

Vampiria

"Pagan Celebration (Celtic Evocation)"

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Amongs the trees i watch, as the begins of the forest
gather, before the
Flames of a bonfire. Old and demented elves, whip
branches of fire against
The black earth.
The flames feed on souls, while a demon shakes o pot,
the witches gather in
A circle and, dead flowers adorn the center. Amidst
obscurity. I see taking
Place, the pagan celebration, of the creatures of the
black forest.
Beneath this sky, the contles stars, the wolves sing
their saddest song the
Elves madden, and the witches sleep, now the moon
shines in all it's
Intensity.
The druids begin to look for mistletoe, the plant that
granrs them eternal
Life, and when the spirits rise, everything shine!
Beneath this sky of
Countless stars i watch.

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