

Eluveitie, Sacrapos - At First Glance

[Spoken:]

In a contented manner she sits by the bonfire

Sanctimoniously thanking you for the hospitality

Her treacherous intentions as cold as the occasional gusts of wind kissing your back

You mistake the twinkle in her eyes for pure warm-heartedness, and have no premonition of their e

A bleak smile flickering on her lips, she beholds you with algid satisfaction, as in her sinister mind,

Cursed and sacred, this arcane exercise, disembodied fiend waving through her gaze. Being a virtu

From what is happening in your mind.

She hasn't come to crush your bones, nor tear your flesh.

She has come to steal your sanity with just one glance.