

A Serpentine Crave

Bishop Of Hexen

(In) the midst of a pit where deaths-heart, beat
At the far most point
Where several world meet
In the mist, erupts passion Where motion sets remorse
Energy flows in a shapeless course
And sorrow-forged in fire

The seeds of storm
Burst and grow to become a swarm
To hammer out your dreams
With a dreadful coating

All is but a prison when the heart is confined
All is but death when deprived of pride

My thirst arose, and now loose, I begin the search for glory
When awhim become a will and paves the way to power

When in famine
The hour always comes late when fulfilling a burning desire
When touching the core and the heart of the pyre
A scorched black path leads to my salvation
This way demands great deeds
To mock fear and despair
To put an end to my starvation

"Danger glances like a sunshine to a brave man's etes"
As honor is seductive to the shamed and shallow
And fortune a stranger to the downcast, deafen by meger cry

Danger is indeed for me, a graceful jubilation

I carve and huner
For a thunderous love
A serpentine love for hate and glory

With a vigilant eye, i observe the sky
To guide me and my flock
To relive and cure our ills
An omen from above
Our steps, led by a distant staff

When time and place will come into eclipse- we will be as one