

Dreaming Wild White Horses

Hagalaz' Runedance

Down by a willow-tree, a hidden place so rare
Across a silent lake, where their secrets lie bare
The most delightful scene to see
The dancing messengers of purity
Wild manes in the wind, she holds the key
Riding towards the dawn, sky-clad and free
The maiden goddess, her spirit to me
Fills the cup with Eostre's sensuality
Passing white mares in the silver moonlight
Carriers of ghosts seeking the other-side
Vanishing into the night before my eyes
Passing, leaving but a dream behind