

As If by Magic

Rotting Christ

The night absorbs reality
And relases fantasy
It tickles my vanity
And throws me into ecstasy

The abbys of illusion
Reveals a fairy land
I am in confusion
For I've got out of hand

The fairies of the night
Surround me, beset me
Fear is their delight They will try to take me

The new moon salutes me
The wind whispers a word
The wicked witches embrace me
And touch me with their magic hand

And I become air
And I become fire
The enemies filled with despair
As I am getting higher and higher

I have gained the wisdom
I have honoured the spell
I have conquered the stardom
I have beaten the night as well

Innocence arrives with dawn
All creatures start to die
They leave me alone
And are eager for the night