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