

For centuries roaming among these beams  
My ghostly voice haunting and whistling through the trees  
Rarely seen but always my presence felt  
A lonely soul trapped between life and death, condemned to dwell

In this wood my spirit shall stay  
Until time will take this forest away

A man of war, wearied and battle-stained  
Then came my fate, by an arrow felled but here remained  
A sorry heart, my thoughts my only friend  
Wandering on, and I fear my pain will never end

Some say they've seen me floating from tree to tree  
Hooded and clad in green, shrouded in mystery  
Some say they've heard me singing my mournful song  
Crying for anyone to set my spirit free

In this wood my spirit shall stay  
Until time will take this forest away