

# 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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