

Bal-Sagoth, Shadows

Hearken to the grisly murmur of nameless fiends, black jaws drooling blasphemy,
Beyond the witch-song, darkly sweet, the wyrm-horn sounds 'cross Dagon's mere,
Shadow-gate (portal to the Black Pyramid) yawns wide, beckoning...
Spells scrawled in blood and frosty rime,
Squamous god encoils the onyx shrine, (by the bleeding stone) I am enraptured by ophidian eyes.

Pungent odour of engorged flesh, vaults of eon-veiled horror,
Embraced by delerium, witches' balms anoint me.

Veils of frost entwine me in the haze of baleful moon-cursed dreams,
I hear the High Ones whispering ancient spells in long-dead tongues,
There is the gleam of blackened steel in the flickering torchlight,
And I embrace the balm of sublime forgetfulness...

By the blaze of the burning skulls, beneath the Well of the Black Flame,
In the vaults of the dreaming gods, shackled to the slime-smear'd bleeding stone.
Squamous orbs, black sword, drink deep, blood oath.

Supine shapes dancing in the mist, (serpent-tongued) priestess bares her pale flesh,
Shadows crawl to the sundered stones, the Eternal Fiends exult in rapture.

Tomb-worms bloat on carnal blood, trickling onto wraith-carved stone,
Dark laughter echoes through the vaults, black-winged, cruel as envenomed steel.
In the Well of Black Flame, squamous shapes writhe, a dark tide of shadows follows me,
Ravening fiends unleashed to feed, incantations pour in torrents from my lips...

Wraiths and fiends whirl to my bidding...
Horrors 'neath the pyramid.