

## Salacious Gods

# "The Prolongation Of The Search For The Citadel Of The Crown"

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Under the gaze of an owl  
I walk the streets of the ghastly stars  
to reach the pond of purest black  
The surface gleams  
like a pearl in the vast plane  
Wet sacred shrine emerged as my spirit is  
led astray in search for illuminated skies

On a conquest through nighttime  
meadows  
lingering spirits gather at the seven stones  
Dark is the night  
and so is the hatred in my soul  
The oracle pierces the pale shapes  
Concoct serpent and concubine souls  
see and select the one must grim

Bitter the unpenetrable darkness  
My gnarled body remained in the deep  
Still my spirit is trapped in catatonic state  
Listen while it speaks  
Lightning gives shape to the night  
Blood will flow through the night of  
black crystals

Es brennt ein feuer in mir  
Nie zuvor war das feuer so dunkel  
und kalt und es gehort zu mir  
Es wird brennen bis ich sterbe  
und erlosen in kalte  
Das feuer verbreited sich  
von geist zu geist  
und jede sehle wird verzehrt

Dark and cold moon behind the clouds  
Dance the spirit dance in battered shape  
I am alone among these hollow shadows  
Like we did before meet the seven stones  
I the selected one ignite the spirits dance

