

Bal-Sagoth, Spellcraft & Moonfire (Beyond The C

Black stone summoning the eternal power of the winter moon...

Fen-witch revel in ancient spellcraft, beneath a horned and waning moon,
Enchantress, heather-bride a' dreaming, the beckoning gloom enthralles me,
The Lord of Wolves haunts the forest, in brooding winter's icy rapture,
Hoarfrost glimmers 'neath the moon, sorcery opens fiend-haunted pathways before me.

Black Stone summoning the eternal power of the winter moon...

Enthralled by the evil lotus-dreams, witches' eyes agleam with candle-flame,
Nine Elven stones beneath the waves, whispered spells in serpent-tongues,
Gleaming sword in ice enshrined, Chaos-Throne witch-fire entwined,
Marsh grasses swaying 'neath the moon, dark spellcraft summons the Black Gate before me...

Icy waters whispering, Tower of Silence hides the shadow-key,
Ember-trees haunt my fevered dreams, Moon-Bride, sing thine dark enchantment.

The moonless abysses of mid-earth, black basaltic halls of night,
Ghoul-plagued darkness, vale of fiends, amorphous leige bloats and breeds.

Elder shadows writhing before the silvern gate of eternal winter,
Dark shapes entwine the mist-veiled cromlech,
Dynig torchlight gleams on silent black waters,
Fen-wolves sing to the gibbous moon...

Arise from dreams, shape-shifting fiends,
Dance madly 'neath the moon,
To the pipes of bone, anoint the (witches') stone,
Beneath the ancient tomb.