That One Night by Honey Hurwood

Death lay there in its bed

Gravestones as their blankets

All was quiet and very calm

As I walked down the cobblestone path

Crows would scowl at me

Wolves were howling

The fresh night air whipped my face

Sending shivers down my spine

Then the breeze stood very still

Clouds enveloped o’er the sky

All fell silent and no one knew

The night when all the spirits rose