

# A Strange Presence Near the Woods

Carach Angren

White is the mark of this sighting, black is it's soul  
Dark is the soil where it haunts upon  
Jesus Christ!  
You were never capable of protecting these desecrated woods  
Shadows over Lammendam  
Shadows over Lammendam

It's the point of death's return for a grand castle there once  
burned  
Something is following me!  
Yet there's no one I see as I walk the old pathways near the woods

A murderous identity is staring from the trees  
Now I realize that I have trodden spectral sanctities

Wandering through forests and dreary fields  
I think I'm lost  
Yes I'm lost  
Cannot describe this horrendous fear, I think I'm cursed  
Tricked and cursed  
Suddenly I stumble onto a forgotten sanctuary  
A tomb of a castle scorched by time, bound to the entity that is  
determined to take my life

Here comes the night!  
Nocturnal threnodies and funerary thoughts of my death-  
bell clanging through my mind..

Overwhelmed by approaching dark sounds  
Listen to the devilish anthems of a shrieking ghost when the moon  
is perfectly round

All that's left is a shallow empty moat  
There were my rigid body floats through a cold void what Dutch  
men call 'dood'

No one in the village knew, why disappear?  
Wish they knew my corpse was here!  
Shadows over Lammendam  
No return, no return from Lammendam!