

## Glorification

Sargeist

On this night of a depressive autumn  
Under branches of these old trees  
On this hour thy sign I glorify  
Black flame of satan in my heart  
Fog is rising from the murky waters  
Carrying the stench of of the swamp  
An howl is hooting, sounding afar  
As melancholy takes a grip

I drink the blood of a virgin child  
From an old golden flask  
In my mind the countess of cachtice  
And the memory of terror she spread  
Bitter words utter from my lips  
Incantations of reincarnation  
With the blood thy sign I glorify  
Waking instincts of a wolf

I am finding strength in the hate  
Misanthropic burning wounds  
As much as I hate the human pigs  
So I hate the flesh of my own