

Mistress of the Forest

Cloven Hoof

Moonlight bathes the woodland,
Breathless night on chilled scented air.
Neath mist enshrouded willow,
Stirs a lady ivory white and fair.

My gaze is drawn to that silver hair those
Eyes of ebony bright.
Never have I witnessed such beauty,
as in she who walks alone this night.

But all is deception,
A demon as goddess guised.
My mind is drained of resistance,
Senses hypnotised.

Beckoning me to follow her lead,
Into depths of mystery.
I am bewitched doing as she so bids,
Never to break free.

Mortals have not beheld such wonder,
elemental forces In visions made clear.
I can feel myself free from physical connections,
Ethereal spirit oppressed in fear.

Peer into the mirror darkly,
There's someone trying to capture your reflection.
Lines on your palm begin to glow.

Remember that old fortune-teller?
Lady read your future not so long ago,
It all happened,
how did she know?

Ask what fate waits in the stars?
Disaster governs,
your house is in mars.
Ooh you never thought it could happen to you,
But still it will come true... yeah!

Chorus
She's a bad, bad luck woman.
She's a hell raising, crystal ball gazing gypsy queen.
She's a bad luck,
bad luck.
Bad luck woman will snatch your soul
and steal your dreams.

Your mind is an open book,
step inside and take a look.
Call it second sight,
call it inner vision.

No one dares comes near, no no!
Her glade is surrounded,
by fear and superstition.
Beware her premonitions.

Destiny is already planned,
signs are forming
to her command.
Take a card,
play your hand.
She'll deal you death,
better understand.

(Chorus)

On the eve of the dead
at the forest edge,
corpses are found consumed by fire.
Shrill laughter came with the fall of the rain,
as the flames danced higher and higher.
Mistress of the forest,
Shimmering into view.
She abides eternally waiting
as the scene is set for you.

Yeah, yeah yeah, yeah she is waiting
The scene is set for you

Yeah, yeah yeah, yeah she is waiting
The scene is set for you.