

Bathory

"Spellcraft & Moonfire"

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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 enralls 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.

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