

The Wylde Hunt

Omnia

When all the world has gone to sleep
The hunters to the forest creep
From out 'the wild wood comes the call:
"The hunt is life... the hunt is all ..."

An ancient forest beckons me
To run skyclad amongst the trees
My lusty spear, it cannot wait
The gentle deer to penetrate

Cernunnos, Lord of Beasts, he grunts:
"Come join us for the Wylde Hunt!"