

There's movement in the night. Shades are dancing in a pale moonlight.
Nocturnal occurrences. Imagination no the night is real. I'm looking for the
truth. But never can I find a trace. Of bloody witches rituals. In the night I
hear them howl. A sound so low it must be real. Or is it my fantasy. As
sunlight fades into a twilight. The moon contrasts against a darkening sky.
Temperature of the air is going down. A veil of fog is forming low above the
ground. There's movement in the night. Shades are dancing in a pale moonlight.
Nocturnal occurrences. Imagination no the night is real. I'm looking for the
truth. But never can I find a trace. Of bloody witches rituals. In the night I
hear them howl. A sound so low it must be real. Or is it my fantasy. Before
the night is turning into dawn. The morning fog is coming on to me. Suddenly a
choking hand grabs me around my neck. And drags me into death for eternity.
There's movement in the night. Shades are dancing in a pale moonlight.
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truth. But never can I find a trace. Of bloody witches rituals. In the night I
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Or is it my fantasy...