The Conjuring

Galloglass

They raise their glasses, as he surveys unseen
Wrath is increasing, anger makes his eyes gleam
Seeing his foes, celebrating their victory
He gives a promise, that he will destroy his enemy
Godforsaken fools..... I will returnRaise, raise, my dark fiends of light
Up from your graves, into the night
Raise, raise, my dark fiends of light
Up from your graves, into the nightAs he stands nearby, he speaks the incantation
Tearing the dead, back from their damnation
Ground starts to quake, as they return from their graves
Thousands of corpses, rushing ahead like waves
Godforsaken fools..... I will returnRaise, raise, my dark fiends of light
Up from your graves, into the night
Raise, raise, my dark fiends of light
Up from your graves, into the nightFollow him blind, they have heard his call
Incessantly marching, heading for the fall
Clattering blades, made to strike and kill
Thirsting for blood, their task they will fulfillRaise, raise, the dark fiends of light
Up from your graves, into the night
Raise, raise, the dark fiends of light
Up from your graves, into the night

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