

Angel Witch

"The Horla"

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Misfortunate ending here for us
Turns our happiness into dust
Invisible heir of the unknown
Some misfortune to unfold

In this state I feel it's getting worse
Within this agony, within this curse

Dead perhaps,
The Horla
After man,
The Horla

Profound this mystery, invisible
All my senses cannot perceive
So near, too far to believe
A cold shadow passes through me

As I wait for approaching death
Now there is no saving breath

Dead perhaps,
The Horla
After man,
The Horla

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