

# The Conjuring

Galloglass

They raise their glasses, as he surveys unseen  
Wrath is increasing, anger makes his eyes gleam  
Seeing his foes, celebrating their victory  
He gives a promise, that he will destroy his enemy  
Godforsaken fools..... I will return

Raise, raise, my dark fiends of light  
Up from your graves, into the night  
Raise, raise, my dark fiends of light  
Up from your graves, into the night

As he stands nearby, he speaks the incantation  
Tearing the dead, back from their damnation  
Ground starts to quake, as they return from their graves  
Thousands of corpses, rushing ahead like waves  
Godforsaken fools..... I will return

Raise, raise, my dark fiends of light  
Up from your graves, into the night  
Raise, raise, my dark fiends of light  
Up from your graves, into the night

Follow him blind, they have heard his call  
Incessantly marching, heading for the fall  
Clattering blades, made to strike and kill  
Thirsting for blood, their task they will fulfill

Raise, raise, the dark fiends of light  
Up from your graves, into the night  
Raise, raise, the dark fiends of light  
Up from your graves, into the night