

Phantom of the Hill

Galactic Pegasus

Ever loving daughter,
You cannot kill the night.
Don't await reprisal. It comes from inside; within the flesh,
Underneath the beating in your chest.
You have cause to fear, for I am fear itself.
My child, you must be so scared.
And she whispered and said: "Do you walk in the dark?"
To which I replied: "I am merely a guide for the weak of heart."

I can smell the sunlight on your skin...

Won't give up that wish
This is more than a thirst
Now give up your blood for me to borrow
I cannot know Death, for I serve as his flesh
Though, the price for me is wearing hollow crowns

Evening dress and tales of success
They're my favorite dish
Pull your hair back and expose your neck
You're my favorite dish
I can hear the heartbeat within your chest
You're my favorite dish

The food (sickens me)
I gain no sustenance from such things
The wine (has no taste)
I'm craving something more
(Give it to me)

Ever loving daughter,
You cannot kill the night
Don't await reprisal. It comes from inside
Within the flesh
Underneath the beating in your chest
You have cause to fear for I am fear itself

Why wait for the sun?
Let the night swallow you

Become the dark

The sun won't rise in the east
Youâ€™re milk-white neck, a canvas of lust
Await the casket
Await the spill

Red sky
Black ice
The land grows cold with encroaching night
Victims of silence await my stride
To claim my prize

This thirst is just too real
Oh how I long to feel

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