

Cara Dillon

"The Carriage Wheel Murder"

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Next morning his corpse was found twisted, cut and
broken

The way those empty eyes stared!

As if they saw the doors of Hell going open

Something bewitched returned from the ashes where
she once burned

Princess of the moon

Roaming timeless gloom

Murder! Murder!

Once sick of hatred, now frightened of these unsolved
deaths

His cheating mistress and her lover passed away like
rats

Now Ian's hourglass is leaking time like a bleeding that
cannot be stopped

For a lugubrious existence is craving for his teardrops
and blood

Kijk mij aan zodat de duisternis in jouw ziel kan
schijnen

Jouw bestaan zal als een tijdloze vloek in de dood
verdwijnen

That day he's riding through the forest as his intuition
speaks: "You are being followed!"

Then the spirit attacked from the trees

It pushed his face into the spinning carriage wheels

His skull cracked open...

... and there were no more screams!

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