

Towards The Abyss

Besatt

Dark clouds
Have flooded the skies
Thunderstorm makes me
Open my eyes

I follow my instincts
Into the night
The forest invites me
With branches spread wide

Sometimes a lightning far away
Illuminates my blackened way
Through the gate of nature I pass
The one plaited from wet leaves and grass

Black in darkness
I disappear
Where the hum of wind
So clearly I hear

The gale winnows
My already wet hair
And icy-cold rain
Flows down my face

And I smell a scent so fresh
And intense
Now I can feel the Lucifer's
Presence

He is calling on me - Lucifer!
Into the abyss (of Hell)