

Akerbeltz

"The Dead's Book Of Evil"

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The black book is open, it's
Pages of dried human flesh
Remain unwritten, virgin of
All goodness, the word of
Satan is whispered in the left
Ear of the necromancer...
Her left hand slides the
Human bone made pen
Through it's pages in a state
Of deep trance, the black ink
Mixed with infants blood and
Ashes takes it's own form as
The writings go on, an ancient
Rite finally performed, dead
But dreaming, the witch's state
When the writings reach the
End, time extinguished for her,
The witch is possessed, dead but
Dreaming! Spells and
Invocations to the demons of
Hell written beside the keys
Drawn in seven days, words of
Evil and the names of terror
Of the king of hell,
Incantations so strong that
Can turn the enchanter into
Stone... she will keep the seal
Of this secret by her own life,
By the six thousand terrors
Of hell, the book gets self
Conscience, it's spells to strongs
To be contained under this
Form, the covers must be
Closed under seven keys, the
Words written beside the
Symbols, the spells here
Exposed, the power unleashed
By this evil. Here is written the
Unholy book of evil!

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