

# The Blair Witch Cult

## Necromantia

Every fifty years  
I taste your children's tears  
I bath in their blood  
and feed on their fearsEvery fifty years  
I declare a war on purity  
the fire of vengeance  
still burns inside meI remember fools  
remember every one of you  
your laughter and your mockery  
have marked my heathen soul  
(The Black Hill woods where you let me die  
have now become my world of sin)I gave my dreams to Demonlords  
I allowed them to molest me  
they raped, abused and tortured me  
they filled me with their hatredI travelled through the pits of Hell  
and learnt the truth of suffering  
I saw the visions of the damned  
and shared their precious knowledgeHexes and spells they taught me well  
unholy incantations  
the way to weave my nightmares  
to manifest my maliceYou run and run but you can't hide  
your soul is slave to horror  
you'll be entrapped into my world  
of insanity and murderSilence will soon fall again  
into the Black Hill forest  
and I will haunt the mortal's dreams  
the legacy of the Blair Witch

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