## **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 nightsky hymns give way to the song of the dawn. On the lips of witches is the God of Silence restored.