

At the Court of the Wild Hunt

Elvenking

Here they come, the riders of hatred
A mounted host of ghostly horsemen of fright
There they stood, when hell was created
A cavalcade into the dead of the night

Run beneath the stars, it's the ride of ice and death
As everything they touch dies hard
Eyes of black and breath like smoke they crave for my desires
They've chosen me to fill me with their ghastly sighs of fire

Fast through the night they summon evil visions
Nightmares and echoes of my past

The wild hunt fills the air
Like a cancer it's slowly feeding
On my heart and beliefs
Blowing out the light, colours and insight in me
The wild hunt infects the air
Like a worm it is slowly eating
My wholeness, my spirit
Hurting like a plague, slithering through the shades of my light
And I'm lost in the dark

As they spew their foul dark spit over my skin
My mind is filled with dreadful scenes
As they take me to the places of my childhood's days
I put at stake all my mistakes - thus I start to break

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Here they come, the riders of hatred
The ancient cavaliers, the horsemen of fright
There they stood, when hell was created
A cavalcade into the dead of the night

At the court of the king of the wild hunt
I feel my spirit rot
At the court of the king of the wild hunt
I feel my spirit die

The hounds of air often bark on a dark night
On the heath and in the woods, or even at a crossroads
Wod - the name of the Huntsman of the Wild on the ride of his return
Yes, the Wild Hunt has returned
Forget the grins, I take leave of my remains
As he throws me across his saddle. Ghost rider in the sky

Doomed by - the wild hunt
Ill-omened cursed and wasted
Gloomed by - the wild hunt
The sky's now painted red

I lie on my death bed
Destined to resurrect and ride
Under the banner of the gods of violence
I'll be the dead of night

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