

Witching Hour

Black Majesty

Cold's the night right next to you
There's a figure staring
In your room
It's looking at you
There is nothing you can do
As you lay there frozen scared to move
Not even breathing

Must remain inside the light
Not be called into the dark
Tomorrow

Where will you go?
Where will you hide?
In the witching hour
Shadows looking back at you
Where will you turn?
Where will you run?
In the witching hour
Figures chasing after you
You try to run
But you can't run
Expressionless the being
Has drawn you into its enchantment
As you feel the end is near
You think your dreaming
But your nightmare's only the beginning

Tic toc, knock knock
The hour of fear is drawing near
What holds you dear
That consummates you leaves you laying on the floor
Tic toc, knock, knock
Who is out there
That has been scratching at your door?
It is your fear
That consummates you
As you're huddled in your room