

The Cry Of The Banshee

Pagan Altar

Over mist covered hills and valleys, across lochs and lonely shores.

Through fields and rain drenched forests and dark and desolate moors.

Screaming...

A keening wailing cry

No living soul ever made that sound, stalking those about to die!

The cry of the Banshee

Her fleeting shadow in female guise cloaked in darkness and mystery.

With wind tossed hair and sparkling eyes, she cries out in misery.

Watching...

With eyes that are full of tears.

And a cry that rips your soul apart and herald's death is near.

The cry of the Banshee!

The glimpse of a wraithlike figure that resembles female form
Silhouetted in the moonlight to disappear before the dawn.

Some say the living cannot hear her, only those about to die,
But many swear upon their lives, they've heard that mournful cry.

The cry of the Banshee!...