

Matanbuchus

Necrophobic

Come forth shape shifting she-wolf
Come forth great marquise of fire
Come forth as the ox of the earth
Upon summoners command and conjurers desire

From the order of dominations
Prodigy angel rebel fell
Deceived to return upon her seventh throne
Doomed to serve as a Marquise of hell

Obsessed by an uprising hatred
Now that more than twelve hundred years gone
There will be no more ruling in heaven
And therefore no more seventh throne

Come forth thou who's spitting flames
Descend our soil under gryphon wings
Come forth daemonic serpent tailed Djinn
Upon summoners command and conjurers desire

Come forth and ablaze the blackened night still
Come forth and enlighten our wideopen minds
Come forth mistress of strategy
Answereth truly upon sorcerers request

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Now omitted to soar in the shadows
Cursed to the abyss forever
A broken promise, a broken hope
To be revenged with a violent endeavour

Transformation, transmutation
Lycanthropic evocation
Buried deep in the subconscious
Lurks the metaphysic art of shape shift

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