

Witchcraft

Obtained Enslavement

I am the face of the sky...
...And thou shall worship the night...
The fog between the moons
Thy life thou shall take from this
Thy sisters are thou
And thou are the night
Mighty are the mirrors of the moon
For they shall reflect darkness
And no spell will be broken
As there are no one present
And the chanting of the nightbeasts
Shall bring forth thy powers
The mass of times, the highpriest's return
Devilish mood of black blood...
...For this is the hour of witches
And the crafts of darkness
Enter the fires...
...And thou shall have it all
For thou are this
And the night belongs to thee
Make me yours
Embrace my soul
For this is the hymn of evil
The witches' return...
I am the face of the sky...
...And thou shall worship the night...

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