

Beelzeb

"Black Bottomless Lakelet"

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I have seen a sunset reflected
On the lakelet's jet mirror
I have felt the nightbreath storming strong
The moon dressed in a mantle of fog watching over
The secret untouched into the black waters' silence

Land of somber inheritance
Land of spectral warriors as they proudly lived
Robed with ensigns of war and death
Dwellers of the coldness engaging in battle

I have walked among the vast summits crowned in mist
I have heard sentinel wolves howling
At the snow-covered crests
Spots of white moors bring ancestral remembrances
- Visions erst that I do dream beneath the old trees -

Land of somber inheritance
Land of spectral warriors as they proudly lived
Robed with ensigns of war and death
Dwellers of the coldness engaging in battle

Time draws near
To extend our hands over the sacred stones
And summon the ancient spirits

I step down desolated ravines
Through the valleys swallowed by darkness

Underneath the violet lights of a new form dawn
Lakelet lies asleep until the midnight baptisms

Black lakelet: -
A gate to the death's realm profound
A duct right towards hell

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