

# Sanctum

## Seance

restless hour lay awake  
I sense that there is more  
curse of death hangs over me  
I can't rest here no more circle of five  
defying the night  
thunderous sound  
at the unholy seance blistered eyes has no disguise  
bears witness to my fate  
golden morning helps me thru  
but may have come too late burning up the midnight oil  
it has to be complete  
early hour ritual  
preform the darkened deeds roaming thru the old graveyards  
I find parts I can use  
brush away the blackened soil  
the birth of something new circle of five  
defying the night  
thunderous sound  
now shaking the ground  
night comes to dawn  
born evil spawn  
the unholy seance - shall gather again

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