

Evoken

"The Tale Of The Witchlord"

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Moon... is black tonight
Silence... is mantling every sound
Shadows... coming down the hills
Fires... are burning in the clearing

Witches... are dancing... ghosts around the pot
Crying... praying... summoning the Witchlord

"Witchlord, come to us, thine servants 'till the end.
Possessed by Evil, we're trembling for thy strength".

Windblows... shaking the treetops
Lightning... flashing through the (clear) sky
Thunder... frightening men asleep
Black shapes... coming out the pot

Witches... are bowing... boneless before the dark
smoke
Weeping... shaking... summoning the Witchlord

"Witchlord, come to us, thine servants 'till the end.
Possessed by Evil, we're trembling for thy strength"

A blaze of darkness from the Reign of Black strikes the
pot in the middle
Of the glade; A gust of smoke rising from the circle
melts to poison as two
Horns appear; A voice of sickness from a goated helm
fills the air with a
Mortal stench.

"Kneel, my servants, I heard your sick pleas, the time
has come to fight
For your faith. EVOL, my Lord, send me to drive you,
the storm of death we
Will bring on earth. Thunder, Plague, Wind, Flood,
come to my request,
Father give me strength. Rise up your weapons and
follow my dark sword,
Children of darkness, bow to the Witchlord".

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