

Vampiria, Pagan Celebrations (Celtic Evocation)

Amongst the trees I watch, as they begin of the forest gather, before the flames of a bonfire. Old and demented elves, whip branches of fire against the black earth.

The flames feed on souls, while a demon shakes a pot, the witches gather in a circle and, dead flowers adorn the center. Amidst obscurity, I see taking place, the pagan celebration, of the creatures of the black forest.

Beneath this sky, the countless stars, the wolves sing their saddest song the elves madden, and the witches sleep, now the moon shines in all its intensity.

The druids begin to look for mistletoe, the plant that grants them eternal life, and when the spirits rise, everything shines! Beneath this sky of countless stars I watch.