

Abigail Williams, Into The Ashes

You call from the shadows
and curse my blood in the wind
you speak in riddles
the substance which is chipping away
at the garden so balefully

I will hunt you
and even your god can't save you
when the wind blows
a mourning morning whispers serenity
there's none to be had

I will curse the very soil you walk
until you drown in your own shame
and feel the sweet kiss of death across your cold skin
under the pale horned moon

Their blood is stricken and cursed to the outer hills

We conquer
all in the sign of evil
into the cold embrace
as the wind blows through the willows
and the signature of man
has blinded the stars and the infinities beyond

Reclaim the alter
rewrite the books

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there's none to be had