

## Ahriman

# "When The Halo Is Born On The Black Sky"

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Black sky, dark and scares me.  
The son of the Moon now summons the four elements.  
Now even the fire is numbed with cold,  
When the Hell raises and I go into battle,  
As the ancient forestgods.

The ruler of the mountains,  
Seer of the light of the stars - SATAN!  
The flooder of the rivers,  
Inciter of the Armageddon - SATAN!

I light a candle at the alter,  
And pour my blood on the cross.  
At my cursed statue I revive my home.  
BERSTUK! LILITH! BELZEBUB!  
Open the soil, and let the reveemer child be born,  
The halo of the Moon,  
Where even the fire is numbed with cold.

LILITH:  
"Oh Nature, who hath created for un our ANECIENT  
EMPIRE.  
I am your daughter and blood. Take my life!"

MOLOCH:  
"Now I offer my children to you.  
Them, who are needed for the appetite of my flesh.  
They pacify my anger, my hate.  
Now, be this one with you!"

BELZEBUB:  
"I am unfathomable!  
I am evil, because so you created me!  
I am your son!  
Take me!"

The chalices fill up with blood.  
The horde prepares for it's last feast.  
Soon the war borns again.  
Flame of pentagram darts up to the firmament.  
The crows greet the reborn horde with deathsong.  
Suddenly a smoke-form flies over the pentagram.

Howling tears the falseness.  
Black angels snarl facelessly to the unholy night.  
The lord of winter, the prince of frost brings the Hell.  
Pan sings blasphemousodes,  
To which the anthem replies with thunderbolts and  
summons the spirit of storm.  
A scream and the creation annihilates from death into  
rebirth.

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