

## Sighting

Depresy

When moon rises high; when violates the sky  
and stars on his shroud are dragged to follow him  
The time has come to touch the mystery  
through spell symbols so can peer to eternity

Candlelight, frozing shadow, the magic power of words,  
Destruction of the veil of logic and of stupid human rules  
Always is reason, there is no chance  
There is no place for weak ones

Ceremonial magic, symbolic death is real

I hunger for the bath in the pool of your blood  
in ache you will meet the pleasure of redemption  
I am a fiery amulet on your breast  
cauterized wound of the knowledge

An echo of ancient laments, mysterious breeze of knowledges  
Power of mighties never seen by an eye  
for which you dissolve as shadow eternal  
Not whoever is allowed to peer...

Ceremonial magic, taste your own pain !

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