

Nokturnal Mortum, The 13th Asbath Celebration

The bitterness was born in a soul thrusting the Atame sacrifice,
the "Book Of Shadows" is opened, we're waiting
for the full-moon's arrival - we're celebrating the thirteenth Asbath.
I lift my eyes, I look at the moonrise,
the Goddess of the night takes my gifts.
You came to us through your immortality,
attach us to the true craft.
Give us the power, give us the great understanding.
I draw the magic circle by my baton,
and the skull of the deer on its top starts to light.
Oh Moon, the great mother!
Protectress of our destinies and secret intensions.
Fly up and light our deeds by your limpid light.
Thrust your sharp rays into the Earth.
We're absorbing the full-moon power - this is the thirteen Asbath.
Let the blood of the sacrificed flow into your heart.
The bowels in the priestess hands are filled with water -
chaos that symbolizes the Moon and rules by it.
Oh, Moon, the great mother, we're absorbing your power -
this is the thirteen Asbath.
Naked our bodies we gash in the long-lasting dance,
goung around the circle repeatedly against the moving of the sun.
The nature is singing and delighting -
we're celebrating the thirteen Asbath.
Marble moon give us the power.
Our bodies are stewing and poison draught is ready.
Our circle is unbreakable, we're embraced by the only ecstasy.
The wine runs through our veins and our joy is gifted to darkness.
On the mountain tops, on the tops of the trees -
everywhere you look is the Great our Mother - Moon.