

Pagan Spirit "Nigromancy"

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Over the cold stone
The Phantoms are hovering
Till certain time!
The grief of their invisible decay is felt there

And the Moon is acquiring it's entirety

Clothed in black wrap holding the jug
Of a blood only for you
Habal Garmin is called to places where
Another were stopped by damned Science
Of ancient Lords of the Occult

The bell is vital composite of Electra Â– magica
And it is calling Them to return

This, what stayed after Them was sculpturing
Them during their Lifes
Through hallow voice the words of Future are
narrating
From the place of Echoes

Who will make the step from Circle's place
His flame of life will burn out!

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