

Sabbat

"The Best Of Enemies"

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Oh instrument of God force -
Fed on ignorance and lies,
So blind and narrow-minded
That you cannot compromise.
Even the most foolish their
Should know what he is taking -
Lest he find himself within a
Cage of his own making.
The Ways of Wyrd are many and
Our path you must decide,
For the secrets that you seek
Are all around you-
Use your eyes.
The threads cannot be broken
That have brought you here to me -
And bind two foes together
Like the best of enemies.
You gaze upon me -
I can tell what you see,
A simple man -
With simple thoughts and simple needs.
Superstition -
Preying on a mind filled with fear,
Opposition-
To all your 'enlightened' ideas.
Yet I will show you more than
You can comprehend,
Beware delusion is a
Dangerous friend.
Ask loaded questions seeking
Knowledge of a faith that
You wish to pervert -
All our values,
With hidden meanings
You try concealing your
Underlying wish to convert -
'heathen' souls,
To a faith that will doubtless
Send our Gods to the grave -
Mistake you're making overlooking
The fact that we might not want
To be 'saved'.

THE SORCERERS CREED:

Fear is an old friend of mine,
We have met many times before.
(Drawn to these spirits like
Moths to a flame-
When there is no risk then
There can be no gain).
Death is a harsh fact of life
You cannot avoid or ignore.
The Life-force is as strong in
You as it is strong in me,
The difference is what you
Hold captive I set free.
You seek to subjugate allThose who won't comply,
I'll take your prejudice and
Pride and show you why -
The valu

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