

Wading Through Sensuous Journeys

Bishop Of Hexen

Deep, in the midst of a frozen forest
Winds enhance the nights exquisite colour
On a wooden throne of thousands of carved nightmares
Sits an obscure grim figure, yet with a salient paleness
"Was your task fruitful", a dry voice inquires,
"Have you created what was agreed upon"?
"Yes we have, oh dark master, to the unholy
Heritage he is, now, drawn".
"Leave me at once-begone-fetch him,
For a new era shall be born"
Come walk towards our alluring trinity-
Free your bewildered senses & memories
Entangle with our bodies, grasp our quivering breasts-
Taste & indulge on our salty, wet flesh.
Our liquid of desire turns your dry lips moist-
Melt in our seduction, forget your painful loss
Merge with our beings, as you're wrapped in treachery
Our beguiling quilt of wrath wiles your fragile will to live
Take a step into our hellish blaze-
Let this bewitching serum-poison your veins
Now, follow our malice to your new destination
Purge yourself to this renewal of creation
"This weather of tantalized intentions-
Will fertile our malicious plots & schemes
Hark, witches of emotional-decay,
Harbor our chosen one-in my domain"
Dead frozen boughs-break in pain
As these four strange-images walk through the forest plains
Through the trees, and through the sinuous paths
Strolls this company-the odour of evil left behind
Sensuality pours like a fresh mountain-spring
Evil's voluptuousness fills the forest's hollow seeds
Observe the powerful magic which thrives between the leaves
Kneel and may you turn to be the new symbol of our breed
"You are the chosen one from all mankind-
To be my messenger, to be my right-hand
You shall be my mouth to speak-
Which I haven't dared for thousands of years"
I am but a poor lonely shade
Raped, deprived, stripped of everything I've-ever made
Anointed to bring upon man, plant or breast-
This new tide to be released
This is my destiny
We'll ride the twilight-shores of mysteries
An aura weaved from the ethics of our mythology
Weary, foamy, waves crash in harmony
Silent signs before the grand-storming
These ancient spheres-me, they will cleanse
For the final test
To overcome the final obstacle-
To bring this world to rest...