

The witchwood

Alcatrazz

Underneath the winter moon
There is a fire burning
Waitin' for the prince to come
They stand alone
Love could burning them warm out in the cold
This love why do they wait, we'll never know
Idle black and mystic night
After the moon's dying
Dancing in a wheel of fire
Until the sunrise
Sweet virginal child
Naked and cold
This love cuts like a knife
That takes his blood
Ride his heart, child of the night
Take his hand, to be born, this devil's love
Sweet virgin this child
Standing alone
This sweet wine drink as it bleeds
Right out the cut
Ride his star, child of the night
Take his hand, to be done, this devil's blood
Ride this star, child of the night
Take his hand, to be born, this devil's hand