

Necromantia, Black Mirror

The mirror is the psychic gate
To reach and touch the Dragon
The serpent of the inner plain
The highest of all adepts

A thousand eyes gazing upon
The candlelight of my soul
Undead's thirteen waxing moons
That shed their light on Death's own skull

Through my black mirror I change the self
Through my black mirror I change the world

The black halo reappears
As the fearsome hellfire trident
Both weapon and sacred symbol
Of my bloodline manifests

Tonguing out my hungry soul
With violent telepathy
Connecting all my spiritforms
With the fiery Barracks of Abyss

I work my magic through the dreams
I twist and bind their will
Like crafty mist I infiltrate
To shape and change their futures

The father of lies
Speaks the truth
I am the father of lies