

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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