

Ancient Rites

"At The Stone Of Ancient Wisdom"

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I call onto thee, Father of Sin
Eyes glowing with the flames of Hell
Sulphur-fire burning within
I call onto thee, enslaver of light
I'm your servant, your tool and son
Accept my gift in this Cursed night

Father, I give you my blood
At the Stone of Ancient Wisdom
I give you my blood

I call onto thee, bringer of storms
Whom will consume the earth
Yet your Flame keeps me warm
I call onto thee, King of all Kings
Oh, Great Dragon, bring me Hell
Embrace me with your wings

:and blood kept on falling from the blackened sky,
Mixed with feathers and tears from all those who died
A kingdom once filled with joy and warmth,
Now forever buried beneath the shadow of our Horn-
Crowned Master:

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