

Hunters In The Sky

Green Lung

You who would lay claim to Dartmoor
You'll never tame this heathen land
Above Wistman's Wood
The thunder of hooves
Heralds the host of the damned

When you hear the horn blow above Crockern Tor
You'll know that you'll never escape from the moor

Above the reaves we ride
Led by the horned one
A phantom cavalcade
We are the Wild Hunt
Galloping high over the mire
The hunters in the sky
(The hunters in the sky)

Woden is harking us onward
Blooding the hounds of the Yeth
At Black-a-Tor Copse
Hard on their course
They take sight of your misting breath

When you hear a howling come across the sky
You'll know that this will be the day that you die

Above the reaves we ride
Led by the horned one
A phantom cavalcade
We are the Wild Hunt
Galloping high over the mire
The hunters in the sky
Hitting our stride, see the whites of our eyes
The hunters in the sky

We're closing in
Our hounds at bay
We are the Hunt
You are the prey

Hear these words, you who lie bloodied and torn
No man can own what is common to all

Above the reaves we ride
Led by the horned one
A phantom cavalcade
We are the Wild Hunt
Galloping high over the mire
The hunters in the sky
The last thing you see as the light leaves your eyes
The hunters in the sky