

Howling Wind

Coronatus

Wind is howling round
Rocks on stony shores
All on this green isle.
The standing stones
And ruins here
An ancient call
of lost souls.

Feel the anthem of
Stone Age history
Safed up in these stones.
The whispering
of ancient folks
The echo of their living.

Hear the howling wind
Blowing down from the hill.
The clouds are running fast
Up in the sky, and still
I am wondering
What would we understand
If we were able
To ever listen to this land.

Hear the voices
of Celtic warriors
Taking over this place.
Faint echoes of their battle cries
Are buried in the wind.

Such primeval scene
Inundate my heart
When I'm standing here.
The stones remain
All silently
The wind just keeps on telling

Feel the howling wind
Touching your soul and skin.
The clouds are running fast
Up in the sky, and still
I am wondering
What would we understand
If we were able
To ever listen to this land.

Howling, howling winds over this place!
Storm clouds, storm clouds, over the circle!
Lightning, lightning target the stone ring!

Mystic currents flow round the circle,
Faint glow, slight buzz, soft pulsing meadow