

# 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  
You'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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