

## **Black Dawn**

# **"Within Ye Woods, Before Ye Throne"**

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In dead city: he waits thy chanting call  
Whych riseth from ye cave and from ye temple ball  
Remember, ye who call upon his name  
Ye ancient ones whych watch thy mortal game

For he is kyng, and doth forever wait  
Awakenyng: ye dawn which calleth hate

Calles up thy legions: and doth rouse to late  
Ye others from their watche by hydden gate  
So come, ye priests and acolytes of might  
Make readie for ye festival, ye rye

Call up ye blackened legions off ye pit  
To dance before ye throne wher he doth sit  
Calling, calling ye prince of darknesse black  
Awakenyng, awakenyng ye dawn which calleth hate  
Dreaming, dreaming off hys evil spawn  
Calling, calling within ye woods

So shout ye chant, and make ye caverns rynge  
Hear thy unhallowed multitudes now sing

Thy priests, master off a thousand names  
Thy glories, kyng of all begotten paynes  
Thy honnour great, ye prince of darknesse black  
Thy holle region, chief off ye haowlyng packe

Thy lyfe, a lord off hys evil spawn  
Thy might from olde chaosgod now gone  
Thy lesser ones, which dwell within ye star  
Thy brother, hastur, who doth watch a far

Thy realm, wherein we know eternal lyfe  
Thy tomb, wher endeth our eternal strife

Call up ye blackened legions off ye pit  
To dance before ye throne wher he doth sit  
Calling, calling ye prince of darknesse black  
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Dreaming, dreaming off hys evil spawn  
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