

## 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