

## Samhain

## Inkubus Sukkubus

From the west comes old Death  
A-riding on the storm  
With hungry eyes for funeral fires  
To burn till the morrow's dawn  
For tis the night, here comes the dead  
Unbound from the Underworld  
And the children dress as the babes of Hell  
All the boys and all the girls  
And the fires shall burn  
And the wheel of life shall turn  
And the dead come back home on Samhain  
And in the night sky  
On the lunar light they fly  
And the dead come back home on Samhain  
At the Sabbat high on the funeral hill  
Wait the witches at the feast  
For the first winter's day  
The first winter's sun  
A-rising in the east  
For Death has come for the summertime  
And to take the leaves of spring  
Hecate, Nemesis, Dark Mother take us in