

# Demon's Vortex

Abigor

Only one night is missing  
But this one will bring the storm  
That put an end to everything  
The sky is still starlit, but if our faith  
Our desire is forceful enough  
The strings of silence - hushed  
The strings of silence - smooth

Within a few hours all signs will read storm  
Listen!

It is true that there exist individuals  
Who are never looking prouder  
Warliker then the rising of the storm  
Many-voiced the singing rises

The air seems to condense  
Filled with electric sparks  
Starting to fly, to rotate, to spin  
To oscillate in the centre of the magical circle  
The voices sound higher

Coil-like circling and narrowing  
The light rises faster and faster  
(The sound is undescrivable)  
The voices resemble blowing wind, howling wolves  
The silence break hissingly  
The storm put on it's strings  
The strait looks like a witch's cauldron  
Like a hotblooded foaming geyser

The elements are in uproar  
Now all signs are stormy  
It's insignia are shining dark ablaze  
A shining ablaze from a violent encounter of sulphur and lead  
Everything is out of breath  
Everything is beside itself - storm world!

In the shadow of heavy wings  
Sorceresses preserver  
In their fluttering clothes resist the beating weather  
That almost tear the garments of our bodies

Flashes in the eye  
Endless high pulsating coil  
Is rising from the cone  
A magical and miraculous horn  
Of a unicorn whose top gets lost in infinity

Sparks spray, thunders beat, lightnings are inflamed  
That the air is filled with the claps of heavy wings  
The apocalyptic wildness of the storm  
Who's now reigning with a brachial power unleashed despot  
The string of the storm!

The storm of hell that never halts there  
It drives the ghosts and demons in it's vortex

Everlasting, for the fatal and glorious return of our master...