

Night On Brocken

Fates Warning

April thirtieth, the souls of the risen
are leading the way. The first of May.
Black magic night, witches holiday,
their torches glow.
Eternal evil, it summons
the lords of hell, just once a year,
compel and beware the spell of the jackyl.
Can't break the spell,
won't break the spell,
the spell of the shadowless man.

The witches fornicate, the demons dance,
blackmass romance.
In hellish praise
round Brocken they prance,
their numbers grow.
A harpie chants, fire fountains glow,
virgin of snow burnt by the torch
of the one with no shadow.
I saw his face, I've seen him before,
the face of the shadowless man.

As dawn breaks through the trees,
lonely town falls to their knees,
a solemn belfry begins to toll.
The mass begins sing familiar hymns,
man in black has his back to the crowd.
Spreads his wings and turns around,
as my heart begins to pound.

Because you, you're the one I
saw in flight, at Walpurgis Night.
You've betrayed and cursed the light,
at Walpurgis Night.
You're the one I saw in flight,
at Walpurgis Night.
At the setting of the sun.

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