

Gloomy Grim, Mistress of the Stormblast

I was dreaming when I saw her entering from mist,
or so I thought
She was pure, like Wolf at night
Cold as fire, innocent like sword

And she said to me: Seal not the words
of the prophecy of this vision
for your fate is at hand
Blessed are they who wash their robes in Blood

When I had seen her, I fell at her feet as dead
and she laid her hand upon me, saying:
Fear not I am the First and the Last.
I was dead,
but I am alive
and behold I am living for ever and ever
and have the keys of Death and of Hell

She showed me The Truth

And behold a white horse, he that sat on him had a bow,
there was a crown given to him, and he went forth
conquering what he might conquer

And there went out another horse that was red
And to him that sat there,
it was given that he should take peace from the earth,
that they should kill each other

And a great sword
was given to him
To punish them
for their blasphemy
against The Horned One
The Great Beast Of Revelation

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