

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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