

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

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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