

The Voynich Manuscript

Elvenking

I'm slave to the arms of the night and of the shadows
Caressed by the storms and the spines of wanton fantasies
Filthy unutterable rites, of pagan verity
Adorned by magickal scars
For the ones who believe, for the ones who really believe

I raise a toast to the gods of the damned and banned
A chalice to those who betrayed the gilded throne

Write of my journeys and fights back to back
Sing of my deeds and my glories
Hide all the things that are burning my heart
Deep down devouring my soul of black
Until I will confess and redeem
To the last arcane king

A kingdom got fattened by greed, by vicious longings
Luxury demons command
On the prowl of your vanity, look out for your enemies

I raise a toast to the gods of the damned and banned
A chalice to those who betrayed the gilded throne

I stand on the verge of malice - bless the hands of the wickedly pure
The fingers of the glorified to the back of the eternally blamed

Write of my journeys and fights back to back
Sing of my deeds and my glories
Hide all the things that are burning my heart
Deep down devouring my soul of black
Until I will confess and redeem
To the last arcane king

Sing of my deeds and glories - as my remains repose
Evocating maleficium - manuscript of death throes

Write of my journeys and fights back to back
Sing of my deeds and my glories
Hide all the things that are burning my heart
Deep down devouring my soul of black

Write of my journeys and fights back to back
Sing of my deeds and my glories
Hide all the things that are burning my heart
Deep down devouring my soul of black
Until I will confess and redeem (the arcane king)
Yes, redeem to the arcane king

I stand on the verge of malice
Blessed are the hands of the wickedly pure
Pointed the fingers of the glorified
To the backs of the eternally blamed

I stand on the verge of malice
Blessed are the hands of the wickedly pure
Pointed the fingers of the glorified
To the backs of the eternally blamed

I smell the blood of the revered
With reluctance and disgust
They'll find the answers of their holy land
In the piss splattered on their graves

Until I will redeem - to the arcane king
Until I will redeem - to the arcane
To the arcane king