

The hood deep in her face  
her old clothes blown by the wind  
she' s a restless wanderer in time  
the way is her aim in her life.

Her shadow disappear in the forest  
changes into deep fog  
she is a master of deception  
you turn around and just hear her knock.

Thousand years she lives  
to protect and heal  
to hunt and kill  
for the balance of the world

The old wise woman from the wood  
you all know what she did?  
she destroyed my life  
this goddamned wife.

Now I want it back.

She is the breath in every spell  
the whispering near a grave  
silent murmurs full of might  
witchcraft words in the night.

She is the abbys, darkest space  
beneath the holy wariwulfe  
the punishment hammer of god  
to fullfill eternal laws.