

The Wolves Will Be Howling Your Name

Elvenking

You wake up under pale skies, in a white and dragged dress
Like a princess lost in melancholy in need of a caress
With a bow I pay my reverence and invite you to bestir
So please take my hand, I do demand to be my lady, I'll be your
sir

So here we are, we've vanished like two spirits in the fog
The first place we will visit is a foul and crooked bog

I'll take you away through lands of make believe
Where wildest dreams come true
If your skin will crawl don't be afraid of what you'll see
Now close your eyes and count to three - come to me...

Where the trees have a face and they whisper
And the wolves will be howling your name
Where the spiders are not going to blister
And the crows will sing loud this refrain

The second place a meadow of the sweetest darkest taste
Where all things dressed and naked can live without disgrace

Three ugly witches gather with vicious sexual thoughts
While the druids are glowering madly, sighing loud and smoking
pots

I'll take you away through lands of make believe
Where wildest dreams come true
If your skin will crawl don't be afraid of what you'll see
Now close your eyes and count to three - come to me...

Where the trees have a face and they whisper
And the wolves will be howling your name
Where the spiders are not going to blister
And the crows will sing loud this refrain

Where the trees have a face and they whisper
And the wolves will be howling your name
Where the spiders are not going to blister
And the crows will sing loud this refrain

"If your skin will crawl don't be afraid of the things you will
see
In this night, the fright will cease - and all uncertainties will
fade"
And the crows will sing loud this refrain
"And the wolves will be howling your name"