

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