

Lunar Castles (harvest)

Katharsis

Summoning the evil ghosts, creatures from cosmic fields
Spreading their spell o'er the corpses of kings.
In witchlight where we will meet.
Necromancy, Sortilegium, Maleficiatores...
6666 Legions of Hell...
We are one to inherit the earth
before a thousand years have passed.

Ship the astral open
by the principles of spiritual reanimation.
And throw a horrid crape of pitch
o'er the putrid gardens of (their) "joy".
Praise Hail to the beast unholy
which haunteth in the aura of our spectres;
Woven in time. Hermetically warped at the castles.

... The woods call for a bleeding child...
Hearken! This is our curse.
A treasure lieth beneath those trees.
A new force is given birth...

In the circle of our dark rites,
raping the angels, ringing His bell
Bury the sunshine under His claws.
Yearn for the ones on the pinnacles of Hell.

On black thorns of chaos
Where aeons fall to dust, distorted and perverted
Before archaic northernmost tribunals of terror
Enthroned by a demonforce for vengeance.
Nailing down the earthly gods at a black crucifixion.

Graves so cold
Death or sleep it is the same behynde the visible
Where damnation mocketh from its gaping chasm
Blind, dark and mad. A circle of giants.
Racing torrents, a cataract of stars.
Into the shapeless central void...
And atrocious winds surround the colossal abyss
Where they lurk and rage on their thrones grotesque
So infinitely cold. Unpatient for the last command.
Until the universal end.