

# These Woods Breathe Evil

## Swallow The Sun

"I grasp the soil from the tomb  
and cover my face  
This face of a murderer" Serpents betrayed me  
They crawled in my head and betrayed me  
Old woods, they misled me  
Cut my face and misled me The owls are not what they seem  
They made me do it  
Am I a ghost amongst them?  
But this blood is real that stains my hands Tortured by these voices, like flies around me  
They chased me here and you invited me in... These woods breathe evil!  
Rust on the ground and the arches of fire!  
These woods breathe evil!  
Here in the circle of eerie winds!  
Towards the black heart of magnetic north Black lodge and red rooms of insanity  
Here I reached the point of no return  
With my hands around you they chased me here  
To this hotel of ghosts  
And they showed me this room, this room with a view  
And you invited me in... These woods...  
They led me back here, to your buried body...

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