

Escape from Dunwich Valley

Witchery

"Who are you to tread these lands?"
Your presence is not welcomed here
The residents here are not to be disturbed

Now run, run, before they awake
The unspeakable dread of the deep
Right now they're restless in their sleep

The signs are rife
It's a deathlike night
Fear of the deep
Chills... run down your spine

Something is moving there in the dark
Is it too late to get out?
The hunt might already be on its way

Silent feet, prepare to attack
Running fast through black
But the forest on its own is holding you back

The signs are rife
It's a deathlike night
Fear of the deep
Chills... run down your spine

There are places of sleep hidden in the deep
Never meant to be provoked
The old world does not fit with ours

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