



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