

Medieval Witchcraft

Lonewolf

The night's awake cold haze all around
Darkness enshrouds the holy ground
Among the graves and the grey tombstars
Witches circle now is formed

They call for the dead

Calling for the realm
Where time is using no more
Leaving from the past
To prevail man from it's final fall

The dawn slowly is merdering the night
Broken is the circle of fate
Witches return to unknown places to hide
Slowly's appearing the light of day

They flee from evil