

# Burning Witches, The Witch Of The North

Sweet call, oh mother of all  
It's fate that binds us now  
Your sight is guiding us all  
To what can be

Rise! Rise of the druids  
Oh, seeing ones  
Fall! Fall of the tyrants  
Make them pay

When we ride out for the witch of the north  
When we ride out in valiance we go forth  
When we ride out defying the frost  
For Freya! Witch of the north

Let go, let the gift of sight flow  
Feel the wonder and dreams coursing through  
For peace, for the sake of prosperity  
Wise are the ways of the womb

Rise! Rise of the druids  
Oh, peaceful ones  
Fall! Fall of the tyrants  
Oh!

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Defying the frost... Witch of the north...  
Go forth for Freya... Witch of the north...