

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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