

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