

Cannibal Witch

The Vision Bleak

Where the wild Winds blow in their most desolate Roar.
Where lone Pines bow their Heads in Grief.

Where Flowers cease to grow and where the Birds don't sing no more.
Deep in the Forests that none can ever leave.

There you can see her fly across the Evening Sky.
In her Mortar... A Pestle she swings.

Even the Moon does hide from her despiteous Ride.
For she is Evil amongst all other things.

Bone-Mother.
(Wood-Maid).
Deathless Crone.

The Cannibal Witch.
She feast on Human Flesh in Secrecy.
The Cannibal Witch.
Crushing them Bones in grinding glee.
Her Hunger is enormous, so are her Iron Teeth.
Baba Yaga Bony Legs.
The Cannibal Witch...

Her crooked Hut lays concealed in A Grove unsound...
...wreathed by A Fence made of Skulls and Bones.

Even the Night congeals when it hears the Sound...
...of snoring Nostrils and horrid Groans.

She came to Lunacy through endless Sorcery...
...and thousand Days of Lonesomeness.

She is the Arch-Crone.
Goddess unknown.
She brings Rebirth which implies Death.

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