

Horned Trolls and Mystical Folk

Folkearth

Horned trolls and mystical folk
Within the deep woods of twilight
Ethereal misty fingers entwine
Crooked boughs and mossy roots

Smell of the rain soaked ground.
Yet hark! What be this sound
Coming from afar?
Haunting tunes, the fairy song

They join in rings to dance
Plucking fiddles hewn of oak
Dwell in a citadel of fog
Horned trolls and mystical folk!

These horned trolls and mystical folk!
They dwell in the brooks
The dwell on the trees!
They live under rock,
They live by the sea!

Astride frogs and dragon flies
The travel far and wide
Mortal dreamers they invite
To their realm of ever light!

Perchance in thy strangest dremas
You glimpse fairies soynd asleep.
There by the creek.
Yet deeper still

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