

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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