Bal-sagoth

"Spellcraft & Moonfire (beyond The Citadel Of Frost"

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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-plaqued 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, Dynig 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) Bal Sagoth Spellcraft & Moonfire (beyond The Citadel Of Frosts)

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