

## After Death Premises

Carach Angren

Bewitching spheres I sense when the temperatures fall.  
Whilst dusk quickly devours all light inside the Townshend's hall.

Ghostly phenomena I have seen... roaming it's huge corridors as  
if I dream abysmal dreams.

1835; the year that colonel Loftus saw dark things at night.  
Walking towards his room... a spectral form appeared then vaporized in gloom.

Tenebrous winds... waving curtains.  
Unreal noises, footsteps and strange voices.

Neither Christ nor sunlight marked this place with holy grace during these Christmas days.  
I fell... dark things staring at me.  
This classic realm is just another version of hell.

Her dead skin glowed with a pale luminescence.  
A forgotten entity that dwells in a brown satin dress.  
Chained in a void of tragedy.  
Bound to seek her children in everlasting eternity.

Colonel Loftus met her twice.  
The second time... she stared at him and had no eyes.  
Her feature looked horrific and cruel, watching the colonel like a terrifying pagan ghoul.