

Cirith Gorgor

"A Twilight Serenade"

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[Lyrics: Astaroth Daemonum]

Through utter darkness we roam

And we breathe the air of this autumn evening.
So bright, the cold breeze fills our hearts with ice
And we hear the trees whisper and the spirits sing.
The perfume to smell is full of enchantment
A warm secret surrounded by cold.
And these woods are our own eternity
Under a starry sky in a dream so old.

Then, nightfall, enthralled by bloodthirst
An eternal enigma, yet a hymn to those
Who passionately roam, cloaked by the night sky.
Come on Bacchantes, let us hunt in sigh.
"Follow the Night-Hag, when call'd in secret
Riding through the Air she comes
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland Witches, while the labouring Moon
Eclipses at their charmes."

Our crimson quickening, whispering through their veins
Like the funeral winds whisper through the leaves.
We will hunt them for eternity, our jewels come forth of
their fear
And we drink their spirits like wine, celebrating their
misery.
...Every night we die in a passionate melancholy...

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