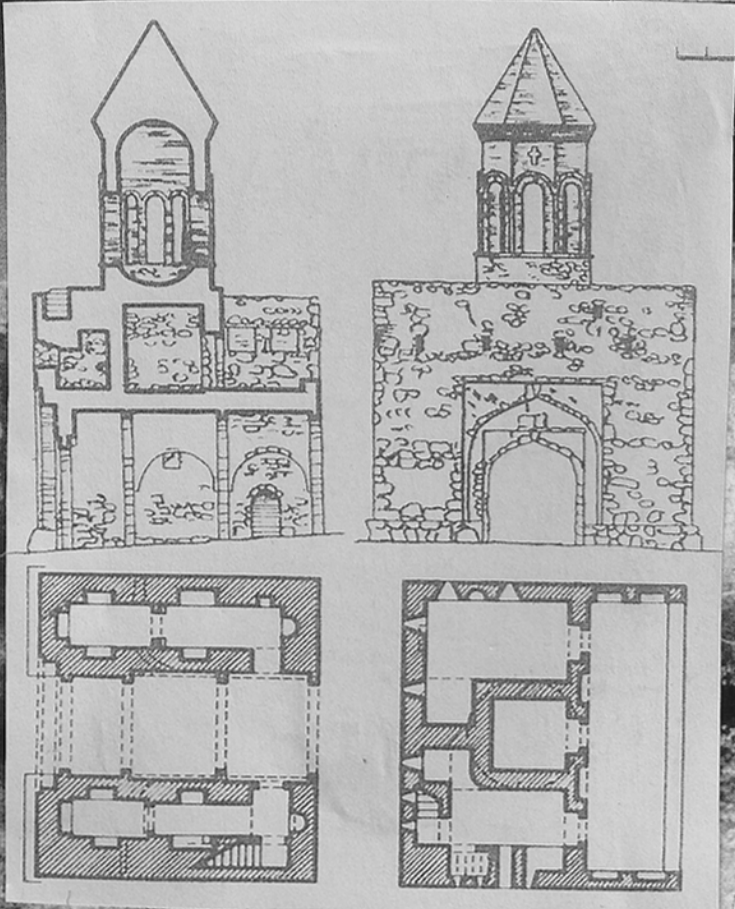


Dance in the Dark Night

By Terra Frank

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Beyond every graveyard, mausoleum, and tomb
Beyond the dark crypts and catacomb gloom
A church in mist, a church that spells doom
For this is the place
where the dead are consumed



In darkness, decay
Ensoarced by mist
In graveyards, stay
And dance with the wisps

for if you should stray
And wander the church
Your dancing shall end
for that place is cursed

The Twins, The Mother,
The Sister, The Crone
All have been cursed
All are alone

And now, so are you....

Alone in their home

The Crone

She wishes you ill
She curses your name
for you are the one
She has come to blame
for all of her guilt
her anger, her shame
She wishes you injury
failure, and pain
Once she is done
You're never the same



The Mother

her skin is the dark
her eyes are the night
her presence so black
It blots out the light

The dead who are lost
They seek out her grave
Their souls, they are gone
They cannot be saved



The Sister

her sins are many
her cries are deep
her eyes shed tears
That put men to sleep

her teeth are sharp
her claws are long
her voice is haunting
When singing her song

her gaze is piercing
her eyes are dead
her voice keeps ringing
Inside of your head



The Twins

Our blades, together
Stronger than one
Our eyes, forever
Scorched by the sun

Our steps, they are silent
Our message is true
Your fast-beating heart
Shall lead us to you

