

Wardance Of The Empress

Thou Art Lord

With 9 veils amde of dragon's blood
weaved (from) the witches of Sagoth
Drapped is the queen of darkness
the empress of the moonclad tribes

Within Enochian spiritforms
she speaks the serpent words
"The time came round you faithful ones
(to) be my fiery blade (and) do my will"

The flute now sings the hateful tunes
The skulldrum gives the ritual rhythm
The empress in a crimson trance
begins the steps of the wardance

With each veil transformed into soil
black angels ride forth from Hades
(to drown the world in blood and tears)
as the spell of the nineth veil
completes the warlust circle