

Necromantia, The Blair Witch Cult

Every fifty years
I taste your children's tears
I bath in their blood
and feed on their fears

Every fifty years
I declare a war on purity
the fire of vengeance
still burns inside me

I remember fools
remember every one of you
your laughter and your mockery
have marked my heathen soul
(The Black Hill woods where you let me die
have now become my world of sin)

I gave my dreams to Demonlords
I allowed them to molest me
they raped, abused and tortured me
they filled me with their hatred

I travelled through the pits of Hell
and learnt the truth of suffering
I saw the visions of the damned
and shared their precious knowledge

Hexes and spells they taught me well
unholy incantations
the way to weave my nightmares
to manifest my malice

You run and run but you can't hide
your soul is slave to horror
you'll be entrapped into my world
of insanity and murder

Silence will soon fall again
into the Black Hill forest
and I will haunt the mortal's dreams
the legacy of the Blair Witch