

# Spectres

Tribulation

In the gloom, in the sublime  
In the crevice where the death bells chime  
In the in between where darkness swirls  
The twilight is the crack between the worlds

Night - bewitching, luring  
Host of daunting spectacles  
At dawn - a dance of death

There's a wind of disease  
Emanating from a distant mist  
Beware the dancing ones' breath  
Beware the witches kiss  
At the sound of strikes 13  
As the feet turn backwards  
And the air turns to ice Spectres appear

From the cold, from the moon  
From the sounds of the Devil's tune  
From the blood that the pious condemn  
In the tomb we become

Night - bewitching, luring  
Host of daunting spectacles  
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Emanating from a distant mist  
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Out of womb, out of hell  
Out of the worlds of distorted sheels  
Out of the smudge from the serpent's eye  
A demon breed, the trail to the north  
Through lady she-fox's cry