

Abigor, Demon's Vortex

Only one night is missing
But this one will bring the storm that put an end to everything
The sky is still starlit, but if our faith, our desire is forceful enough
The strings of silence - hushed
The strings of silence - smooth

Within a few hours all signs will read storm
Listen!

It is true that there exist individuals
Who are never looking prouder
Warliker then the rising of the storm
Many-voiced the singing rises

The air seems to condense
Filled with electric sparks
Starting to fly, to rotate, to spin
To oscillate in the centre of the magical circle
The voices sound higher

Coil-like circling and narrowing
The light rises faster and faster
(The sound is undecipherable)
The voices resemble blowing wind, howling wolves
The silence break hissing
The storm put on its strings
The strait looks like a witch's cauldron
Like a hotblooded foaming geyser

The elements are in uproar
Now all signs are stormy
Its insignia are shining dark ablaze
A shining ablaze from a violent encounter of sulphur and lead
Everything is out of breath
Everything is beside itself - storm world!

In the shadow of heavy wings
Sorceresses preserve
In their fluttering clothes resist the beating weather
That almost tear the garments of our bodies

Flashes in the eye
Endless high pulsating coil
Is rising from the cone
A magical and miraculous horn
Of a unicorn whose top gets lost in infinity

Sparks spray, thunders beat, lightnings are inflamed
That the air is filled with the claps of heavy wings
The apocalyptic wildness of the storm
Who's now reigning with a brachial power unleashed despot
The string of the storm!

The storm of hell that never halts there
It drives the ghosts and demons in its vortex
Everlasting, for the fatal and glorious return of our master...