The moon waxes full
A spell of eclipse
Summoned by the orb
That welcomes winter rites!

A circle of stones Stands silent on the hill - Brooding Forlorn Upon the ancient brow

The shadows of midnight Grow longer - unreal At the hour when the gods Doth descend on the earth!

Odin shall see
Our fires at solstice!
Thor will be warned
By our fires at solstice!
Flames rise high
Burning gold and a' glow
To please the gods
And welcome solstice!

The wolves in the woods Howl a symphony And race under the pale Ghoul-ridden sky

I'm standing between the granite monoliths No fear in my heart As a son of the night!

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Our fires at solstice!
Thor will be warned
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Flames rise high
Burning gold and a' glow
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And welcome solstice!