

# Welcome, Night

## Witchery

Peering through the east-end mist  
With a gaze impure  
Counting down his victim list  
His taste obscure  
Shadows chase the candlelight  
As white eyes burn  
Death is in the air tonight  
He waits his turn

Soul reaper of the underworld  
High-born and bred  
Whispering forgotten words  
From years long past  
Servant of the queen by right  
Her chosen one  
Keeper of the seance prime  
The last in line

Ravens call welcome, night  
The uninvited one has arrived

Ravens call welcome, night  
The uninvited one is inside

In the year of their lord  
1855  
His breath, it cracks and spits  
For every waiting life  
Underneath a waxing moon  
His dull dagger gleams  
They alway beg and plead  
But there's no mercy here

Welcome, Mr Night  
We've been expecting you

Then he's gone a blur in time  
Into the fog of the waiting night  
A pound of flesh coins on the eyes  
Not one cared, no one dared ask why

As it comes so it goes  
A stench of death in the morning light  
A pound of flesh coins on the eyes  
Not one cared, no one dared ask why

Welcome, night  
Welcome, night