

Blood Covered Moon of Varcolaci

Drowning the Light

Deathlike, eyes sunken into pits of shadow yet a reflecting fire
Flesh pale, necrotic turns a flushed red yearning for life
Upon a thread, woven by Moroi in moonlight I lay myself in tomb-sleep
A thread woven in the astral plane, a guide back to the flesh

Varcolaci, a cult long hidden in shadows,
Forgotten by time drink deep upon the lunar rays
I rise from my body in a trance where my senses go in-between worlds
Between the living and the dead do I hunger and go into the night sky

The witch spins at midnight this astral thread, giving me passage into my body
The rays of the moon call me, nourish and strengthen me
Varcolaci, of wolf coats adorned upon undead spirit do I rise
Through the windows the sleeping bleed life into my shadow-black

As dragons and wolf-shape to devour the moon and sun at noon
A beast with many mouths, biting hungrily at the ghastly light so beautiful
Deathlike, my spirit-flesh takes many shapes, a chalice of life from the moon.
In-between this world and the dead do I haunt, I drink the sacrament of Luna.

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