Hark, O'Nightspirit,
father of my dark self.
From within this realm, wherein Thou dwelleth,
by this lake of blood, from which we feed to breed,
I call silently from Thy presence, as I lay this oath.

May this night carry my will and may these old mountains forever remember this night. May the forest whisper my name and may the storm bring these words to the end of all worlds.

May the wise moon be my witness as I swear on my honor, in respect of my pride and darkness itself, that I shall rule by the blackest wisdom.

O'Nightspirit!

I am at one with thee. I am the eternal power.

I am the Emperor.

Winds and storms, embrace us now. Lay waste the light of day. Open gates to darker lands. We spread our wings and fly away.