

Behold The place of necromantic lust, our sorcery is an iron!
Three subdued in our dungeons, all serve our specific needs...
an offer who screams as an insect, hooked inverted to provide balance to the thought.

Drips the blood of youth into our mouths, feel the precious life leave... we consume the spirit... we shall know the trapped spirit.

Trough the sphere of Azanigin, we all transcend a calm of consciousness is achieved, chained to a haggard table observing the fear in the eyes...slicing the nimble flesh... drinking from the wounds, observe the beautiful misuck of the skull drums, witness the death dance.

I will learn forward, to below the Kraken's kiss / the screams invoked act as an angel's dying song...

Haunted, we shall focus the will to thy astral, through our ghastly touch all life force drained, into the crystal...

Wamphyri, from the land of dark immortals communion was held.