

The Calling

Fates Warning

A cry shivers the night, a voice in agony
that shrieks above the trees.
In a land where no one comes
in a land where spirits dwell,
hear their fatal screams.
The old man clutches his heart
as he looks to the window,
he knows his time has come.
Woman stands in the dark,
her hair is white with the snow
nightmares just begun.

Fates Warning is heard,
run shivers up and down the spine
of those who believe.
The old and decrepit have seen,
they mourn in the night,
young and restless can't conceive
Moon looks through the drifting storm,
thunder cracks the sky,
she screams throughout the night.
The laughing magpie spreads his wings,
and looks you in the eye,
and laughs at you in spite.

Spirits of innocence take me away.
Dancing her pitiful ritual,
she's stalking her prey.
the bard and the banshee
sound a harmonious wail.
Predestined hour has come.
Let it come.

The old man wakes with the dawn,
sweat upon his brow, he casts the spell,
Father O'Reilly found in the moors,
the people mourn, hear the church's bell.
Moon looks through the drifting storm,
thunder cracks the sky, and she screams, YEAH!
The laughing magpie spreads his wings,
and looks you in the eye, and laughs, HA-HA!

The spirits of innocence take me away
Dancing her pitiful ritual,
she's stalking her prey.
she's coming your way
the bard and the banshee
sound a harmonious wail.
Predestined hour has come.

The Banshee!