

The Surreal Touch Between Steel & Flesh

Bishop Of Hexen

Gowns of fiendish beauty-decaying, curved sharp nails
Prince of evil's hags-hovering on thin air
Circle the ancient-caulderon of summoning
Mumbling the infinite dark hex
"Goat-headed father, raven on left, wolf at your right
Asmodeus & Zabulon"-
Into our lungs we will inhale this night
The battle-cry of men-
The screams in the living woods
It echoes in the valley-
Yet the darkness remains mute
The surreal touch between steel & flesh-
Invoked, between them, a tragedy of odour & liquids
A harmony conceived by drops of tears & blood
The outcome of the spell
It weaves a cloak of darkness
Which will harvest the new leader
The sweet whispers of betrayal
The night is drenched in mist and in the smell of battlefield
The ice cracks open from the dazzling smell of agony
His tragedy-the fire will burn forever in his veins
The wounds of flesh & soul will leave the-melancholic stains
Crippled, yet alive-stay you to be the teacher of the arts
"We condemn you to eternal enmity"!
With heavy armour and two-handed swords
The summoned fury of spelled-blinded hordes
As if it is in slow motion-sky as earth
Trembling under the hooves
The outcome of the spell
It weaves a cloak of darkness
Which will harvest the new leader
The sweet whispers of betrayal