

The Demon Of The Mire

The Vision Bleak

In the murk of the firs and depth of the ponds
A nameless horror did swell
From whence it came and whither it shall go
Not the wisest man could tell
Just one shuttered light through the darkness shines
A lonesome hut at the fetid moor...
It is filled with fright and with hopeless whines
From a boy, young and pure

Wind howls - evil prowls
At the chamber door
Fog rolls - dead souls
In the dark galore

Wood crack - pitch black
At the chamber door
Swamps brew - clouds spew
In the dark galore

It is the demon of the mire, he shall rest fornevermore
Whom he calls and haunts by I'll desire, he shall rest fornever
more
Through his realms he leads his ghostly choir, he shall rest fo
rnevermore
It is the demon of the mire, he shall rest fornevermore
The boy it did consume, forever he will dwell
In the malice of his doom...

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