

Allies of the Dark

Stormwitch

You are blinded by hundreds
Of flickering candles
They enlighten the hall
Curious dancers are spinning
All around you
You've never seen such a ball Powdered face
Worn out black lace
You find yourself
In an icy cold embrace Blood-shot eyes
Silent cries, bats in disguise
Allies of the dark
Claws from the back
Lips at your neck
Allies of the dark Up the left of his room
There's a mighty mirror
A lady's passing that wall
What you see makes you
Shiver and shake for she has
No reflection at all Be my slave
Eternal slave
Follow me down to
The shadow of my grave Blood-shot eyes...

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