

Witching Hour

Angelus Apatrida

Wake up!

This damn sweats soaks the bed again
I can see but I can't move
A faint mist dressed the room

Caught up!

A strange dead weight is on my chest
Blurred images all around
Increases the sense of gloom

The smell of ancient terrors fills with a darkened atmosphere
Her black coat gives off sorrow, and impure perfume, scented fear

She touched my face with ice-cold fingers
A horrid vision full of formless shapes
She keeps vigil at my bedside place
Until the dream begins again

Voices!

Hissing shades hide in the obscurity
No tick tock heard on the clock
Time is gone and lost

Freezing!

My body shakes with electricity
Anxiety has imprisoned me
The evil shows its form

The eyes of the departed stare like needles in my back
Her tongue speaks no language, a muffled groan inside my head

She takes the chance to rule my illusions
A vague recall of reality
The witching hour lasts eternally
So let the dream begin again

Walking through the dismal valley, through the abysmal dark
Slave of a living nightmare, there's no end. No turning back

Deep sunken eyes are watching
The black mass takes its hold of me
Her wrinkles, carved with fire, tell memories from a thousand lives

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