

In de naam van de duivel

Carach Angren

Once upon a time, back when the Devil had a temper
For he was repulsed by love for as long as he could remember
He knew of a bond, that flamed fiercer than fire
Husband and wife he ached to see burned at the pyre

So he summoned a witch before his black throne
Demanded their bond corrupted by this wise crone
The smirking old Witch was instantly sold,
By his promise of rewards both in flesh and gold

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And so the witch set forth on her insidious quest
Stalking the house of the blessed,
Kisses at sunrise leaving for work;
A sign for the witch to approach the house with that same evil smirk
"I came to warn you immediately
Of misfortune and adultery
In my dark prophetic dreams I saw you"

She opened the door for the devil's whore
Who was disguised as an old lady, kind and wise

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"Your husband shall leave you forever
Do as I say, and you will stay together
While your love is asleep, cut off a lock of his hair
Bring it to me and I'll cast a spell to prevent your despair"

And so the witch twists her tongue, reversing the tale
She told her husband before to be on his guard:

"During night when the owls are still and the moon looks pale
Your wife will stab you with a knife in the heart!"
Those twisted words, poisonous like a snake
He could not believe, but still they kept him awake

So he lies there awake, in the dark of the night
When a flicker of steel catches his sight!
Overwhelmed by pure rage and disbelief
He tears the knife from her hand and slits her throat in his grief

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At ease on his throne and pleased with his whore
For hell is free of love once more

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For hell is free of love once