

Facing the North

Alghazanth

As the sun is slowly cut
by the jagged blade of the horizon,
the sylvan kingdom around me
unveils its blackening face.

In my left eye flashes
the silver sickle of sacrifice,
the golden plate of offering
shines in the right.

O' fire, fill my lungs,
give swiftness to these words.
By their beaks and claws ablaze
are the gates once buried unearthed.

With blood I bless you,
with spells I crown you.
With everything I am I make you holy
and lay you down at His feet.

In His left eye flashes
the silver sickle of sacrifice,
the golden plate of offering
shines in the right.

When the night sky hymns
give way to the song of the dawn.
On the lips of witches is
the God of Silence restored.