

## Bal-sagoth

# "Summoning The Guardians Of The Astral Gate"

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It is written in the ancient legends...  
that high amidst the moon-swathed peaks of the great  
Mountain of Shadows,  
hides the aeon-weary threshold of the Astral Gate... the  
portal from our world, to beyond...  
It is said that one who holds the key and knows the  
empyrean incantation  
may stand within the ancient ring of stones atop the  
mountain when the stars are correctly aligned,  
and unlock the mystic gate, summoning its sidereal  
sentinels,  
thereby attaining ultimate enlightenment and wisdom  
unparalleled...

### Part 1: THE INVOKING

(The Aspirant Reaches The Summit)

Keepers of the cosmic threshold, my ascent has been  
fraught with terror,  
deathsteeped, storm-hammered.  
(These grim mountains are strewn with the bones of  
the ill-fortuned dead.)  
O' Guardians of the Astral Gate, the spheres blaze at  
last in trine... I hold the Key!  
(The trinity of stars shall touch the circle of stones once  
more...)  
The incantation of Xuk'ul is known to me, the Orb of  
Summoning earned with bloodshed!  
(The crystalline key to the Outer Realms and the arcane  
rite to empower it are at last mine,  
Seized at swordpoint from the citadel of the Black  
Templars. Enlightenment awaits!)

Many years ago,  
the mystic Orb of Summoning was seized by the  
mysterious Black Templars,  
a band of sombre, plunder seeking knights from the  
kingdoms to the east of the Great Sea.  
They wrested the sorcerous gem from the ancient  
shrine of Azaimedes,  
where it had lain hidden for countless centuries,

its true power and purpose known only to the dour  
shamans who tended to the elder place of worship.  
It is said that the tapestry of slaughter woven that day  
was unparalleled in its ferocity,  
and that the

Ka-kur-ra, I summon thee,  
Zul'tekh Azor Vol-thoth.  
Mighty Xuk'ul arise,  
Kur'oc Gul-Kor, come forth.

I hold aloft the pulsing orb, astral spheres, empower  
the mystic key.  
Ring of elder stones entwined in prophecy, the Rite of  
Invocation enthralls thine power.  
Replete from drinking deep of darkness, black shapes  
dancing 'twixt the stones,  
Lucent beams lancing forth from the gleaming,  
cepheid stars, a creeping mist ensorcells my tongue...

A great stillness binds the moon-cloaked mountaintop  
in glooming shackles...  
(High above, the myriad stars gleam bright against the  
night sky,  
three more resplendently bedazzling than the others,  
their sidereal auras engulfing the stones...)

And the central stone of the ancient ebon ring begins  
to pulsate with a darksome energy...  
A thunderous maelstrom ablaze with writhing  
celestially spawned power then rends the stygian  
night...  
(A vast shimmering aperture, a vortex of heliacal fire...  
the pathway to beyond beckons!)  
The Astral Gate is open...  
The Guardians have awakened...

XUK'UL:  
Impudent mortal! You dare summon us? If 'tis  
elucidation you seek, you shall have it!

Such searingly terrible stellar majesty... my sanity is  
lashed like a vessel on a storm-wracked sea.  
What price this invocation? Shall the singing stars claim  
my very mind?

To countless worlds we travel, riding the endless black  
seas 'twixt the stars...  
the ebon oceans of infinity... flying through a thousand  
suns,  
then watching their light fade, as if it were but a

flickering candleflame snuffed by the wind.  
As beings of pure energy we become one with the  
vastness, transcending the ethereal walls of time,  
spanning at once this celestial eternity,  
and yet existing as no more than a mote of dust within  
the vista of its endlessness...  
Journeying beyond...

The threshold looms, (the star-way between  
dimensions stretches before me...)  
The Gate To That Which Lies Beyond yawns wide...  
Unspeakable forces gibber and pulsate in the Outer  
Darkness...  
Elder horrors dwell here,  
things which were ancient and revelled in sublime  
galactic malevolence  
when even Xuk'ul was naught but a bloated cosmic  
maggot,  
writhing and suckling at the breast of its amorphous  
mother...  
They-Who-Lurk-And-Breed-In-Limbo... the squamous  
sovereigns of the elder void!

Primal terror drags my essence screaming back from  
the threshold.  
The ichor of pestilent tongues clings to me, tendrils  
probing, the ire of fiends!

The ravening black worms of madness are devouring  
the shredded remnants of sanity  
as I return to my slumbering steel-clad body... but as  
the dream-veil lifts,  
I feel my limbs transform, flesh becoming cold stone...  
enshrouded by a dark mantle of obsidian.  
And the laughter of the Guardians echoes, carries  
upon the winds of this spectral eve.  
Such is the price of enlightenment.  
And so, a new brooding sentinel of stone joins the  
others on the nighted mountain top...  
Standing silently in the ancient circle of truth,  
standing... waiting,  
Beneath the stars.

Lyrics: Byron  
Music: Jonny Maudling

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