

Ophthalmia, Elishias Mistresses Gather

(words: It ; tunes: Night)

Majestic night everlasting in beauty and gloomy sadness
thou supreme starfilled skies caress us and rock us to sleep
Of powers of this melancholy world with evil you us caress
Enchant this gathering and hold it in the grasp of your deep

Battles have been won and battles have been lost
And this is the darkness that we worship where foul is fair
Listen to the cries and the freezing cold pains long time gone
In the black winds we hover through fog and filthy air

Behold the race superior rise with overwhelming might
And the ages dark to come are filled with softly whispered promises
Where hate and desire are the greatest weapons in the commencing fight
Bonded by blood and by the dark arts we are fearless

At the very death of the Ophthalmian sun we'll meet again
I will be the air we breath and black shall be the nights dress
Dark mistresses of greatest misery wrapped in lightning and rain
Cast your most cruel spells and paint the eclipse with deepest distress

We are the chosen all blessed with evil