

Arcane Grail "Anachoret's Orisons"

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[Verses by Demether; music by Eugen]

Hearings 'bout the devil's coming spend as faster as
the sunlight
It hath reached the ancient village near the city of
Avilles
There has lived the aged friar who has almost lost his
eyesight
But he not dement his reason and the power for his
years

He was praying at the icon of God in the monastery
Hung on shoulder the bag with the Gospel, and
modestly
Took the verge and went toward macabre Nebelforst
That towers ruefully in the heart of Black Forest

He made the inconspicuous grey tabernacle
On the rivage of silvan warbling brooklet..
Francis bode there peacefully (two days and one
night),
Just berrying and gazing as birds and bees flit

Francis was ware, and every crackle
As the prick of the profane morglay
He was afraid the temptation of soul
But not that his flesh would be slain

Walking one day in the forest and banished the drear
fancies
Francis was suddenly startled -- He discerned a
spectral silhouette
Which forthright vanished amid the trunks of the
gleamy trees,
Seemed that in the sullen wood (was performing) a
magical frondage's minuet

He stood unto the stool thereat the menorah, ignified
the flames
The old monk settled his mind and set to exalt the
prayer to the saints
The reason was sereneed and he plunged into the

deep sleep's waves

Barely he felt fornication -- He heard the horissonant
voice
As Tartarean trump it tanged, and the blood curdled in
veins
"Thou art outlander!" -- it said -- O it was the atrocious
noise
Francis tried to gin to pray but he leaned to the
hithermost teil

"Let wit ye that my soul had embrewed with blood of
thousands"
"My soul is so old and I hope that "Jhesu's sword" have
found you,
All-father's clemency ain't fineless and your soul will be
(as sure as fate)
Haunted by hellhounds"

"Let thy flesh and blood be devoured by terrene
cerastes
Dost ye want to enhalo thy caitiff soul?
Thy omnipotent deity isn't hearkeneth thy orisons and
pleas!"
"Nay, I mere the meek theopathic thrall!"

"Oh lawks, empower me this even!
Behold, I apostrophize to you
Avaunt, the varletry of Devil!
Erebus in this wield I've viewed"

Francis, with name of God in mouth, aspersed the air,
which broke and ostended the bloodcurdling sight --
armoured "demons" were squirming and yowling; King
Germanareh's standing hardily afore, wincing at fury.

"Well, you quasi have my army
But now my great suzerain citeth me
Don't think that your god is mightier him"

"SIX LUCEAT LUX!"

In the same flash of time all is perished...

"My faith won despite that my word was despisable,
Oh God, why, his thersitical orations were so damnable
That I couldn't listen them, my heart was covered by
awe
The evil was permeating into my forworn reason more
Dei gratia I have prevailed this horrendous fiend!"

[Awakening of Newborn Light]

Francis took his belongings, left the loaf's crumbs for squirrels, sained himself and went out.

Next morrow he saw an auroral dawn
And his martyred soul began to moan
(That many slain people wouldn't see it)
Yes, blackened evil took their souls
But I believe that Love is law in our world
(And beauty of this planet shall not wilt)

He knocked in the soil
At the marge of the wood
The blest timbered cross
Which put out the roots...

And we'll return into the rood!

After several years the marvelous oak grown there, it's vast branches shielded the grassy path to the fragrant pine forest. Every man may rest in the shade of this magnificent tree. If you stare intently to the bottom of the trunk, you may decipher a small cross, etched in the bark by one's ungraspable design, and nothing can abolish it, nor the time, men or natural elements.

Already three hundred years peace and tranquility are reigning there. No animated being is frightened of ancient nighted horror, but the legend lives on the mouth of local inhabitants.

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