

Hexed Melting Flesh

Carach Angren

That night was weird
restless and bright
for the moon kept shining this awkward sick light

The winds came forth as if it sounded like a little child
No hundreds!
Weeping as if they realise it's time to die

Raindrops keep falling and falling like tears
Like the infant's sorrow, as if it's raining from their fears
Then what happened no one could tell, but mark my words
it's a pretty sick trick from hell

Goodnight..
Sleep tight..
My mistress in white..
Sweet dreams of death and moonlight