Resurrection

Witchery

a call of the dark and a jet-black sky
and a meeting with death
i follow the stars they lead me away
to the burial ground

i hear no sound this forsaken place
hasn't seen life in years
i glance around
time to prepare to perform the black arts

from death to dust to life
return to live again
i grant thee the way
awake!

uncover the graves
the night is thick yet the moon is high
i find the right name
i laugh as i dig for the slave shall be mine

from death to dust to life
return to live again
i grant thee the way
awake!

open the casket to meet my new meat
caress the body and greet cheek to cheek
pull up the corpse to proceed with my deed
a dry cough of dust as she come from beneath

the ritual's done i meet her embrace
two move as one we dance by the graves
in silence we pace

she holds me close
her grip is strong i find it hard to breathe
she smiles so sweet
her gratitude brings me to my knees

from death to dust to life
return to live again
i grant thee the way

from death to dust to life
return to live again
i grant thee the way
awake!
awake!

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