

Eldritch Sorcery and Faery Runes

Folkearth

Spirit of the ash tree
Dweller in the oak, Thy realm I wish to traverse;
I whisper the ancient verse
Whisper the ancient verse

Passage safe to earn.
Gods of the earth,
You who made sylvan breath
Hear now my spells
Hear now my spells

As I flirt nightshade
In pagan forests primeval
Where dusk enthroned is king!
Once upon a day

On the wings of fairytale, Shamanic paths I take
Where in adoration
Wolves to the moon bay;
To the moon bay

Another figure I become
Inside the sylvan canvass
Hidden, away far from your world
I have ridden!
Spireless lands await me

In a world of elder magecraft
Elven runes engraved
Upon hyperborean skies
Like stars arrayed.

The man in black
There he awaits;
And there's no coming back!
Forest calling to mine ear

Distant echoes of the Dryad.
Enthralled I stand by this woodland melody.
Upon the altar of yew
Before Fangorn's palace

The Elven heart is beating;
Rhythm of my breathing
My hands lie bleeding
Dagger bitten grimly

An offering of life
To ethereal folk I sing.
An eerie moon beckons me
Gnarled boughs whistle

Attuned to a magic wind,
Call of elder arts I hearken!
Rings of stones, Idols of crows
Whilst primordial wonders stir the air

Trees lively welcome me
In this mystical realm
Of eldritch sorcery and Faery runes.
Faery runes...