

Nightmares and Necromancy

Sargeist

I dig my hands in the soil
Of an open old grave
Feeling the bone against my fingers
I raise an item of beauty

Staring at empty sockets
A grin of bone, jaw unattached
I wipe the dirt away
And kiss the infant skull

So close in my dreams
But this is reality
And no dream can overcome
This mental orgasm

The rest of your lovely bones
Obsess me to make love
In a morbid office to Satan
Serve the demonic host

Stench of rotten blood
From the black urns
Nightmares and pestilence
The face of the king!