

Conjuring of the 14TH

Elvenking

Follow down the path, it leads to a circle of houses
Where foreigners are not well thought
And strangers unwelcome to their affairs
The villagers, so they said, do heathen rituals
Just for a while look through the chimney stack
Through the mist, aren't you afraid?
Ajar are the doors, a smell of rotten woods
In the mud, aren't you afraid?
Hidden by the clouds, a pallid sun on a November day
An expedition organized to go and see what's going on
The villagers, none of them weren't seen in town for weeks
To get provisions as they used to
Just for a while look through the chimney stack
Through the mist, aren't you afraid?
Ajar are the doors, a smell of rotten woods
In the mud, aren't you afraid?
Hearsay called him the 14th
Was never born, he's always been
The sins to expiate in front of him
Will be the worst part of your dreams, of your dreams
(Someone said it is a magic place)
Through the hazy heights
Two leagues from Avhon
Among the heart of brushwood
Aloof from the glances
Lies a village built on a clearing
Thirteen houses aligned maliciously
And a mansion on a hill
That mournful light in the floor window is always lit
Is always lit, lit
As they reached the hamlet on the hill
They found nobody at all
(Was anybody there?)
Faint light in the house
(Where have they gone?)
Would they dare to go inside
(To go inside)
When they all returned back home
They told of uncanny things
(They told)
When they all returned back home, inside
(Knock, knock)
Their souls, something's hopelessly gone
Jesp Van Cleave, the first found dead
Drowned in the stream while we was having a bath
A terrible misfortune, incredible and fatal accident
Ichabold De le Fournier, son of the major
Was the second one, his horse fell on top of him
The wounds were too serious to be cured
One by one, the thirteen died

All those who had been to that village
Faced the unknown one One was hanged, the other's choked
Little by little all the townsmen understood
The conjuring of the 14th
Was gliding in the mazes of their lives Thirteen souls to replace the old
The evil lifeblood will flow
In the shadows of their bodies And now hearsay called him the 14th
That was never born, he's always been
The sins to expiate in front of him
Will be the worst part of your dreams, of your dreams
(Someone said it is a magic place) Through the hazy heights
Two leagues from Avhon
Among the heart of brushwood
Aloof from the glances
Lies a village built on a clearing When they went back to the village then
Thirteen houses occupied
Thirteen new inhabitants
Whom does he look like? Thirteen houses, aligned maliciously
And a mansion
That mournful light in ground floor window
Will be always lit, will be always lit
Is always lit

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