

Hearing the calling of wolves deep in the forest
as I walk towards the place of desolate land
where a world of darkness seeks
to overpower the light
and a serpent which sleeps hears
a softened whispers
I drift towards the ruins long forgotten by man
the sleeping spirits long fallen from light
they hunger in darkness, eternal, infernal
voices disembodied ring out in my mind
burning me, desire and lust
I shall take their wisdom and hold the keys
to my own hell which I shall remain
as a paradise
The wisdom of filth, knowledge of darkness
daevodata, wisdom of demons
shall I seek freedom and the knowledge of self
Here in the ruins long forgotten
they call to me, I summon their shades forth
enter me, my mind afire in darkened desire
from shadows they emerge and I answer
to awaken as the Son of Legion
an old way reborn hearing the calling of the
dragon within my spirit, my father awaits