As If By Magic

Rotting Christ

The night absorbs reality And releases my fantasy It tickles my vanity

And throws me into ecstasyThe abbys of illusion

Reveals a fairy land

I am in confusion

For I've got out of handAnd I became air

And I became fire

The enemies filled with despair

As I am getting higherI have gained the wisdom

I have honoured the spell

I have conquered the stardom

I have beaten the night as wellInnocence arrives with dawn

All creatures start to die

They leave me alone

And are eager for the nightThe fairies of the night

Surround me, beset me

Fear is their delight

They will try to take meThe new moon salutes me

The wind whispers a word

The wicked witches embrace me

And touch me with their magic handAnd I became air

And I became fire

The enemies filled with despair

As I am getting higherI have gained the wisdom

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