

Bal-Sagoth, Enthroned In The Temple Of The Serpent Kings

Ancient cromlech carved of ice,
Etched against a glimmering sky,
Beneath the pale moonlight, the witch enthralling,
(like the sublime) scent of black lotus,
Ahiling a black sun with ebon rays,
Hailing a black moon as onyx agleam,
The dark horn sounds 'cross the nighted vale,
Shadows call in this bleak winter's dream.

I seize the throne round Dagon's stone,
Dark hordes arise 'neath winter skies,
Forged 'neath the moon, by Skulthur's tomb,
Blood-oath sealed, by frost-veiled steel.

White flames dancing on the snow,
The witch-fire gleams through Northern skies,
The frost of heather upon her tongue,
Whispering dreams of Atlantean spires,
Ruby lipped, midnight tressed, eyes as black as raven's wing,
Flesh so pale as dawn-frost gleaming,
Kisses sweet like moon-dew's tears.
Deep within the glacial ice-veiled temple,
Ancient enchantments
Summon the shades of the dreaming Serpent Kings...
And the Ophidian Throne once again draws
Power from the moon-shrouded crystal...
Mystic steel is anointed by the crimson wine of battle,
And blood reddens the gleaming snow.

Storm-borne bride of winter's fire,
Serpent-witch of the whispering fens,
Veils of scarlet and sable,
Blood spilled in the vault of night,
Frost-garlanded, the mind-binding glimmer
Of tear-filled ophidian eyes,
The gleam of winter moonlight upon black waters,
Nighted spells of the enchantress.

Scourge of Angsaar, wielder of the Black Sword,
Immortal Lord of Darkmere, Serpent-Witch ensorcle me.

Black Sun... Black Moon!

[Lyrics: Byron, Music: Chris & Jonny]