

# 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