

Bal-Sagoth, Thwarted By The Dark (Blade Of The

"The contemplations of Joachim Blokk:"

As my sword drips black now with the unclean blood of another slain fiend, it occurs to me that history will most probably record me a fanatic... as for more years than I care to remember I have dedicated my life to the caseless pursuit and destruction of the loathsome undead. Indeed, it was long ago that I commenced with the wreaking of my grim vengeance upon the denizens of the dark, and by the blade of my sorcerous katana, Fiend's Bane, I vow they shall all pay for taking my beloved from me! Fanatic? Mayhap. But by all the gods of vengeance, I'll leave a fearsome legacy 'ere I die... a legacy wrought in retributive bloodshed and screaming terror!

Drowned in the icy lake of tragedy,
Forged in the fires of revenge,
Driven by the winds which compel a man to destiny,
Haunted by the whispers of the dead.

Blood is black in the moonlight
As it was when I pierced the heart of my betrothed,
Blood is black in the moonlight,
Her undead gaze gleaming ire upon me.
Blood is black in the moonlight
I held aloft her head to my grim gods,
Blood is black in the moonlight
(Now I am eternally bonded to my blade)
And ever I am thwarted by the dark!

Gods of wrath, hear my vow... sate me with revenge this night!
Come to me, darksome fiends, taste the edge of ensorcelled steel!
Night has fallen, the hunt begins...
Vengeful carnage 'neath the moon!

And as I put brand to her pyre, I swore then to my gods that those vile creatures who tore the life and hope from my beloved's breast and replaced it with that unspeakable sanguineous ravaging would repay a hundredfold in slaughter and bloodshed for their misdeed... I would hunt them to their worm-ridden tombs, wherever they crept or slithered upon the earth, and wreak my honed steel revenge ceaselessly unto my own grave. Such was my vow!

Aye, this bride of Masayuki steel, ensorcelled by wizards at its forging... to me she is as pure as the newly fallen snow, kissed by the breeze at dusk... and yet she has supped deep of the ichors of many men and fiends alike.

Shadow spawned demons ravaging for my blood,
Yet the thirst of my blade is greater!
Aye, all they shall feast upon this night will be cold steel!
I hear the slither of scales on silk,
Fiend's Bane replete with undead slaughter!

I am the scourge of the devils who dwell in darkness...
(but the darkness writhing in my own soul is so much deeper...)
Their flesh burns at the touch of my blade of searing vengeance,
And I cast their malign spirits screaming into limbo!

Darkfall, and the autumn moon glimmers on my steel...
Now it is time to hunt and slay once more,
For the night has come!