



WAIL OF THE BANSHEE

Fields are covered in snow, trees have lost their leaves. Here the chilling winds blow - oh, my emerald isle.

Then, in the distance, I hear a sound. A voice cuts through the silence of the night. *Immortality sublime...* A spirit in the forest summons me.

Tears begin to fall as I answer to the call.

I hear the wail of the Banshee announcing death, resurrection. The wail of the Banshee - immortal spirit of death.

Now I roam in a dream - destiny unknown. She approaches, I scream - oh, my emerald isle.

Then, when she holds me, I fade away. A haze appears and shrouds us both in white. *Immortality divine...* Eternal light, and then, eternal life.

Slowly I ascend, I know death is not the end. Reincarnation. Fear is fading fast, I am free for good at last.

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