

## Saddest Landscape

### "Oliver Haddo"

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Hard to please, isn't he?  
He asks only you let him take your mind  
Harvester of souls is he  
Necromancy and subjects of that kind

Far beneath Paris streets  
Our coven meets - the Sabbath is nigh  
Haddo waits so patiently, before the altar of sacrifice

Oh, will you walk away?  
And no, it would not be a good idea for you to stray  
The rites of Haddo have begun  
He's calling on the ancient ones  
There are strange worlds hidden in his sorcery

Many things have come to be through devilry  
Both wicked and divine  
As nothing ever comes for free  
Our gods will need your blood as sacrifice

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