

# Blackthorn, Hexshadow Turned To Flesh

Hung be the sky  
With black  
Yield day to night

May the  
Presage  
Come alive  
With pure rage

Out of the grim nothingness,  
Out of the dismal woods and noxious mists  
Into an assemblage of warmth,  
Into your house, your room, your wrists

Know, however many doors you  
Lock I'll batter down them all  
And whatever forces you summon  
They can't save your soul

Oftentimes it seems to you  
Something silently lurks there beyond the light  
Well, it's me – I had been forced  
To hide myself... until this night

Separating from the air's  
cold materiality,  
I become a part of your world and  
make you a part of my reality

Know, however many candles you light  
I'll blow out them all  
And whatever forces you summon  
They can't save your soul

In flesh I'm standing next to you  
- a termination of the faith , an end of the creed  
This dark shall bring you what you need  
Hexifaction guaranteed

When concentration of the fear  
Gets overwhelming you'll make a desperate dart  
For windows, doors  
To save yourself  
It's all in vain -  
You won't get out

Alive

«Before chasing a witch  
Check your place in the food chain»

As light ruthlessly grows dim  
my eyes start to glow bright green  
In your rueful life this will be  
the last source of light you see