In a place not far from here,
Beneath the stones on the hill,
I want to see you home,
Give me a Cloak of Feathers so I'll never be alone.
And the mists they part as through we fly,
In my Cloak of Feathers,
The owl and I.
Birds fill the trees in this wonderland,
And an ancient curse is broken,
By the love of a mortal man.