

## Bishop Of Hexen "Wading Through Sensuous Journeys"

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Deep, in the midst of a frozen forest  
Winds enhance the nights exquisite colour  
On a wooden throne of thousands of carved  
nightmares  
Sits an obscure grim figure, yet with a salient paleness  
"Was your task fruitful", a dry voice inquires,  
"Have you created what was agreed upon"?  
"Yes we have, oh dark master, to the unholy  
Heritage he is, now, drawn".  
"Leave me at once-begone-fetch him,  
For a new era shall be born"  
Come walk towards our alluring trinity-  
Free your bewildered senses & memories  
Entangle with our bodies, grasp our quivering breasts-  
Taste & indulge on our salty, wet flesh.  
Our liquid of desire turns your dry lips moist-  
Melt in our seduction, forget your painful loss  
Merge with our beings, as you're wrapped in treachery  
Our beguiling quilt of wrath wiles your fragile will to live  
Take a step into our hellish blaze-  
Let this bewitching serum-poison your veins  
Now, follow our malice to your new destination  
Purge yourself to this renewal of creation  
"This weather of tantalized intentions-  
Will fertile our malicious plots & schemes  
Hark, witches of emotional-decay,

Harbor our chosen one-in my domain"  
Dead frozen boughs-break in pain  
As these four strange-images walk through the forest  
plains  
Through the trees, and through the sinuous paths  
Strolls this company-the odour of evil left behind  
Sensuality pours like a fresh mountain-spring  
Evil's voluptuousness fills the forest's hollow seeds  
Observe the powerful magic which thrives between the  
leaves  
Kneel and may you turn to be the new symbol of our  
breed  
"You are the chosen one from all mankind-  
To be my messenger, to be my right-hand  
You shall be my mouth to speak-

Which I haven't dared for thousands of years"  
I am but a poor lonely shade  
Raped, deprived, stripped of everything I've-ever  
made  
Anointed to bring upon man, plant or breast-  
This new tide to be released  
This is my destiny  
We'll ride the twilight-shores of mysteries  
An aura weaved from the ethics of our mythology  
Weary, foamy, waves crash in harmony  
Silent signs before the grand-storming  
These ancient spheres-me, they will cleanse  
For the final test  
To overcome the final obstacle-  
To bring this world to rest...

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