

Spirit Reaper

RAM

In nightside of the realm of dreams
In a glance in the hidden mirrors
Stares the eye that never rests and it sees every
mover that you make.
You don't believe in the supernatural world
You only fear what you see before you
But a gate has opened far beyond the frail ends of your mind

Oh Darkness
Our mistress
Take the soul
Of the one we curse tonight

Spirit Reaper, the webs of woven fate ensnare you now.
Spirit Reaper, invoked in darkest hate, its on the prowl.
Spirit Reaper, the end is near, you scream in fear but no one h
ears.
Spirit Reaper, hex of eternal night, your soul it takes.

In the mists that cloud your naive mind
Your subconscious house of horrors
Seeds are planted in the fertile soil of your ignorant bliss
Paranoia begins to daw inside
All your dreams turn to nightmares
Every time you dose your tired eyes the darkness come alive

Your soul is now ripe and prepared for the taking
A cruel, haunting voice from beyond calls your name
The hunter has found it's prey

Lead HG
Lead MJ