

## Longing For The Woods - Part Iii: Herne's Prophecy

Wuthering Heights

I met the old man  
In the depths of the woods  
He said: i'll show thee a bit of the future  
If perchance thou wilt listen

[THE WANDERER:]

"The journey it has been so long  
Is it the end that we feel drawing nearer  
Though we keep learning more  
Nothing seems to get any clearer"

[THE HUNTER:]

"Man he must search his heart  
Though he will not like what he findeth  
I can tell him no truth  
That he doth not already know"

"Turn the ghostship around  
Climb back into the cradle  
At least to die in dignity  
Surrender now or be brought home in chains  
The Motherspirit will conquer all  
With or without thee the kingdom shall fall"

[THE WANDERER:]

"Can it be done, can the Gods be awoken  
Can we rewrite the tale, is the cradle not broken"

[THE HUNTER:]

"Not all the future is equally clear  
It may be the end that you feel drawing near  
Search in your hearts  
If they still hold the truth  
The voice from the past is the future  
The longing for the woods"

And the old man, lord of the hunters of old  
Disappeared in the depths of the woods  
Left me with a strange sensation  
That maybe one day  
Maybe one day

The wind calls  
A storm from the past  
Night falls  
And we are longing for the woods