

Salacious Gods

"The Prolongation Of The Search For The Citadel Of The Crowned Serpent"

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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

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