

Daemoni Na Hoiche

Pagan Altar

Moonbeams chasing moonbeams moving pillars of living light,
Spectral shapes that glisten showing Demons of the night.
Knight errant on headless horses hunting vainly for their souls
,
Shapeless forms of darkness that are illuminated cold.

Trees like old men stand and stare and reach towards the sky,
Faces that are etched with age where time has passed them by.
Branches argue with the wind and juggle with the light,
Ghostly mental cages that play havoc with your sight.

The Black mass holds no fears for those who don't believe
And of the dark side that lies beyond.
But this leaves them no protection to the terrors of the night
When all faith in their beliefs has gone!

Pagan minds conceived the night to use it as their own
A mantle made to cloak the mind and foster the unknown
Imagine the countless phantoms in those dark secluded holes
But they're inward turning mirrors they're reflections of your
soul!

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