

Ethel

Elvenking

Adrift between the pure innocence
And the wuthering waves of needed defence
She has come to enlighten November dusks
She has come, oh Ethel, the nymphs with her basked

The leaves foretold she'd come in a whirl
The twigs of trees
Twitched and twirled
She has come to heighten our poor sentiments
She has come, oh Luna, ethereal descent

Within the heart of a mid-summer night
You are drumming the rhythm
The dance of time
Within the arms of a gentle wind
You are wavering forever in the midst of a dream
Wohoo

Forged into the branches of oaks
Cladded with Ivy tunic of gold
Like a stardust fall
A gift from the skies
A pure soul sent in a world full of lies

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