

Of Blackened Wing

Witchery

Out of the dark, howl of the beast
Voices are calling from the deceased
With candle in hand, a cross to my throat
I speak the unspeakable to the unknown

The verse reversed, the path left-hand
They answer the call, the call of the damned
Out from the deep, a chorus of screams
The baphomet fly, of blackened wing

Avow... the crucifix burns to the touch

Daemon... on blackened wing your darkness bring
Daemon... the churches burn and the dead shall sing

Backwards and forwards, the chanting begins
Rite of the templar, the codex obscure
A chill in the air, a twitch of the nerve
Summons them all to the astral curse

Avow... the crucifix burns to the touch

Daemon... on blackened wing your darkness bring
Daemon... the churches burn and the dead shall sing

Bleeding from the eyes and parched with thirst
The death grip comes with wisdom's birth
Gripping... choking the life out from me

As the circle breaks
And the old ones wake
Like a shadow out of time...

Daemon... on blackened wing your darkness bring
Daemon... the churches burn and the dead shall sing