

# Atanatos, Return Of The Witch

Helpless she flies through the darkness over the abyss of her lost thoughts.

In her mind, like the eternal fight between black water masses and unholy rocks, fight her deepest wishes against the endless sorrow. In her life she

does not find the way out. In her dreams she lives in another world.

Through the woods, the woods of eternity to the mountains of deliverance. Her face,

her skin, her pale tremble skin are wet from the black tears they are running

down. In front of her there stands a burning cross in an ocean of candles.

The twitching lights reflect in her eyes. Now she has only one wish - to die.

Imploring she falls down on her knees and cries out her fear. Her whole body

trembles in the light of fire, her face is agonized by pain. Like sustained

from a foreign power she is suspended into the flames. The body cremates, the

soul is delivered. Her screams sound over the woods.