

From The Mist

White Skull

The moon shines high from the top of the hill
A white curtain rises
Spirits are calling as the old man stands still
Waiting for the crimson light

Feeling the presence of a power supreme
Becoming aware of the secrets
Lying away from the human sight

The night, the forest
The last caress for
The old man waiting for the mist
Ancients calling, tribes united
Annwn is the otherworld

Fingers like iced branches
Clenching the sword
The last battle is lost
A look to the village
A prayer for the sons
Dana's calling your name