

Pentagram of the Black Earth

Behexen

Standing on the axis of two worlds
I raise the black pentagram high
Towards the northern darkness
Where thy horrid throne stands

Dark monument under the wing of night
Obscure forms slithering out
From its cavities and tunnels
Which all give way to thy shadow

I conjure thee with thy many names
Lord beyond the Mortiferic gates
Resurrect thyself from the pit
And grasp me with the hand of night

Touch each angle of this pentacle
And implant thy essence in them
It shall serve me as a blazing shield
From the sight of the profane ones

Empower the pentacle, thy robust image
And connect it with the earth where my feet stand
So that my spirit may be one with thee
Lord of the black earth, Belial!