

# Hecate Enthroned, The Danse MacAbre

Within the bells of eternity chiming, darkness takes us still  
We partake now each others indulgence, according to our will

The tears are the same as they struggle to blame  
Congregation shall be burnt to the ground  
For the fictions of insanity are holiest hypocrisy  
Suffocating now without a sound

I hear you now from a thousand voids  
Removed from time and timelessness  
Where incarnations of simple nouns  
Are beings each with golden crowns  
Out beneath the open night  
A wanderer lies weeping  
In some unspoken sadness  
While her dream is oversleeping  
Her dreams ablazed with accursed fire  
Of regret and eternal vigils  
Hallowing nights, temptations lust  
Compiled of satanic sigils

Death will come as sudden  
By the magik of our Coven  
The ultimate horror is told  
I stand alone and solemn  
In the presence of Amon  
I am sacrifice slowly going cold

Dreams ablazed with accursed fire  
Of regret and eternal vigils  
Hallowing nights, temptations lust  
Compiled of satanic sigils

Out beneath the open night  
A wanderer lies weeping  
In some unspoken sadness  
While her dream is oversleeping

Demand the dreams macabre  
The danse macabre