

## **Evol**

# **"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".

