

Atanatos

"Return Of The Witch"

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Helpless she flies through the darkness over the abyss
of her lost
thoughts.

In her mind, like the eternal fight between black water
masses and
unholy

rocks, fight her deepest wishes against the endless
sorrow. In her life

she

does not find the way out. In her dreams she lives in
another world.

Through

the woods, the woods of eternity to the mountains of
deliverance. Her

face,

her skin, her pale tremble skin are wet from the black
tears they are

running

down. In front of her there stands a burning cross in an
ocean of
candles.

The twitching lights reflect in her eyes. Now she has
only one wish - to

die.

Imploring she falls down on her knees and cries out her
fear. Her whole

body

trembles in the light of fire, her face is agonized by
pain. Like

sustained

from a foreign power she is suspended into the flames.

The body

cremates, the

soul is delivered. Her screams sound over the woods.

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