

God Dethroned, Nocturnal

There's movement in the night. Shades are dancing in a pale moonlight. Nocturnal occurrences. Imagination no the night is real. I'm looking for the truth. But never can I find a trace. Of bloody witches rituals. In the night I hear them howl. A sound so low it must be real. Or is it my fantasy. As sunlight fades into a twilight. The moon contrasts against a darkening sky. Temperature of the air is going down. A veil of fog is forming low above the ground. There's movement in the night. Shades are dancing in a pale moonlight. Nocturnal occurrences. Imagination no the night is real. I'm looking for the truth. But never can I find a trace. Of bloody witches rituals. In the night I hear them howl. A sound so low it must be real. Or is it my fantasy. Before the night is turning into dawn. The morning fog is coming on to me. Suddenly a choking hand grabs me around my neck. And drags me into death for eternity. There's movement in the night. Shades are dancing in a pale moonlight. Nocturnal occurrences. I magination no the night is real. I'm looking for the truth. But never can I find a trace. Of bloody witches rituals. In the night I hear them howl. A sound so low it must be real.

Or is it my fantasy...