

## A Serpentine Crave

Bishop Of Hexen

(In) the midst of a pit where deaths-heart, beat  
At the far most point  
Where several world meet  
In the mist, erupts passion Where motion sets remorse  
Energy flows in a shapeless course  
And sorrow-forged in fire

The seeds of storm  
Burst and grow to become a swarm  
To hammer out your dreams  
With a dreadful coating

All is but a prison when the heart is confined  
All is but death when deprived of pride

My thirst arose, and now loose, I begin the search for glory  
When aw him become a will and paves the way to power

When in famine  
The hour always comes late when fulfilling a burning desire  
When touching the core and the heart of the pyre  
A scorched black path leads to my salvation  
This way demands great deeds  
To mock fear and despair  
To put an end to my starvation

"Danger glances like a sunshine to a brave man's eyes"  
As honor is seductive to the shamed and shallow  
And fortune a stranger to the downcast, deafen by meger cry

Danger is indeed for me, a graceful jubilation

I carve and huner  
For a thunderous love  
A serpentine love for hate and glory

With a vigilant eye, i observe the sky  
To guide me and my flock  
To relive and cure our ills  
An omen from above  
Our steps, led by a distant staff

When time and place will come into eclipse- we will be as one