

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
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For us the sun is thy moon
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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 sallowness
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