

VVytchdance

Katharsis

The wytches, wytches black they are
They feast, they feast upon man's heart
Their lorde has summoned them by spell
To gather, in his realm to dwell

Creatures of death, creatures of night
Conjure the endless evil force
Who knoweth no mercy nor'll give in
To those who seek to ban its source

The wytches dance in limping line
The blood of holy is their wyne
The bones of infants are their throne
They have no fear, they won't atone

Satanickrite shall find no end
To end all life, from hell they're sent
His great return, the only goal
For this, they shall reap ev'ry soul

So go! & meet the master's ram
Girl, come to join these women
Become his servant whilst thou canst
Drink blood, conceive his semen

Cauldrens are boiling, mysteries red
Of venom & spyces to wayke up the dead
Gathering hellwhores,
& then comes their lorde

Their dark minds shall follow,
Their flesh is to rot
Will rot in a dreame of his splendour&grace
Remember the sabbath, another one waith

Embrace lustful wrayths exstasy wet&hot
By nighte-fall they swarm out to head for the spot
Where altars of stone, blood-stained, wayte under trees
A place long forgotten,
So others can't see

Far out in the woods servants vyle
Have their shrine
To mate with their master
In nockturnal rite

An orgy of riches & infinite lust
Lorde Satan is gen'rous
Yet obey him they must

Doe all what he sayeth, most of all,
Bring him lives, their duty they
Followe by grim sacrifices

New souls must be draught,
Full of innocence & youth,
Into their communion,

Tonight it'll be thou
Initiation to unspeakable cults

So do what they wish, fuck the priest
From the vault & next, take the
Daggers & open thine veins
Some sharp lethall cuts,
Watch a scene so insane

The ground seems to open,
Thy body is torne
The knife-blade was poison'd
& thou art reborn

Coz out of the deep lift
The spirits of olde
& drink from thine pale wrist
& see what thou sold

The contract is signed,
Now thou art one of the wytches
A vicious black core
In a shell dead & colde

Inside the red circle,
A sister of lore
A knower of wonders
Unthinkable before
Thou slaughterst a childe
For it's the demonlorde's will
Thy pleasure is sin
& thy mission
- to kill