

# 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

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