

Olden Days

Abigor

he rises in the sombre sadness
in the silence of monastic madness
behind monolithic pillars
of churches, shrines and chapels

in the dust of age-old cathedrals
where the horrors of death shake the ground
his shadow grows in arcane castles
where secret sins gnaw the souls of gauntly lords

in the crypts where alchemysts transform
the nature of things
in the woods where magicians practice
their nocturnal arts

Sathanas is everywhere
many can see him, to many he speaks
hermits call him and we serve him

when fiery omens set the night ablaze
when stars take strange shapes
and planets bathe in blood
when we spread the seed of malediction