

Alone on the top of the fells I chant for the wild moon
I wrote my chant for the moon's glory, for the lighter of my mood
I wish I could be one of his sons and one with the earth
So I could walk on the lunar path and chant forever

I'm the son of the moon, I'm one with the creator...
I praise the moon, wild moon is my nature
My life is so short but yours is sustained
And when I'll leave my chant will remain always with you my friend

On a crystal clear night I stare at the moon once raped by the sun, the
guardian of the woods
The spirit of the night, it gave me the wild life
Under the shape of the moon I've found the final truth