

## Witchwood

Strawbs

I dropped down in the witchwood  
To see what I could find  
The trees had taken time out  
To blow away my mind  
All that I could hear there  
Was the sound of my own voice  
But the music it was making  
Was nothing of my choice.

The interwoven branches  
Were laden deep with snow  
A rainbow shone so softly  
To show which way to go  
I observed its many colours  
Till my eyes were rimmed with frost  
I tried hard to trace my footsteps  
For I feared I might get lost.

The witchwood started singing  
With a strange unearthly sound  
My fingers grew like branches  
I stood rooted to the ground  
And the spell is still unbroken  
I am still her bidden slave  
Till a casket from the witchwood  
Bears my body to the grave.