

The Pagan Swords Of Legend

Hecate Enthroned

Slaying souls, danse macabre
From within and still unscarred
I stand alone and solemn as thy distant lights frey to death
And all around fore none as demon shall be found
Out beneath the azrael
Tolling raven of the knell

And to my dark angel

Whose form too vast to comprehend
As demons rise and re-ascend
Here is were evenings serenades
Amidst the dawn as gracious slaves

For my words are without sound
Far beyond and well renown
Centuries of dusk in time
Bleeding shadows of thy shrine
Within, thy darkness frey born of kaos in decay
Reaping shadows unto thee
A gracious death for all to see
As infinite avails
The human race that never fails
Played upon thy calming heart
Eyes of terror bleeding hard
That I doth control thee
Leading southward to the key
Hanging from the brances frail
Queen of darkness to unveil

Where whispers charm thy emptiness
And pierce thy tenous membrane
That striketh through my anguished heart
And tainted skys, where once demons remained
As the silent darkness breeding
Winters hate in silouettic sky
Stained with blood of an ancient slumber
With such a passionate melancholy

Of ages past and times to come
Shall speak in sound and slay in tongues
And spirits chanting satans hail
As darkness falls unto thy veil

Between in death thy black spirit
From thy pain we shall commit
Sleeping shadows demons fray
From beyond in massacre's pain
Fore thou art draped in sin
Amidst the shadows I have been
And seek the silent sentinel
On battlefields where they fell

Desire rekindles thee
Nearer than infinite
The dying scent of fragrant death
Fore spell of winter I possess

That I might dream thy pain
Invoke to thee like dragons slain
A lullaby like song of grave
Caressing shadows, demons slave

Thou alone soothest me in this sorrow

For thou art beautiful, for thou art bright
Flashing thy splendour amidst the midnight
Thou canst not flee, mine shalt thou be
Of all enchantment
Thou shalt a goddess be