

Carach Angren

"Hexed Melting Flesh"

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That night was weird
restless and bright
for the moon kept shining this awkward sick light

The winds came forth as if it sounded like a little child
No hundreds!
Weeping as if they realise it's time to die

Raindrops keep falling and falling like tears

Like the infant's sorrow, as if it's raining from their
fears
Then what happened no one could tell, but mark my
words
it's a pretty sick trick from hell

Goodnight..
Sleep tight..
My mistress in white..
Sweet dreams of death and moonlight

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