

The Golden Age of Black Magick

Ignitor

I remember the dawn
I'd wake to your smile
Your devilish and playful grins
Gave me confidence that I needed
To conquer my days

Now those mornings have gone
They've medicated my flesh
My mind seems to follow
Our together times have been
Painfully taken away

Accused of diabolical crimes
When only spending precious time
With the one who could save me
From executive poison

How could my life become so tragic
I miss the golden age of black magick

Why would they do this to me
I must somehow let them know
That you are my savior
Not a ghost in the room of conjured imagination

If our time is indeed very short
I sacrifice my soul completely to you
Before they shatter our treasure
My utter devotion

It's not possession, that they question,
Not my enlightened mind
The numbing injections, my lord...
They make you disappear

How could my life become so tragic
I miss the golden age of black magick

Broken hearted I weep
Now you visit less often, I lose all desire
The battle I fought to spread
The message of satan

Now those mornings have gone
They've medicated my flesh
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Our together times have been
Painfully taken away