

Moondance

Summoning

Right in the dark
Flames burn the glade
You'll die, before we can try
The blood aprise, shall not worry
Your turn to pray
You must not die

In this place we're all, we'll be alone
But we pray and lord will grant us life
That's all I'll be
Break my spell

Right, but late
Called at the gates of
Place of bewitched
Don't worry now
The blood - a price
The shadows bouncing over me