

Sargeist

"The Rebirth Of A Cursed Existence"

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The rebirth of a cursed existence
Unfolding unto time again.
Cruelty of the blackest Countess.
Conjured of old grim tales.

Macabre visions excavated.
Screams and blood, the Silverclaw.
In her dungeons of darkness.
Burning miserable fates.

Faces twisted of horror.
Youthfull glow will shine no more.
Children blood from a golden flask.
So orgasmic and exquisite.

Writhing bodies turning pale.
The Countess drinks from the stream.
Throats slit open giving vent
For cold to enter, blood to flow.

The tales, the legend and the memory.
Would have disappeared since long.
But in the cemetarical entity.
Are reborn and howled in the night.

The Countess of Cachtice
From a dark burning past.
The priest had died one night ago.
Announcing her rebirth.

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