

Urgehal

"Image Of The Horned King"

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[Lyrics by Trondr, 1997]

Slumbering through the burning desert, total lack of
liquid
Oh gods of this place, please bring me thy vine
I could almost drink the blood of Jesus
I would dry his veins until he fell down in a pile of skin

I fell down out of exhaustion, my face met the ground
my mouth was filled with sand
And my skin was boiling from the sun
The vultures stared circling above me, I was almost
ready to give my body to the birds of doom
Lay myself to rot in the burning sand fields, I was
dying....

...but then, a mighty dark shape rised before me and
gave me shelter from the sun
It was a god - the god of them all, and indeed he had
brought a bottle of vine... the blood of himself
He spoke a distant language and granted me the bottle
I received it with my shivering pale hands... I drank the
vine, and as I steadily came to myself
The god slowly vanished with the dust, except that of
him which he had left in the bottle.

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