

## Bis

### "The Surreal Touch Between Steel & Flesh"

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Gowns of fiendish beauty-decaying, curved sharp nails  
Prince of evil's hags-hovering on thin air  
Circle the ancient-caulderon of summoning  
Mumbling the infinite dark hex  
"Goat-headed father, raven on left, wolf at your right  
Asmodeus & Zabulon"-  
Into our lungs we will inhale this night  
The battle-cry of men-  
The screams in the living woods  
It echoes in the valley-  
Yet the darkness remains mute  
The surreal touch between steel & flesh-  
Invoked, between them, a tragedy of odour & liquids  
A harmony conceived by drops of tears & blood  
The outcome of the spell  
It weaves a cloak of darkness  
Which will harvest the new leader  
The sweet whispers of betrayal  
The night is drenched in mist and in the smell of  
battlefield  
The ice cracks open from the dazzling smell of agony  
His tragedy-the fire will burn forever in his veins  
The wounds of flesh & soul will leave the-melancholic  
stains  
Crippled, yet alive-stay you to be the teacher of the arts  
"We condemn you to eternal enmity"!  
With heavy armour and two-handed swords  
The summoned fury of spelled-blinded hordes  
As if it is in slow motion-sky as earth  
Trembling under the hooves  
The outcome of the spell  
It weaves a cloak of darkness  
Which will harvest the new leader  
The sweet whispers of betrayal

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