

The Wild Hunt

The Wild Hunt is the ride we take into the other world at the end of life:

The White Mare came for me,
Nudging me on the side.
I heard the wail of the banshee,
Bidding me to mount and ride.

Riding the wild White Mare
On that cold midwinter night
Fleeing my own despair
On discovering my awful plight.

For I have crossed the boundary
Between life and death
A land bleak, dark and scary
Where I cannot draw my breath.

Chased by red eared hounds
The steed weaves between the stars,
I know not where we're bound,
There is no chart for where we are.

Behind me a giant form looms
Antlers springing from his head
A dark sinister shape of doom
Who commands the legions of the dead.

The white horse turns itself around
And bows her head in deep respect
Surrounded by his white eared hounds
He's finally come, my soul to collect.

I am Gwynn ap Nudd!, he cries
Why do you fear me?
You only have met your demise,
And now your soul is free.

The dead come when I sound my Horn
To ride through this wild and wintery land.
For soon enough, you'll be reborn,
A mystery only the wise can understand

Ride with me, hunt with me!
Dog and horse, away we go!
For now your soul is truly free,
Here my horn, and follow!