

Sabbat, The Best Of Enemies (Wulf's Tale)

Oh instrument of God force -
Fed on ignorance and lies,
so blind and narrow-minded
that you cannot compromise.
Even the most foolish their
should know what he is taking -
lest he find himself within a
cage of his own making.
The Ways of Wyrð are many and
our path you must decide,
for the secrets that you seek
are all around you-
use your eyes.
The threads cannot be broken
that have brought you here to me -
and bind two foes together
like the best of enemies.
You gaze upon me -
I can tell what you see,
a simple man -
with simple thoughts and
simple needs.
Superstition -
preying on a mind filled with fear,
opposition-
to all your 'enlightened' ideas.
Yet I will show you more than
you can comprehend,
beware delusion is a
dangerous friend.
Ask loaded questions seeking
knowledge of a faith that
you wish to pervert -
all our values,
with hidden meanings
you try concealing your
underlying wish to convert -
'heathen' souls,
to a faith that will doubtless
send our Gods to the grave -
mistake you're making overlooking
the fact that we might not want
to be 'saved'.
THE SORCERERS CREED:
Fear is an old friend of mine,
we have met many times before.
(Drawn to these spirits like
moths to a flame-
when there is no risk then
there can be no gain).
Death is a harsh fact of life
you cannot avoid or ignore.
The Life-force is as strong in
you as it is strong in me,
the difference is what you
hold captive I set free.
You seek to subjugate all
those who won't comply,
I'll take your prejudice and
pride and show you why -
the values that you hold so dear
(all your laws and rules),
they hold no more sway here
than the mutterings of fools.

Just look about you and
I'm sure that you will find -
Heaven lies within our hearts
and Hell is but a figment of
your mind.

These teachings that you deem so
sacred bcome words devoid of meaning,
when compared unto a faith that
preaches something worth believing.

What is to become of us when
truth is turned to lies,
will none remain to wipe the tears
when Mother Nature cries?

Proceed with caution -
subservient to all you survey,
hidden dangers await us on
each step of our way.

Do not falter -
for if you do you will fall,
prey unto perils far worse
than you've encountered before.
Compared unto the threats we face
your devil seems so mild,
a relic from the faerie-tales my
mother told me as a child.

Why do you carry your God
like a weapon -
a dagger drawn ready to strike
at the heart of a foe when you
don't really know the reason
that you fight? -
to replace our disgrace with
the 'loving' embrace of your Lord -
can't you see that the plans
made for me and my people
to us seem absurd.

THE SORCERORS CREED:

Death is the only recourse
I require in my hour of need.

(Drawn to the spirits like
moths to a flame -
when there is no risk then
there can be no gain).
Impassive it shows no remorse
for folly and greed.

Pre-emptive prejudice has
dogmatised your life,
these blinkered views that once
held true will no longer suffice.
For in my world there is no point
where you can draw the line,
'twixt good and evil,
saint and sinner,
damnable and divine.

Shaven-headed servant of
an infantile faith -
by what right do you presume
to come and take my place?

If there is one grain of truth
amidst your hoard of lies,
'tis

"Love your neighbour as yourself"
with this alone I can abide.

These teachings that you deem so
sacred bcome words devoid of meaning,

when compared unto a faith that
preaches something worth believing.
What is to become of us when
truth is turned to lies,
will none remain to wipe the tears
when Mother Nature cries?
THE WAY OF THE WARRIOR
When living your life
like an arrow in flight
you must always accept that
the end is in sight,
be grateful at least for the fact
that you knew you came to death -
he did not come for you.
You are like targets
who sit and await -
patiently suffer
the arrows of fate,
saying "I am but mortal
and destined to die -
I can change nothing
so why should I try?"
Each morning you wake is an
'ember day' dawning,
your penance for living in
permanent mourning.
By erst while ideals your
hearts are enslaved,
you crawl out of the cradle
straight into the grave.
What reward is a banquet
of red wine and bread,
when you hunger for life -
but on death you are fed?
Do not underestimate
the task you undertake,
overcome your hopes and fears
and meet them face to fate.
These spirits aren't your enemies -
but neither are they friends,
do not dare insult them lest
all nature you offend.
They who were here before us
will remain when we have gone,
and though we're long forgotten
still their memory will live on.
Perhaps one day mankind will see
the error of it's ways,
and in it's future glimpse
reflections of our yesterdays.
Drawn to these spirits like
moths to a flame -
when there is no risk
then there can be no gain.