

Lazaa

"An Offering For Bestiality"

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When the full moon reigns supreme
Round as the eye of Moloch
Bestiality possesses the souls
Of those who are more than humans

In tongue we speak of darkness
Ancient rites of malevolence
A ritual of fire
To unleash the beast within!

Hail, hail, great wolf spirit, hail!
A boon I ask thee, mighty shade.
Within this circle I have made,
Make me a man-eater, strong and bold,
The terror alike young and old.
Grant me a figure tall and fearsome!

Spirits of the earthbound dead
That glide with noiseless tread

Water spirits hateful
To ships and bathers fateful

Bless me!
Grant me!
Give me!
Man's bane!

Spirits of heat and fire
Destructive in your ire
Spirits of freezing air
Foul and black, not fair

Grant me the shape and strength of nightmare
In turn, I swear, in death, I am yours!

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