

Carach Angren

"Haunting Echoes From The Seventeenth Century"

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Hear this legend:

A saga of despair from an old southern town called
Sjilvend
The elder peasants warned us, we should fear a
hidden unmarked tomb in those marshy woods not far
from here

This is the saga of the white ghost haunting
Lammendam
There a sick reflection keeps resurrecting only when
the sun is gone

Once there stood a castle in a wood
It seemed a rather old, wealthy looking farmstead
There lived a girl with the beauty of a pearl
Especially when she wore a white dress and wandered
through fields of hard-working churls

Everyone knew there were two young fellows who gave
up everything for the love of their dreams
They did not care
Poor or rich..
She stole their hearts like a goddamn witch

This region once was called De Leiffartshof
One was the German son of HÄngenbusch, the other
one came from a domain called Heeringhof

And they both weren't aware of their mistress in white
who could not decide
Echoes.. from the seventeenth century!
Echoes.. from the seventeenth century!
Echoes.. from the seventeenth century!

During day he came with his horse and carriage then
whistled..
Then she knew he was there..
A secret affair!
Therefore you'll be crowned as a whore

Lammendam!

Lammendam!

The sun is drowning in the landscapes of the earth
The time to seduce her second admirer
There lies a note by the old knotted oak, carrying a
stone and romantic poetry telling her when where to go

One day he's riding his black horse through southern
paradise
By coincidence he caught his doll cheating with
another lad
Slut!

Why?

..and they hated passionately ever after

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