

# Conjuring of the 14th

Elvenking

Follow down the path  
It leads to a circle of houses,  
Where foreigners are not well thought  
And strangers unwelcome to their affairs!  
The villagers (so they said) do heathen rituals

"Just for a while  
Look through the chimney stack  
Through the mist, aren't you afeared?

Ajar are the doors  
A smell of rotten woods  
In the mud, aren't you afraid?"

Solo: Jarpen

Hidden by the clouds  
A pallid sun on a November day  
An expedition organised  
To go and see what's going on  
The villagers (none of them) weren't seen in town for weeks  
To get provisions as they used to...

"Just for a while  
Look through the chimney stack  
Through the mist, aren't you afeared?

Ajar are the doors  
A smell of rotten woods  
In the mud, aren't you afraid?"

Hearsay called him the 14th, was never born, he's always been  
The sins to expiate in front of him, will be the

worst part of your dreams!  
(Someone said it is a magic place!)

Chorus:

Through the hazy heights, two leagues from Avhon,  
Among the heart of brushwood, aloof from the glances  
Lies a village, built on a clearing  
Thirteen houses, aligned maliciously, and a mansion on a hill  
That mournful light in (the) ground floor window is always lit!

As they reached the hamlet on the hill  
They found nobody at all! (was anybody there?)  
Faint light in the house (where have they gone?)  
Would they dare to go inside (to go inside)  
When they all returned back home  
They told of uncanny things  
When they all returned back home  
Inside (knock, knock) their souls something's hopelessly gone!

Jesp Van Cleave, the first found dead, drowned in the stream  
While we was having a bath, "A terrible misfortune,  
Was an incredible and fatal accident!"  
Ichabold De le Fournier, son of the Major, was the second one,

His horse fell on top of him, the wounds were too serious to be cured.  
One by one the thirteen died, all those who

had been to that village faced the unknown One!

One was hanged, the other choked, little by little

all the townsmen understood

The Conjuring of the 14th was gliding in the mazes of their lives  
Thirteen souls to replace the old, the evil lifeblood will

flow in the shadows of their bodies

Hearsay called him the 14th, was never born, he's always been  
The sins to expiate in front of him, will be the worst part

of your dreams!

(Someone said it is a magic place!)

Chorus:

Through the hazy heights, two leagues from Avhon,

Among the heart of brushwood, aloof from the glances

Lies a village, built on a clearing

When they went back to the village then, thirteen houses occupied

Thirteen new inhabitants, whom does he look like?

Thirteen houses, aligned maliciously, and a mansion on a hill

That mournful light in (the) ground floor window will be always lit!