A Dreadful Strain

Elvenking

Under (the) moon, spring time still to come
"If I keep questing, I may find some settling!"
Jack-in-the-Green show me your droll face of wood
Look around at the frightened facesOne man speaks, loud and loud he cries
"All those strange fellows must go away to barrows!"
Then they all went for a riot indeed
Torch in hand and angry glances[Bridge:]
Here is Jenny Greenteeth, twelve miles from the nearest inn
(the) innkeeper speaks of filthy tricks, she's as old as trees!
- be aware - As old as trees![Chorus:]
Nighttime - never they say, go off alone
In their tracks I walk - A dreadful strain
Their homes so hidden, through branches old they wait
No gold nor silver, twiggy arms don't want your gold....!In the end, the circle's close at hand
Living more gently, let's have a glass of brandy
Never they saw their home's door open at night
Stars witness their silent traces[Bridge:]
Here is Dana o'Shee, she's dwelling by to take revenge
Empty a jug of whitest milk over her head!
- she'll pass away - Over her head![Chorus:]
Nighttime - never they say, go off alone
In their tracks I walk - A dreadful strain
Their homes so hidden, through branches old they wait
No gold nor silver, fear is sold at half price....![Solos: Jarpen, Aydan][Chorus x 2]

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