

Psycroptic, The Isle Of Disenchantment

Darkened waters, lying before me, many secrets, that we cant see, a strange ferry, guided by a corpse, takes me to an island where I must- Survive!

I cannot see, for the mist is too thick, the ferryman's face, rotting making me sick. As we enter the island, through a rocky cove, I can hear the screams of a thousand lost souls, they don't know where they are.

Suddenly we stop at a wharf, made of bones and pieces of quartz, the corpse points to a distant light. I see fire so I head up the rise, the hill before me is so steep.

I'm glad I've got claws on my feet, the path ahead is getting wide. I see a tunnel in the mountainside- I can hear them breathing as I'm pulling tighter on the chains that are wrapped around their necks, drawing them closer to the opening of the cave.

They don't know the horror that awaits them. I hope that they don't die, before they reach the hole, by now- they know- that something is going wrong. I can feel my own heart beating faster as we get nearer to my home.

The joys we're going to have with these mortals whose live's I've stolen. We enter into the murky depths, it's dim inside. I see- them there- the winged ones whose home I share.

The twelve demons of darkness are staring at me. I am thirteen of an insane family, they laugh as they see the treasure I've brought. I have brought them one each.

We lead them further inside, the time for pleasure has arrived. We take them to the torturing place, once they're inside we uncover their face, most of them nearly die at the sight of us.

They were all pretty asleep when I took them from their homes, bagged them up and took them straight to the boat, we will use every piece of them with the greatest care.

Their bodies will forever dwell inside our lair.