

Necromancy Divine

Atrocity

In starless nights of tempest,
Thessaly's witch creeps out from her tomb
The Levin bolt to seize
Abhorred Erichtho
No prayer she breathed, no supplication to the gods
Her breath alone has turned pure air fatal
Abhorred Erichtho
Necromancy divine, necromancy divine, necromancy divine
She loves to light altars with funeral flames
She's brought the dead back from the grave
Abhorred Erichtho
She has buried souls alive, in control of their bodies
She knows the homes of styx, dread mysterious rituals
Abhorred Erichtho
Necromancy divine, necromancy divine, necromancy divine
First through his gaping bosom blood she pours
Still fervent, washing from his wounds the gore
Then copious poisons from the moon distills
Mixed with all monstrous things which nature's pangs
Bring to untimely birth
Pestiferous leaves pregnant with magic chants
Blades of grass which in their primal growth
Her cursed mouth had slimed
Last came her voice more potent than all herbs
To charm the gods who rule in lethe
Necromancy divine, necromancy divine, necromancy divine