

Blood Ceremony "Coven Tree"

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Io, Saturnalia! The gods will come tonight
We'll sit at their table, and sheir their infernal light
Oh Lord of Misrule, your song is never the same
And you never leave one, the same as when you came

Dark spirits will leave us now; the wind has filled with
sighs
The roots of our witchery reach down toward the
burning fires
We'll circle the hallowed tree and leave this world
behind
Ascension through sorcery toward pleasures rare-to-
find

I know, I know all too well
The wines of wizardry they're running through our
spells
I know, I know all too well
This world of death, this world of squares
We'll leave it all for hell

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