

## Hymn To Qayin

Watain

Mighty path-opener  
Striking fast as the sharpest of spears  
Bringer of the black light  
I bask in your halo of glory and might  
Treader of the Path of thorns, cursed yet truly blessed  
Through exile, coronation and conquest  
To the throne of the Ravens of Death  
Mighty master Qayin, guide my hand  
For my deeds are thine  
Firstborn of the Black Light  
Lord of the Shadows of Death  
And father of the Bloodline

And as I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death  
I shall fear no evil, for Baaltzelmoth is with me  
His scythe smites all my enemies  
And his 7 keys open the gates leading beyond this prison so foul  
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Death bringer  
Death dealer  
Whose might even the pale raped moon reflects  
Thorn-crowned master, scythe wielder  
Bearer of the serpent's mark  
By your left hand green was stained red to bring forth the Black  
For to kill one is to murder all  
The mark on your brow is the sign I follow and bear  
Show me the secrets of seed, root and fruit  
To harvest from the tree of knowledge  
Before the final reaping lead by Death's sinistral hand  
From below the first grave mound  
At the crossroad of life and death  
The gates within were opened without  
The great black cross stands solemn upon the skull and the cross  
sed bones  
And the mysteries whispered by the dwellers within the

With the signing of the first dead  
In Death  
Through blood and incense burning in snake shapes  
You opened wide the gates  
And I looked and beheld a black horse and its masters name was  
Qayin  
And Hell followed with him