

# Bal-Sagoth, To Dethrone The Witch-Queen Of My

(The Legend Of The Battle Of Blackhelm Vale)

THE CHRONICLES OF WAR:

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THE WAR TESTAMENT OF CAYLEN-TOR  
(ON THE NIGHT OF THE BLOODYING OF SWORDS):

O' grim gods of battle, empower us this night...  
Anoint us with the crimson rain, feed our steel with slaughter...  
Let every blow be a killing blow, grant us victory, or a warrior's death.  
Come, moon-fogs, Descend to cloak our numbers,  
the heady scent of battle beckons,  
My ash-hafted spear feels good in my hands,  
girt 'round with spells (our flesh gloriously) woad anointed,  
Ravens awaiting slaughter soar high above,  
blood-worms bloat on red carnage,  
I'll carve the moon-wheel in their flesh,  
as havoc churns the heather!

A swirling mantle of mist-magic swathes us, powerful spells woven by  
the fen-witches of the great mere... Deep night and moon-mist shall be  
our allies as we surge into the fray! At my bidding, the fog clears  
for a brief moment, and I gaze down upon the V alley to behold the  
army of the Witch-Queen... great tents arrayed upon the heather,  
powerful steeds tethered, the light from countless burning brands  
illuminating the night, many warriors standing, weapons in hand...  
aye, all sword fodder.

Entwined in war-fogs...  
Entwined by war-spells...  
Blessed in blood as raven-saters,  
slake the thirst of steel burning bright,  
Reap the harvest of spilled entrails,  
we'll return with many heads this night.  
The death-ravening black fury fills me,  
The spatter of hot blood seet on my lips,  
This yard of steel sings a deadly song in my grasp!  
Cleaving bodies left and right,  
a head falls with each swing of my blade,  
A storm of shafts screaming from yew-bows,  
(through their armoured ranks we shall)  
carve a path with steel, a blood-drenched swath!

And the thirst of the earth shall be slaked  
with blood at the fields of carnage...  
A staggering sea of crimson, a towering mountain of ravaged flesh,  
All enraptured by the searing kiss of steel,  
All surfeit from supping deep of the grim chalice of battle...

Brooding gods of the north,  
display to these outlander thralls thine ire,  
Envenom our blades with the death-kiss of a thousand serpents,  
Unfetter the dread war-wolves within us,  
That their claws may rend, and their jaws may be reddened.

The bloodying is at hand!

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Bright moon, gleam o'er moor and heather,  
wood and vale, deep fen and lake,  
Grim mountains crowned with snows,  
great rings of stones, black 'neath the stars,  
The storms extol our ancient glory,

great mounds feed us, power from the sacred earth.  
With faith and steel we walk our shadowed paths,  
our blood runs as fire, swords blessed by sorcery.

Wolves of the north, raise thine steel to the skies,  
revel in the pride of your wounds,  
Let our victory-song ride the winds of this blood-gorged eve,  
For on this night of red swords we have wrought a legend,  
Forged in the fires of our rage,  
and tempered with the spilled blood of the slain...

O' grim gods of battle, empower us this night and always,  
Anoint us with the crimson rain,  
forever feed our steel with slaughter...  
Let every blow be a killing blow,  
grant us eternal victory, 'til we die a warrior's death.

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