

Winter's Bane, Night Shade

In the dead still night
grows a plant so divine that atropa belladonna
puts the extract in her wine
The goddess of man's destiny
on jealousy she feeds will cut the thread of live
if the bitch she feels the need

Night shade, night shade
This was man's worst fear
Deadly, night shade
Just hope that it's not here

Dangerous women
Who drop the berry juice into their lustful eyes
Gain the beauty that's so heavenly
but it's the devil in disguise

Night shade, night shade
This was man's worst fear
Deadly, night shade
Just hope that it's not here

Alluring men to her bed
while she has taked them in control
She'll strip his bones of his flesh
and then she will take his soul

Witches used the vines in symbolic rituals
stirring the black caldron of boiling guts and skulls
sorcerers ate the leaves to propel them through the sky
it grew around the castle walls
in the dead still of night

Night shade, night shade
This was man's worst fear
Deadly, night shade
Just hope that it's not here