

# Evemaster, The Divine Iamblichus

The drum is my steed, The wind my wings  
The mind of an eagle is my soul... and my will is of frozen soil

Far in the edge of night and twilight is a tree  
on which branches lies the souls of unborn  
And ravens the bringers of light  
are guiding them into oblivion

My eyes didn't see I didn't speak when I was born  
far north embraced by tundra  
My father said I bore the marks  
I was going to be his successor

I watched my ancestors to bleed themselves  
to attain the utter consciousness  
To find the long-gone spirit to kill  
to ride the night again...

When the dusk comes I feel myself alive  
when the last rays of the sun have died  
Begun my ride through the darkest of nights  
as my will becomes one with the wolves... \*

...I feel the desire to haunt...  
...I feel the desire to kill...