

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 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,
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.

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