

Hecate Enthroned, Centuries Of Wolven Hunger

Give me the art of cheating and deceiving of thy dreams
May each and all become the death of ancient winter screams

Thus on her knees shall bequeath
The cold, cold moon writhes under
What thou desirest thou shalt obtain
As the war begins, Jehovah be slain

Darkness seeps upon abyss
Shall victimise the serpents kiss
Feast and drain thy goblet deep
A silence torn unto defeat

I wait for thee of killing spree
The soul and pain both unredeemed
As silence burns in witching hour
As thou wilt seek to hear them scream

Since thou hath made thy offering
The truth be known of evening spring
Who the chase by night preferest thee
Misfortuned deemed uncertainty

Thou who wakest in starry slumber
Of the stars and of the moon
The wolven screams of thy desire
Of the horn thyself the huntress
Huntress of the night forseen
Of cloaking blackness too obscene
Although our sight - ARADIA
The dance in flames for thy slumber