

Sorcery and Doom

Archgoat

I am the Wooden God,
Master of Brew and Churn,
Traveler of the three Worlds,
Dweller in the Land of the Dead,
In the cold Void,
Between Heaven and the Underworld,
My Spirit unbound travels and flies,
Passing over Rivers and Lakes.

Curses for copper Coins,
My Spell will hex Your Life,
Chanting and drumming My evil will,
Your Life I am ending soon,
By Fire, Snakes, Wolves and Bears,
By Cold, Plague, Hails and Wails,
My Witch Drum sounds in the Wind,
Death and Harm materialize.

Rapture, swelling, blindness and Pain,
Will send You Away,
Spirit Guides in My Command,
Carry You to Lifeless Place,
To the Bottom of the Black Lake,
Where Darkness, Coldness and Evil Dwells,
Surrounded by the great Black Fjells,
To the World of no Return.

The Curse hovers above Your Head,
When I carve You in the Clay,
As the Clay drinks My Blood,
So Your Flesh starts to fade away,
Pleaded to Court after 100 Years,
Accused and tried I finally Stood,
The Sword of Court took My Life,
The Fire of Justice Burned My Soul.