

Hymn of the Ancient Misanthropic Spirit of the Forest

Lord Belial

I hover, the moon is full above
Its silvery shine reflects in the water below
the night-filled air surrounds me and we two are one
I smell it with my tongue, this is how I guard my home
This is the hymn of the ancient misanthropic spirit
the trees are the audience, they shall forever feed from it
No man has entered this land and returned to tell about it
I am the ancient misanthropic spirit of the forest
Once stigmatised by a sudden beam of light
a nimbus of hate protected my domain
the light fought hard but I was strong, so it tried in vain
cast aside, forever slain, I fed well from its pain
This is the hymn of the ancient misanthropic spirit
the trees are the audience, they shall forever feed from it
No man has entered this land and returned to tell about it
I am the ancient misanthropic spirit of the forest
Now in solitude I start to chant my hymn
a forest greets me, so I dive into its womb
a friend of theirs has died, I bury it in its tomb
and then we chant with sorrow, chanting this old tune
This is the hymn of the ancient misanthropic spirit
the trees are the audience, they shall forever feed from it
No man has entered this land and returned to tell about it
I am the ancient misanthropic spirit of the forest