

Bal-Sagoth, A Black Moon Broods Over Leumria

Dark baleful shades astride the mystic heath,
Old land's enchantments, wolf-eyes agleam,
The moon slips 'neath the darkling sea,
The trees sing enthralling chants as the old gods dream...

As a black moon broods over Lemuria, ebon witchfire enshrouds the gleaming citadels,
Sinistrous shadows rise from the vaults of the dreaming elder gods,
Ophidian eyes glimmer through the icy whispering moon-mist...

Shimmers of black in the massing dark, moon-frost glistens upon my tongue,
The wraiths have gathered beneath the oak, my soul encased in antediluvian steel,
The shades of pallid night descend, to the ride the slime-flecked jewelled halls,
Enshrined in ice and witches' spells, and silence falls on the marble walls.

By the eldritch glow of black moonfire, the first-shrouded trees whisper of silent paths,
Brooding shades rise forth from the night-dark sea, a black tide of fiends erupts from the ebon gate

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Winter moonlight gleams through crooked boughs,
The icy caress of night entwines the eon-veiled Obsidian Tower,
The whisperings of ancient tongues are borne upon the winds,
Dark time-lost spells hold the key to the frost veiled Gate of the Black Moon...

And in the dark ethereal mists of winter dreams,
The ebon waters of enlightenment gleam 'neath the black moon,
And the Valley of the Silent Paths beckons...

Slumbering upon the throne of moon-caressed ice,
I have supped deep the draught of white vapours,
Shimmering upon the gleaming garlanded marble,
A single strand of glimmering gossamer...
Beneath the vaults of shadow-haunted tombs,
I see the fire that burns like the black heart of night.
In brooding and sombre visions I hear cries,
Enthralling cries 'neath this frost moon rising
I hear the slithering of forces that seethe serpentine in black gulfs,
In the dark and silent places...
The whisperer in crystal speaks in dreams,
Of silken shadows, and the softest breath of dark enchantment.
Of ancient cyclopean temples, raising jewelled spires to the stars.
There is witchcraft in the moon,
And brooding silence reigns over the woods.
My storm-forged sword (stained with the blood of a thousand slain foes),
Ensorcelled by eon-veiled incantations.
Dark wizards' spells entwine me in ravening shackles,
And black roses draw my blood with thorns as sharp as serpent's tooth...
I fall into the rapturous embrace of sloe-eyed witches,
The moon gleaming upon their ivory bosoms,
And descend into the still, icy waters of the lakes.
Beyond the veil of the North-Winds, I await the emissaries of the tyrant,
The wind whispering across the everlasting snows...
My slumber is as light as a wolf's.

Serpents coil entempled ramparts
Of the sunken jewelled cities,
Wolves of winter's moon are roaming
The temples of the heather gods.
Great worm whose tail rests in its mouth,
The circle-without-end burns bright,
Brood o'er the far night's distant vale,

And shifting heather hill's wandering light.

Like snow that falls on the sea,
Like smoke that rides upon the breeze,
Like hoarfrost that melts before the sun,
Now silence broods over Lemuria...

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The wraiths have gathered beneath the oak, my soul encased in antediluvian steel,
The shades of pallid night descend, to ride the slime-flecked jewelled halls,
Enshrined in ice and witches' spells, and silence falls on the marble walls.

"R'acan Ahalgana chamiabac ahalmes ahatocob tocapa chiamiaholom ahchami."

As a black moon broods over Lemuria.