

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 the swamp
An owl 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 Cachitice
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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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