

Echoes from a Morbid Night

Sargeist

Out in the night I am the storm
I am the winds that slash your flesh.
Obscure writings cut on your ugly skin.
Drug-crazed of my magnificent power.

Back in the chapel from the morbid night.
You wake and depression crawl on your neck
I bite your heart forever with poison
Until you become what my plan require

A priest became a puppet of Satan
New prayers will praise Hell instead.
Wine changed for weird opium and alcohol.
Let the congregation begin.

Blind sheep follow you as always.
But they know not of the difference.
From here the contamination must begin.
Worse than Black Death, the sinister breath.

No return, nothing to be saved of you.
I feel only pain in your existence
Forces sir and conjurations echo.
Chants of melancholic dreams.

In this forest of suicidal memories.
All the graves hold corpses that do not rot.
Hidden from the normal humans.
That would never understand...