

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