

The wind brings to me
Call of the banshee
A wailing sound of fear
She's screaming for me!
She brings a vision of a grey death
Moaning through the autumn trees
She's wispering...

I will heed the call of the banshee
I will follow my fate
I will leave this barren land while birds fly far away
I will die when the cold winds blow
And snow will take my place
Darkness will get hold of me, you will wish
For my return

Dark is the sky
Summer has died fast
And I must go with her
Again
At Imbolc I brought the light
At Beltaine instead the life
Now Samhain my time is ended I must die

Autumn leaves whirl around me
As she dances with the trees

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