

Bal Sagoth

"At The Altar Of The Dreaming Gods"

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Dark baleful shades astride the mystic heath,
Old land's enchantments, wolf-eyes agleam,
The moon slips 'neath the darkening sea,
The trees sing entralling chants as the old gods
dream...
As a black moon broods over Lemuria,
Ebon witchfire enshrouds the gleaming citadels,
Sinistrous shadows rise from the vaults of the
dreaming elder gods,
Ophidian eyes glimmer through the icy whispering
moon-mist...
Shimmers of black in the massing dark,
Moon-frost glistens upon my tongue,
The wraiths have gathered beneath the oak,
My soul encased in antediluvian steel,
The shades of pallid night descend,
To the ride the slime-flecked jewelled halls,
Enshrined in ice and witches' spells,
And silence falls on the marble walls.
By the eldritch glow of black moonfire,
The forst-shrouded trees whisper of silent paths,
Brooding shades rise forth from the night-dark sea,
A black tide of fiends erupts from the ebon gate.
Shimmers of black in the massing dark,
Moon-frost glistens upon my tongue,
The wraiths have gathered beneath the oak,
My soul encased in antediluvian steel,
The shades of pallid night descend,
To ride the slime-flecked jewelled halls,
Enshrined in ice and witches' spells,
And silence falls on the marble walls.
Winter moonlight gleams through crooked boughs,
The icy caress of night entwines the eon-veiled
Obsidian Tower,
The whisperings of ancient tongues are borne upon the
winds,
Dark time-lost spells hold the key to the frost veiled
Gate of the Black Moon...
And in the dark ethereal mists of winter dreams,
The ebon waters of enlightenment gleam 'neath the black
moon,
And the Valley of the Silent Paths beckons...

Slumbering upon the throne of moon-caressed ice,
I have supped d

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