

You might find a tree all alone by the shore
And you might hear a music that calls to you gently
And into the Trowlands your spirit will soar

To a world loud as thunder, as blinding as lightning
As cold as the granite in these hard castle floors
Just a heartbeat away from the death mask so frightening
Put your hand out to greet her and the whole world is yours

For she's the Ghost of the Shetlands her eyes darkest sable
She'll tell you the stories first heard long ago
Of the spirits that play in the night, and the tales
Of heroes and legends from a time long ago