

Arthemesia

"Ancestor Of Magic"

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[chorus:]

"Summoned by the Ancestor of Magick
in the Atmosphere of Misanthropy.
The Cult of the Flaming Wind,
the Myth of the Mystic Mind."
When the Wind Blows in the Dark,
Listen to it's Feast on the Crying Land.
When the Wind is Cold and Freezes from the North,
Behold It's Call to come Forth.
Behold It's Call to come Forth!!!
Eternal Shape of Khaos,
It's Element in Caressing Universe.
Thousand Coloured "Wings",
the Shadows on the Roof of an (En)Trance.
Hidden in Obscurity and Past
are the Hands of the Creator Lost,
but in the Darkness, there is
the Knowledge of that Origin.
Never see the Rising Sun,
'cause it Reveals the Truth.

[chorus:]

The Evil Whip in It's Tongue
and the Smiling Red Eyes of HORROR.
Dying, all Them and Others too, then DEAD,
Summoned by the Ancestor of Magick!

[chorus:]

DYING!!!

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