

## A Paler Shade of Death

Witchery

the night is young another human screams  
we stand as one we move at night at dawn we sleep  
`cause morning brings the light  
from death to life we've turned yet cold our blood veins burn  
we walk across your grave its your soul that we'll deprave  
chaotic yet with peace we close in as you sleep

face the darkness - let go your soul  
nocturnal confirmation - you'll love the cold  
we race across the skies  
we bring the gift that never dies

666 - we strike in legion with the beast  
our pale complexion gleams  
wet lips from your bloodstream

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