

The Horned Ghost and the Sorcerer

Elvenking

Across the muddy thicket, branches knitted and knotted
Spirals of berries and thorns
Where the dirty mud creek waters the underbrush
Squires left the fields once lush

A foreboding shuffling of hooves
Resounded in the plain hushing the woods
A pair of deer horns came to light
From the dark of the wight

Far away, gone astray to the boundaries of dark
When the sky vault paints no stars
Disarray turned to grey in a night so chilled by ghosts
You're the guest he'll be your host

The antlers wearing ghost, riding his tragedy steed
Dire is a sanctuary need
He gallops with two diabolic dogs and crow
Fire burns inside as a woe

He saved the king but lost his skills
Cursed and banned by a sorcerer's will
Blamed as a thief and been disowned
Hanged himself on an oak

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Gathered round in a coven, invoking the gods in the depths of woods
Or praying up to the heavens, awaken to this fear of void
Afraid of unknown illusion, you'll be punished either bad or good
Herne seeks for his vengeance, as all he loved was destroyed

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