

Oracle of the dead  
Channeling energy through the tapestries of history  
The power of the gods  
Through the annals of thy lost text

Absolved of all left rendered  
In the labyrinth upon the river styx  
The boatman now directs your course  
To the sorcery of the blessed

Spirits of the dead  
I bestow upon you this offering of blood  
As I commune with the dead  
In the realm of the ones whom have perished

Transcendence as a conduit to the gods  
I prey to meet my end  
Outerworldly existence I must find  
I prey to meet my end

I must pay homage to our ancestors  
Who reside in the netherworld  
My life defined by death  
I shall not run from the darkness

Hence I shall embrace what lies beneath  
The descent into the chamber of dark  
Portal of the shaman  
Sorceror of the possessed  
We are the madness that lurks within

Fear is the beast that swallows mankind  
Fear has many faces  
Messenger of fire, weaponizing fear  
Deities scribed into the annals of death

Seer of what lies beyond  
Medium to the spirits now gone  
Upon the chambers of what now eternal lie  
In the netherworld of the beyond

In our darkest realm, the lair of descent  
The heat burneth beneath my feet  
Shaman, speak thy name  
In the portal of myriad  
Prophetic in absolution  
In the grotto beyond the lake of sorrow  
The sibyl now grants thy command  
As I descend unto the caverns of baia