

## Winter's Bane "Night Shade"

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In the dead still night  
grows a plant so divine that atropa belladonna  
puts the extract in her wine  
The goddess of man's destiny  
on jealousy she feeds will cut the thread of live  
if the bitch she feels the need

Night shade, night shade  
This was man's worst fear  
Deadly, night shade  
Just hope that it's not here

Dangerous women  
Who drop the berry juice into their lustful eyes  
Gain the beauty that's so heavenly  
but it's the devil in disguise

Night shade, night shade  
This was man's worst fear

Deadly, night shade  
Just hope that it's not here

Alluring men to her bed  
while she has taked them in control  
She'll strip his bones of his flesh  
and then she will take his soul

Witches used the vines in symbolic rituals  
stirring the black caldron of boiling guts and skulls  
sorcerers ate the leaves to propel them through the sky  
it grew around the castle walls  
in the dead still of night

Night shade, night shade  
This was man's worst fear  
Deadly, night shade  
Just hope that it's not here

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