

Nocturnal

God Dethroned

There's movement in the night. Shades are dancing in a pale moonlight.

Nocturnal occurrences. Imagination no the night is real. I'm looking for the truth. But never can I find a trace. Of bloody witches rituals.

In the night I hear them howl. A sound so low it must be real. Or is it my fantasy. As

sunlight fades into a twilight. The moon contrasts against a darkening sky.

Temperature of the air is going down. A veil of fog is forming low above the

ground. There's movement in the night. Shades are dancing in a pale moonlight.

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In the night I hear them howl. A sound so low it must be real. Or is it my fantasy. Before

the night is turning into dawn. The morning fog is coming on to me. Suddenly a

choking hand grabs me around my neck. And drags me into death for eternity.

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Or is it my fantasy...