

# The Isle Of Disenchantment

Psycroptic

Darkened waters, lying before me, many secrets, that we cant see,  
a strange ferry, guided by a corpse, takes me to an island where I must-Survive!

I cannot see, for the mist is too thick, the ferryman's face, rotting making  
me sick. As we enter the island, through a rocky cove, I can hear the  
screams of a thousand lost souls, they don't know where they are.

Suddenly we stop at a wharf, made of bones and pieces of quartz,  
the corpse points to a distant light. I see fire so I head up the rise, the hill before  
me is so steep.

I'm glad I've got claws on my feet, the path ahead is getting wide. I see a  
tunnel in the mountainside- I can hear them breathing as I'm pulling tighter  
on the chains that are wrapped around their necks, drawing them closer to  
the opening of the cave.

They don't know the horror that awaits them. I hope that they don't die,  
before they reach the hole, by now- they know- that something is going  
wrong. I can feel my own heart beating faster as we get nearer to my home.

The joys we're going to have with these mortals whose lives I've stolen. We  
enter into the murky depths, it's dim inside. I see- them there - the winged  
ones whose home I share.

The twelve demons of darkness are staring at me. I am thirteen of an insane  
family, they laugh as they see the treasure I've brought. I have brought  
them one each.

We lead them further inside, the time for pleasure has arrived. We take them  
to the torturing place, once they're inside we uncover their fate.

ce, most of  
them nearly die at the sight of us.

They were all pretty asleep when I took them from their homes,  
bagged them  
up and took them straight to the boat, we will use every piece  
of them with  
the greatest care.

Their bodies will forever dwell inside our lair.