

The Dark Lyrics by Bal-sagoth

"Thwarted By The Dark"

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THE CONTEMPLATIONS OF JOACHIM BLOKK:

As my sword drips black now with the unclean blood
of another slain fiend, it occurs to me that history will
most probably
record me a fanatic... as for more years than I care to
remember
I have dedicated my life to the caseless pursuit and
destruction
of the loathsome undead. Indeed, it was long ago that I
commenced
with the wreaking of my grim vengeance upon the
denizens
of the dark, and by the blade of my sorcerous katana,
Fiend's Bane,
I vow they shall all pay for taking my beloved from me!
Fanatic?
Mayhap! But by all the gods of vengeance, I'll leave a
fearsome
legacy 'ere I die... a legacy wrought in retributive
bloodshed and screaming terror!

Drowned in the icy lake of tragedy,
Forged in the fires of revenge,
Driven by the winds which compel a man to destiny,
Haunted by the whispers of the dead.

Blood is black in the moonlight
As it was when I pierced the heart of my betrothed,
Blood is black in the moonlight,
Her undead gaze gleaming ire upon me.
Blood is black in the moonlight
I held aloft her head to my grim gods,
Blood is black in the moonlight
(Now I am eternally bonded to my blade)
And ever I am thwarted by the dark!

Gods of wrath, hear my vow... sate me with revenge
this night!
Come to me, darksome fiends, taste the edge of
ensorcelled steel!

Night has fallen, the hunt begins...
Vengeful carnage 'neath the moon!

And as I put brand to her pyre,
I swore then to my gods that those vile creatures
who tore the life and hope from my beloved's breast
and replaced it with that unspeakable sanguineous
ravening
would repay a hundredfold in slaughter and bloodshed
for their misdeed...
I would hunt them to their worm-ridden tombs,
wherever they crept or slithered upon the earth,
and wreak my honed steel revenge ceaselessly unto
my own grave.
Such was my vow!

Aye, this bride of Masayuki steel, ensorcelled by
wizards at its forging...
to me she is as pure as the newly fallen snow, kissed
by the breeze at dusk...
and yet she has supped deep of the ichors of many
men and fiends alike.

Shadow spawned demons ravening for my blood,
Yet the thirst of my blade is greater!
Aye, all they shall feast upon this night will be cold
steel!
I hear the slither of scales on silk,
Fiend's Bane replete with undead slaughter!

I am the scourge of the devils who dwell in darkness...
(but the darkness writhing in my own soul is so much
deeper...)
Their flesh burns at the touch of my blade of searing
vengeance,
And I cast their malign spirits screaming into limbo!

Darkfall, and the autumn moon glimmers on my steel...
Now it is time to hunt and slay once more,
For the night has come!

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