

Rånda

Tribulation

In barren landscapes - parched with thirst
In the woods at night - and streams by day
Her hollow voice - sings through the mist
To lure you out - into the wild
A creature of beauty - a darkness she hides
To take you out - where the devil rides

Beware - beware of her bright hair
And the strange dress that glitters there
Many a young man she beguileth
Smiles winningly on youthful faces
But woe to him whom she embraces

She stains your soul - with sin after sin
Marks your soul - under the skin
A terror rises - from deep within
A muted scream - in her eyes gleam
In a distant dream...

Beware - beware of her bright hair
And the strange dress that glitters there
Many a young man she beguileth
Smiles winningly on youthful faces
But woe to him whom she embraces

A curse for the few - that call her name
A curse for you - that seek her out
Remember this tale - forget not her name
The gates of death - will open for you...