

Through the Gloom Into the Fire

Abyssos

This is the eve of the new era
A dark cold night of autumn breeze
The last leaves fall to the frosty ground
The pale moon gazes through the thick massing clouds
The witches are gathered, a hideous coven
In delirious tones, they are shouting
Foul mysterious words as they go
Through the gloom and into the fire
A loathsome shape of obscene horror,
Squats huge and monstrous upon the ebon throne
Denial of the god above
The stifling air reeks with filth and blasphemy
Faster and faster whirls the witches' lewd dance
Denial of the god above
Shriller and shriller they scream in tongues
And then a wan grey light flickers in the northern sky
Twelve o'clock is the time of night,
That the graves are gaping wide
They haste, to the orgies of the sabbat,
With the infernal sacraments
The rites of the pentagram, the dance of Acheron
The sweet and beautiful fantasies of evil
A loathsome shape of obscene horror,
Squats huge and monstrous upon the ebon throne
Denial of the god above
The stifling air reeks with filth and blasphemy
Faster and faster whirls the witches' lewd dance
Denial of the god above
Shriller and shriller they scream in tongues
And then a wan grey light flickers in the northern sky
The circle is forever closed, within the secrets lie
Together they leave this dimension side by side
Twelve o'clock is the time of night, that the graves are gaping wide
They haste, to the orgies of the sabbat, with the infernal sacraments
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