

## Image Of The Horned King

Urgehal

Slumbering through the burning desert, total lack of liquid  
Oh gods of this place, please bring me thy vine  
I could almost drink the blood of Jesus  
I would dry his veins until he fell down in a pile of skin

I fell down out of exhaustion, my face met the ground my mouth  
was filled with sand  
And my skin was boiling from the sun  
The vultures stared circling above me, I was almost ready to g  
ive my body to the birds of doom  
Lay myself to rot in the burning sand fields, I was dying....

...but then, a mighty dark shape rised before me and gave me s  
helter from the sun  
It was a god - the god of them all, and indeed he had brought  
a bottle of vine... the blood of himself  
He spoke a distant language and granted me the bottle  
I received it with my shivering pale hands... I drank the vine  
, and as I steadily came to myself  
The god slowly vanished with the dust, except that of him whic  
h he had left in the bottle.