

# The Horla

Angel Witch

Misfortunate ending here for us  
Turns our happiness into dust  
Invisible heir of the unknown  
Some misfortune to unfold

In this state I feel it's getting worse  
Within this agony, within this curse

Dead perhaps,  
The Horla  
After man,  
The Horla

Profound this mystery, invisible  
All my senses cannot perceive  
So near, too far to believe  
A cold shadow passes through me

As I wait for approaching death  
Now there is no saving breath

Dead perhaps,  
The Horla  
After man,  
The Horla