

The Blocksberg Rite

The Vision Bleak

Uh, they gather in the Mountains.
Where Rain falls not far to the Ground.
Among the primal Fountains...
...and Forests of Silence profound.

A secret Glade elected.
Between tall stony Walls.
From unbidden Sights protected.
The Rite begins as Dusk falls...

The Fullmoon rises beyond the wooden Crest.
Fires ignite everywhere for their highest Guest.
At his Arrival the Feast shall now unfold.
The Thirtyfirst of April as it is foretold.

Demons ride the Moonlit Sky.
Torches light their way up high.
To unclothe Walpurgis Night.
In the feral Mountainside.

Witches of all Age and Kin.
Give Themselves to Lust and Sin.
Come as Maiden, leave as Bride.
Satan's Joy.
The Blocksberg Rite.

As if in trance they revel.
Dance through the nightly Sphere.
In Honour of the Devil.
Whom they all hold dear.

At Dawn it ends with A sudden turn.
Witches disappear, Fires cease to burn.
The Sun on the Horizon hails the Mountain Seam.
Another Year must pass 'til Flames again shall gleam.

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