

Liar Of Golgotha

"The Blood Of The Past"

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He had wandered the earth for ages, secretly feeding
on blood of innocents and dying animals.
He hid in caves and forests, clinging locals in a grip of
fear.
He was the Nosferatu and mighty King of bats.
"Blood is life, eternal life" he howled and the night he
left his earthcovered hidingplace, his eyes glowing red
against the black sky.

As he helpless fly trapped in a web, a girl lay in a
forestbed of moss.
The splendid King looked in her eyes and saw her
blood already flowing.
With her eyes closed the girl surrendered to this
demonic man and let him feast upon her. His teeth, as
razors sharp and silverwhite, thrust down her neck into
the vein.
As he drained the blood the girl slipped into death and
inherited the curse.

As a creature of the night he slept during the day,
And made himself an easy target when found by
mortal enemies.
During the witchhunt that swept the lands a man of god
brought down his life.
But the essence had survived.

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