

Called For By Death

Witchery

You Defyer had to drink from the chalice of glass
Mindless sinner for both ends of your candle burns
The moon rises higher and with it comes your sense of despair
Stalking the shadows feeding the fear that you bear

Destitution of your soul it cast no fight
Ancestral death rejected by your god as you die

There are vows to be honoured
There are fates to be sealed
Religious absence and internal voids
No wonder you're called for by death

Lost and abandoned easy prey for the prowlers of dusk
Alienation ravenous nightfall the dark comes alive

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