

## In Charnel Dreams

Sargeist

Something rotten lays beneath  
The chilling earthen floor  
As if the stench has carried  
With it some distant song

In the mourning tome of violins  
Dissonate and invoking  
Calling forth terrible dreams  
From unknown planes

Visions of terror entwine  
With darkened reality  
From charnel hallways  
Come the glowing mists...

Creeping through the windows  
Seeping through the stone  
Walls begin to bleed  
And the violins go insane

Heat of lava, cold of space  
Eyes sewn shut to see  
The wounds with dreams  
The witch unveiled

One by one they are cut  
Strings of the devil's harp  
Morbid silence falls  
And only death awaits