# ...And the Consequence Macabre

## Carach Angren

He came home with trembling bone and spoke:
"Evil roams the sea!"
I caught a glimpse of something I describe as witchery.

They must think I am weird.
My wife and daughter upset by what they hear.
As we go to bed, I kiss my loves goodnight then close my eyes to forget.
Soon a lucid dream!
The room around me shifts into a bleak and dismal scene.

Once my consciousness has vanished deep within my mind, the first thing I realize is taking a severe beating from someone in the middle of the night.
Between the shocking fragments of cold fists ponding on my face, I can see a man wearing a black hat causing harm upon me.
While he's laughing and punching simultaneously,
I manage to grab his throat with both hands and push him over to the left side, where my wife sleeps at night.
Grabbing the knife on the pedestal cupboard, not thinking twice.
And I stab into his face until both eyes liquidize and facial bones collapse.

Haphazardly in anxiety I maim his face extremely and still he's laughing loudly.
His clothes look rather old; a stench like dead things and a ragged captain's coat.
This dream is so ghastly and surreal.
So many stabwounds, sixty, maybe more.
His face simply shattered while blood decorates the floor.

Then there is this sound like a snarling hound.
I leave the room to look around.
It guides me to my daughter's room.
Her door is locked.
I am terrified of what I might find behind.
So quickly I climb the stairs to the old attic and find my double-barrelled shotgun.
Ammunition.
The weapon's loaded.
I need this nightmare to be done.
Done!

I break down the door forcefully.
A vicious false dog is what I see.
And still he's laughing loudly.
It's not my child for this beast seems foul and wild.

Two close ranged shots, still alive, brutally finished with the knife.
Now guess who's gargling closely behind me.
I turn around and again I am just an inch away from that face I carved up previously.
Still laughing... Suddenly...

Thank god I am awake!

Laying in my bed, covered in sweat.
The horror I have seen, was just an awful dream.

Clouded is my sight, finding bloodstains on my hands as I rub my eyes.
No!
What have I done?!
My wife besides me, still alive, but her face is simply gone.
Beauty has been maimed by my hand, disfigured.
Our kiss will never be the same.

Now where the fuck is my little girl?!
And a dead hound is not what I found, bloodstains on the wall.
There's my daughters corpse, slaughtered on the ground!

One last kiss upon my wife's trembling hand
Before I shoot her through the head to set her free from this misery.
Imagine the shotgun standing upside down with the barrel in my mouth.
The sighting was a portent of doom and the consequence definitely macabre.
And before my last tear hits the soil I...
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Lyrics submitted by FireAnt.

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