

The Wild Hunt

Dea Marica

There is a Crow Moon coming in while you keep looking out
It is the hollow month of March now sweeping in
Let's watch phenomenons arise out of the darkness now
Within the light she is my storm and heroine
And old machines abandoned by the ancient races stand
I hear them humming down below in Hollow Earth
Oh hell I guess I don't know why I will go under too
But just for now I let the spring and storm return
I left my heart to the wild hunt a-coming
I live until the call
And I plan to be forgotten when I'm gone
Yes I'll be leaving in the fall
And I will sleep out in the glade just by the giant tree
Just to be closer when my spirit's pulled away
I left a nervous little boy out on the trail today

He's just a mortal to the shouting cavalcade
I left my heart to the wild hunt a-coming
I live until the call
And I plan to be forgotten when I'm gone
Yes I'll be leaving in the fall
Let's open up the windows, have Satan departing now
And we'll be even when the blues fall down like hail
Hell I don't even care no more about cadejo now
If he's a white one or a black one on the trail
I left my heart to the wild hunt a-coming
I live until the call
And I plan to be forgotten when I'm gone
Yes I'll be leaving in the fall
Yes I'll be leaving in the fall

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