

## Interpol

### "The Stone Athame"

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[music and lyrics: Costea]

By the last sickle of the moon  
I reap the soul of the night,  
By the letter of blood  
I mark the path of witchcraft.

Cut down the feelings of the flesh  
Release the hearts of the profane in sacrifice  
Release the hearts of wise in devotion  
Rend ye the veils of matter and form.  
Blade of stone, I conjure thee,  
Attract all the things as named by me.  
Earth and water, wind and fire,  
Listen my desire.  
Receive ye the harvest of the stars,  
Draw down the light of Sun and Moon,  
Receive the harvest of the void,  
Draw down the darkness and rise up the abyss of night.

Lords of the four watchtowers  
And all of you, Gods of the night,  
Guardians of the palace of power,  
Witness and guard my rite.

Athame of stone, hear me alone,  
You are now the key  
To open the gate of all the secrets  
That I would like to see.

By the seven earthly metals forged  
And the earthly Sabbath's circle bind  
By the dagger of exorcism  
Forged from the reddened bones of the ancient.

Bloody waters, magic knife,  
Show me the future, show me my life,  
Leave this world and take me far away,  
Save me from today!

