

What a hideous forest
Surrounded Whitehaven
Twisted black mountains
Wolves howled in madness
Never I ventured
Beyond the stone towers
As dusk spread her black wings
At the edge of the dark wild wood

But one windy evening
Gathering timbers
Under white elm trees
And shadows, I saw her
The darkest of beauties
With her basket of cherries
The wind at her black skirts
Like the haze of the wild dark wood

She turned in her terror
A madness possessed her
In shadows, she clawed me
We screamed in the brambles
Hunters came running
With torches and axes
Treetop to treetop
Flames tore through the dark wild wood

Back down, they dragged us
Passed the stone towers
The church bells were ringing
The sky screamed in flashes
But we stood in the churchyard
Laughing like jackals
As the stone towers tumbled
And bowed to the wild dark wood