

# 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 Wyrd 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 become 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  
dogmatized 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,

damned 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 become 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.