

Blackthorn, Witch Cult Ternion

Sisters,
The fateful
Moment is
Truly imminent
We'll open gates of timeless fear
Forked tongues of our fires grow
And lick a sky undone –
Preluding the evenfall when we'll drag down and lacerate
the great abhorrer... Sun

See the smoke draw specters
And warm streams of blood mesmerize demons
Three moons fasten on you their all-seeing eye
You are irrevocably ours to live or to die

We have
witnessed
an exile of
Chaos from earth
And we'll see its triumphal return

Scattering corpse powder over these
waters we unleash the tempest
Tear dimensions, find them,
bring their hearts to the Mother Snake's altar

In this great hour of the night
I summon thee
Darkest overwhelming force
Come obey our will
With the wind I send a spell
Profaning these shores
Oh, rise from your slumber
Give heed to our word!

And shaking ground beneath their feet
Has frozen and hold its breath
Together with the immolated whose
ever whispering lips will never be sealed with a kiss of death
Soon a burning offering will be the only touch of light
And everything else swallowed by the night

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