

Glorification

Sargeist

On this night of a depressive autumn
Under branches of these old trees
On this hour thy sign I glorify
Black flame of satan in my heart
Fog is rising from the murky waters
Carrying the stench of of the swamp
An howl is hooting, sounding afar
As melancholy takes a grip

I drink the blood of a virgin child
From an old golden flask
In my mind the countess of cachtice
And the memory of terror she spread
Bitter words utter from my lips
Incantations of reincarnation
With the blood thy sign I glorify
Waking instincts of a wolf

I am finding strength in the hate
Misantrophic burning wounds
As much as I hate the human pigs
So I hate the flesh of my own