

Feast Of The Manes

Nightbringer

Come unto me Seraphim de Sopor Sec ulum
I offer my flesh and blood that I may pluck a feather from the
wings of the Angel of Death
May it be a quill with which I scribe the forms of thy sacred n
ames
From the sanguine of my heart and open the gates to the labyrin
th beyond slumber and death
Relinquishing my corporeal form to shadow as I will pass beyond
in luminous form
With serpent tongue I summon those shades that would taste of t
he gifts of the living
I, psychopomp to the agape of the stygian maze
But one star shines tenebrous upon these colossal depths
Nefarious pulsing Daemon's Head, risen in culmination above the
atramentous wastes
Sup upon these vestments I cast away, oh shambling eidolons and
shadow forms of murk and drear
And lay bare the knowledge unbegotten of any god
I ride the currents of Erebus upon ebon wings into aphonic gulf
s unending
As a star new born I have become
A beacon in the abyss