

Evol, Witchlord

Moon... is black tonight
Silence... is mantling every sound
Shadows... coming down the hills
Fires... are burning in the clearing

Witches... are dancing... ghosts around the pot
Crying... praying... summoning the Witchlord

"Witchlord, come to us, thine servants 'till the end.
Possessed by Evil, we're trembling for thy strength".

Windblows... shaking the treetops
Lightning... flashing through the (clear) sky
Thunder... frightening men asleep
Blackshapes... coming out the pot

Witches... are bowing... boneless before the dark smoke
Weeping... shaking... summoning the Witchlord

"Witchlord, come to us, thine servants 'till the end.
Possessed by Evil, we're trembling for thy strength".

A blaze of darkness from the Reign of Black strikes the pot in the middle of the glade;
A gust of smoke rising from the circle melts to poison as two horns appear;
A voice of sickness from a goated helm fills the air with a mortal stench.

"Kneel, my servants, I heard your sick pleas, the time has come to fight for your faith.
EVOL, my Lord, send me to drive you, the storm of death we will bring on earth.
Thunder, Plague, Wind, Flood, come to my request, Father give me strength.
Rise up, your weapons and follow my dark sword, children of darkness bow to the Witchlord".