

The hood deep in her face
her old clothes blown by the wind
she' s a restless wanderer in time
the way is her aim in her life.

Her shadow disappear in the forest
changes into deep fog
she is a master of deception
you turn around and just hear her knock.

Thousand years she lives
to protect and heal
to hunt and kill
for the balance of the world

The old wise woman from the wood
you all know what she did?
she destroyed my life
this goddamned wife.

Now I want it back.

She is the breath in every spell
the whispering near a grave
silent murmurs full of might
witchcraft words in the night.

She is the abbys, darkest space
beneath the holy wariwulfe
the punishment hammer of god
to fullfill eternal laws.