

## To Begin The Quest Towards The Noble Dark Cause

Bishop Of Hexen

Crushing the symbol of the bastard  
The legions of the unholy horde  
Creating this pagan feeling  
For us the sun is thy moon  
We will cross the sea  
Destroying his cursed spree  
We'll create a new humanity  
Our demonic, five cornered star  
Is high raised for our integrity  
Tranquillity, silence & peace-  
From this day on will cease  
"As high as the mountains are-  
So dark is the quest"  
History will recreate itself  
The force of our crusade-unleashed  
Christianity-beheaded, gutted  
The blood soaking sour, dry fields  
Set our blasphemous fires through Christendom  
Crushing the symbol of the bastard  
The legions of the unholy horde  
Creating this pagan feeling  
For us the sun is thy moon  
We will cross the sea  
Destroying his cursed spree  
We'll create a new humanity  
I am the one who struck layers of plagues  
Which ravaged the pure and the faithful "Job"  
I am the ambiguous riddle in thousands of  
Manuscripts & scrolls-spoken of by many, solved by none  
You all, are the reflections of the shallowness  
Of my own thoughts-soaked in craftiness,  
Yet frightened from the gravely cost  
Force-fed neglect of the darkened  
Skills & arts of which virtue was stung  
And kept, secretly, In hidden corners of our hearts  
Brothers, sisters, let us not blame  
Ourselves, let us not be ashamed of what  
We have become  
To take what rightfully was ours-  
To start our mighty saga from the point humanity was paused  
To learn the lessons of the craft-  
To begin the quest towards the noble dark-cause