

## From The Mist

White Skull

The moon shines high from the top of the hill  
A white curtain rises  
Spirits are calling as the old man stands still  
Waiting for the crimson light

Feeling the presence of a power supreme  
Becoming aware of the secrets  
Lying away from the human sight

The night, the forest  
The last caress for  
The old man waiting for the mist  
Ancients calling, tribes united  
Annwn is the otherworld

Fingers like iced branches  
Clenching the sword  
The last battle is lost  
A look to the village  
A prayer for the sons  
Dana's calling your name