

## Ahriman "Avarlangok"

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The cloudfire scorched the sky which burnt to ashen grey.

The blue reverence bowed before the darkness  
And as the blackness started to reign the endlessness,  
The home of the glowing embers has been born.

I landed on the ground with my grey wings.  
The mountains and swamps surrounded me.  
The whispers of the forests guided my steps,  
Into the dense forest,  
To the place forgotten long ago,  
To the pagan and untouched gate.

The witches walked their last dance.  
Their screams echod.  
I stood amongst them, into the circle,  
For only thus theyinvited me into the secret.  
The power of the key  
My soul'syet untouched pain,  
Called the old ruler.

I bowed and buried my hands into the fallen leaves.  
The bag's blood flowed onto the ground  
What my hands sucked into themselves.  
The gate opened.  
I have seen the branches of the trees,  
Possesed by the blackness of the crows.  
They have condemned my way.

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