

Running Into A Burning House

Lord Vicar

I was hoping for a better life with my children and a loving wife
When I woke up to find her gone I knew her longing had been too strong
I summoned people to help me out to find the Demon riding Black Old Goat
But they did not ever listen, they hunt my dear who still is missing

My restless love has truly fallen but her memory haunts me every day
The old Forest God is still running, and on our ruins there grows a tree
In our lives we shared some moments, still it seemed so hard to stay
Now I want to keep on tracking the Forest Demon, can't you see?

Hunters gathered in the wilderness, hysteric children start to confess
As we reach out we hear the screams, her tortured eyes rule my horrid dreams
Running forward as fast as I can, behind me the hunters fear the dawn of man
And even if they follow me, our burning house will set her free