

Witchery "Resurrection"

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A call of the dark and a jet-black sky
And a meeting with death
I follow the stars they lead me away
To the burial ground

I hear no sound this forsaken place
Hasn't seen life in years
I glance around
Time to prepare to perform the black arts

From death to dust to life
Return to live again
I grant thee the way
Awake!

Uncover the graves
The night is thick yet the moon is high
I find the right name
I laugh as i dig for the slave shall be mine

From death to dust to life
Return to live again
I grant thee the way
Awake!

Open the casket to meet my new meat
Caress the body and greet cheek to cheek
Pull up the corpse to proceed with my deed
A dry cough of dust as she come from beneath

The ritual's done i meet her embrace
Two move as one we dance by the graves
In silence we pace

She holds me close
Her grip is strong i find it hard to breathe
She smiles so sweet
Her gratitude brings me to my knees

From death to dust to life
Return to live again
I grant thee the way

From death to dust to life
Return to live again
I grant thee the way
Awake!
Awake!

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