

Season Of The Owl

Elvenking

From a crack into the forest clad with splendid mantle green
A creek of crystal water falls down from the highest mountain peaks
The kingdom of the fellowship, the ground of plays and laughs
Aside sit on the rocks a budding poet stared the girl he loved
He loved

A crippled boy with heart of gold, a lone soul selfless breed
A kid that fights the serpents of the sea, another maladapted
A little girl God-frightened, a friend slightly obsessed
Luna and his brother fill these misadjusted ranks

As the owl flies in the darkened skies
Fiery ember eyes, as it dives on its fallen prey
The reader sighs as the knot unties
The eight have died, under blood blade of vengeance they lie

This is a fable to forget, it's a song to not bequeath
Leave those memories behind in the chasm beneath
It's the Season of the Owl, the becoming of the foul
As the predator beguiles to the final feast

Of the owl
Of the owl
Oh, of the owl
Of the owl
Oh

Then the leaves stand still, sudden the silence falls
And a gust of wind brings in the tragedy
"What have you done?"
A hand emerging searching helping hands
"Help her out, for the Gods' sake"

The tragic fair foretold
Eight souls to Hades sold

This is a fable to forget, it's a song to not bequeath
Leave those memories behind in the chasm beneath
It's the Season of the Owl, the becoming of the foul
As the predator beguiles to the final feast

Point your prey, eyes to tear dark apart
Death knell fey for your silent black heart
Oh, you soaring dark winged
Linger in wait and plunge in dismay

As the owl flies in the darkened skies
Fiery ember eyes, as it dives on its fallen prey
The reader sighs as the knot unties
The eight have died, under blood blade of vengeance they lie

This is a fable to forget, it's a song to not bequeath
Leave those memories behind in the chasm beneath
It's the Season of the Owl, the becoming of the foul
As the predator beguiles to the final feast

Of the owl

Of the owl
Oh, of the owl
Of the owl
Oh