

Carach Angren

"A Strange Presence Near The Woods"

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White is the mark of this sighting, black is it's soul
Dark is the soil where it haunts upon
Jesus Christ!
You were never capable of protecting these desecrated
woods
Shadows over Lammendam
Shadows over Lammendam

It's the point of death's return for a grand castle there
once burned
Something is following me!
Yet there's no one I see as I walk the old pathways near
the woods

A murderous identity is staring from the trees
Now I realize that I have trodden spectral sanctities

Wandering through forests and dreary fields
I think I'm lost
Yes I'm lost
Cannot describe this horrendous fear, I think I'm
cursed
Tricked and cursed

Suddenly I stumble onto a forgotten sanctuary
A tomb of a castle scorched by time, bound to the
entity that is determined to take my life

Here comes the night!
Nocturnal threnodies and funerary thoughts of my
death-bell clanging through my mind..

Overwhelmed by approaching dark sounds
Listen to the devilish anthems of a shrieking ghost
when the moon is perfectly round

All that's left is a shallow empty moat
There were my rigid body floats through a cold void
what Dutch men call 'dood'

No one in the village knew, why disappear?
Wish they knew my corpse was here!

Shadows over Lammendam
No return, no return from Lammendam!

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