

Arcane Grail "Summon The Fiend"

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[Verses by W. Shakespeare "The Tragedy Of Macbeth";
music by Eugen]

Three warlocks and nine witches have gathered for the
summoning of Devil in the tenebrious
Glade within Nebelforst on Sabbath. Bodeful
thunderous Night. The warlocks boil the loathsome
Ointment in the silvern cauldron, tapestried with pelt
and glyph-scored with druids' hierograms.
They troll incantations and stir the potion at the same
time.
The rite of Invocation begins!

[First warlock:] Thrice the branded cat hath mew'd.
[Second warlock:] Thrice, and once the hedge-pig
whin'd.
[Third warlock:] Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.

[First warlock (whose patrimonial name -- noble
Morphiy):]
Round 'bout the cauldron go
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under frosty stone,
Days and nights, has thirty one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first I' th' charmed pot... with rot!

[Chant of witches:]
Double, double, toil and trouble
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

[Chant of witches:]
Double, double, toil and trouble

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

[Second warlock (bemoaned after death without name):]

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witch's mummy, maw, and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark
Root of hemlock, digg'd l' th' dark
Liver of blaspheming jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick, and slab.
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For th' ingredients of our cauldron.

[Third warlock (initiate in air host of Merezin):]

Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

First warlock: By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes
Open locks, whoever knocks.

In lieu of any fiend from netherworld Sabbat evoked by incantations and hellbroth-irrigation the mighty spirit of the dead gothic king Germanareh. Weening that it's someone of arch-fiends, the witches were improvising the ritual dance around the dazed ghost. The supreme warlock frowned ordines into doing the kiss of shame. The King's spirit set to improve by the puissant spellcraft of that coven. When his besotted tendance had finished this darksome solemnization of demonolatry Germanareh bid them to summon acolytes for him -- "the spirits of those mounts" as he titled them. He cerebrated that while the warlocks were summoning the pucks as they bethought they would revive the departed gothic warriors, which inearthed upon that tumulus too. They'll resurge and minister their almighty sovereign anew.

[Phoenixed Spirit of Germanareh:]

O well done, I commend your pains,
And every one shall in the gains
And now about the cauldron sing
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in

I am King!

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