

Into the Ashes

Abigail Williams

You call from the shadows
and curse my blood in the wind
 you speak in riddles
the substance which is chipping away
 at the garden so balefully

I will hunt you
and even your god can't save you
 when the wind blows
a mourning morning whispers serenity
 there's none to be had

I will curse the very soil you walk
until you drown in your own shame
and feel the sweet kiss of death across your cold skin
 under the pale horned moon

Their blood is stricken and cursed to the outer hills

We conquer
all in the sign of evil
 into the cold embrace
as the wind blows through the willows
 and the signature of man
has blinded the stars and the infinities beyond

Reclaim the alter
rewrite the books

I will hunt you
and even your god can't save you
 when the wind blows
a mourning morning whispers serenity
 there's none to be had

Lyrics submitted by alex.