Wendigo

Mary McCaslin

My homeâ€™s way up to the north they say
Where the hunter may die all alone
Red men have told a legend so old
Of death whose sound is a moan.

Chorus:
I fly where the forest meets the sky
I race the northern wind where I go
My feet are on fire as I run and I cry
My name is Wendigo.

Where I walk are the prints of my feet
They burn through ice and snow
And the hunter who sees looks above in the trees
Itâ€™s the mark of the Wendigo.

Chorus.

White lakes and trees in the moonlight
A sound so lonesome and low
Is it the wind, or a cry in the night?
Wendigo, Wendigo.

Lyrics Submitted by Î˜Î±Î»ÎµÎ¹Î± Î£Î±Î¼Î±Ï•Î±

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