

# Lord Belial, Hymn Of The Ancient Misanthropic S

I hover, the moon is full above  
Its silvery shine reflects in the water below  
The night filled air surrounds me and we two are one  
I smell it with my tongue, this is how I guard my home

This is the hymn of the ancient misanthropic spirit  
The trees are the audience, they shall forever feed from it  
No man has entered this land and returned to tell about it  
I am the ancient misanthropic spirit of the forest

Once stigmatised by a sudden beam of light  
A nimbus of hate protected my domain  
The light fought hard but I was strong, so it tried in vain  
Cast aside, forever slain, I fed well from its pain

Now in solitude I start to chant my hymn  
A forest greets me so divine into its womb  
A friend of theirs has died, I bury it in its tomb  
And then we chant with sorrow, chanting this old tune