

## Devils' Poetry

Vanden Plas

There's a time called the twelfth night  
When the unseen follow my way home  
On these nights just this once  
You can find their between world  
The churchyard of all the haunting souls  
Listen to what I say  
Hear the voices on winter days  
Resonations of their bitter world

Inside "The Land of the Shadows"  
I'll find "The Shape of Unseen"  
Within "The Dreams of a Ghostseer"  
These evil poems calling me  
This is calling me

Searching trails to the ghost world  
No we are not alone  
All these lanterns  
Are projectors of the city lights  
They make my shadow  
Dance a waltz with the snowflakes  
Or are these portraits of inhuman souls  
Zombies ignite my fears  
But why for so many years  
They've got better things to do  
Than scare me

Inside "The Land of the Shadows"  
I'll find "The Shape of Unseen"  
Within "The Dreams of a Ghostseer"  
These evil poems calling me  
Some metaphysical writings  
From an anonymous author  
Who wrote: "The Inhabitants of My Diary"  
Evil flowers of a necromancy  
Are devils' poetry  
And this is calling me

Sail on boatsman sail on by  
Sweet litany  
Is calling me  
Open the tides dark friend  
To let them in  
This is my last chance  
They accuse me of a murder  
Invade my mind  
Misplace my memories  
Say that I'm a failure . . .  
And then they're sailing away  
But I still see them unclearly  
They're sailing away again  
I have to follow them tonight

Into "The Land of the Shadows"  
To find "The Shape of Unseen"  
Within "The Dreams of a Ghostseer"  
Their evil poems calling me

And this is calling me . . .  
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