

Beneath a Haunted Moon

Brocas Helm

The fountain sprays blood this night
Our blades have sung a thirsty tune
The castle sleeps now silent indeed
A corpse beneath a haunted moon

And we, we ride like thunder
I and my lady of crystal hair
Laden with fire jewels
Mortal or demon, you'd best beware
Of the wizard and his lady

We smoke on the wind, my love
Woman frost-haired, diamond eyed
Soaring like a wave beside me
Pale as the deadly steed you ride

And we, we ride like thunder
I and my lady of crystal hair
Laden with fire jewels
Mortal or demon, you'd best beware
Of the wizard and his lady

The sky is so clear tonight
The stars are explosions of light
As from your beast I lift you, lady
To take you with me on a closer flight