

Crone Of Bell

Sparzanza

Red river dreams turned out to be another journey wasted. A place of death
emerging from the blood that she tasted. Watch out, when the shadows sing
she will take you one by one. Get out of here, before everybody
's dead and
gone.

From the shadows she will come.
Into darkness you'll succumb.
While her voice is getting stronger.
She has caused you all the pain.
She has emptied all your veins.
Now you're going straight to hell.
She's the crone, the crone of bell.

Black hound, rabbit head - was the beginning of a bloody curse.
Sound of
beating on the walls, and things went from worse to worse. Knock, knock, it
is getting near so just take us away from here. In the name of
the lord,
who are you, and what do you want?

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