

Bal-Sagoth

"Spellcraft & Moonfire (Beyond The Citadel...)"

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Black stone summoning the eternal power of the winter moon...
Fen-witch revel in ancient spellcraft,
Beneath a horned and waning moon
Enchantress, heather-bride a' dreaming,
The beckoning gloom enthralls me,
The Lord of Wolves haunts the forest,
In brooding winter's icy rapture,
Hoarfrost glimmers 'neath the moon,
Sorcery opens fiend-haunted pathways before me.
Black Stone summoning the eternal power of the winter moon...
Enthralled by the evil lotus-dreams,
Witches' eyes agleam with candle-flame,
Nine Elven stones beneath the waves,
Whispered spells in serpent-tongues,
Gleaming sword in ice enshrined,
Chaos-Throne witch-fire entwined,
Marsh grasses swaying 'neath the moon,
Dark spellcraft summons the Black Gate before me...
Icy waters whispering,
Tower of Silence hides the shadow-key,
Ember-trees haunt my fevered dreams,
Moon-Bride, sing thine dark enchantment.
The moonless abysses of mid-earth,
Black basaltic halls of night,
Ghoul-plagued darkness, vale of fiends,
Amorphous leige bloats and breeds.
Elder shadows writhing before the silvern gate of eternal winter,
Dark shapes entwine the mist-veiled cromlech,
Dyning torchlight gleams on silent black waters,
Fen-wolves sing to the gibbous moon...
Arise from dreams, shape-shifting fiends,
Dance madly 'neath the moon,
To the pipes of bone, anoint the (witches') stone,
Beneath the ancient tomb.
(lyrics: Byron, Music: Jonny & Chris)

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