

# Sympathy, The Red League

hidden in the groves  
where once burned pagan fires  
the chosen ones have gathered to perform  
the rites of ancient scriptures  
founded in the blood  
of our martyred dead

all about the darkened night  
lit only by our fires  
the acolytes are summoned  
we complete our ancient task  
to spill immortal blood  
all will satisfy their thirst and drink

gathered in the presence  
of the ancient one  
I will partake in deity