

Bal-Sagoth, Journey To The Isle Of Mists (Over T

""The Log of the Northern Mariner:""

The great serpent-prow of my ship, Wave-Render, cleaves the nighted waters as we voyage across this dark, icy sea, towards the unknown... Above, the bright winter's moon emerges a veil of cloud to cast its lucent rays upon us, and a clinging, supine sea-mist writhes upon the midnight waves, swirled by the cool, whispering wind which catches our great sail, pushing us onwards, ever onwards... And beyond the tang of the darkling sea, the scent of night is as strong and heady as a summer blossom. I know not what awaits us at the elder Isle of Mists... that grim and mystery-haunted place which beckons me to its shadowed embrace, swathed in dark legendry and entwined in the mantle of ancient sorceries... and yet I must hearken to its ethereal call... for mayhap the gods decreed this to be my final voyage...

[Lyrics: Byron]

[Music: Jonny Maudling]