

Fires At Midnight

Blackmore's Night

I stood out here once before
With my head held in my hands
For all that I had known of this place
I could never understand...On the hills the fires burned at midnight
Superstition plagued the air
Sparks fly as the fires burn at midnight
The stars are out and magic is here...I wished on the seven sisters
Bring to me wisdom of age
All that's locked within the book of secrets
I longed for the knowledge of the sage...On the hills the fires burned at midnight
Superstition plagued the air
Sparks fly as the fires burn at midnight
Stars are out and magic is here
The stars are out and magic is here...So, the sisters smiled to themselves
And they whispered as they shone
And it was from that very instant
I knew I would never be alone...While on the hills
The fires burned at midnight
Superstition plagued the air
Sparks fly as the fires burn at midnight
Stars are out and magic is here
The stars are out and magic is here...Many stars were long forgotten
Many faded and became ghosts
Still my sisters glittered down from heaven
Always there when I neede them most...And on the hills the fires burned at midnight
Superstition plagued the air
Sparks fly as the fires burn at midnight
Stars are out and magic is here
The stars are out magic is here...I stood out here once before
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Songwriters

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