

# Black mirror

## Necromantia

The mirror is the psychic gate  
To reach and touch the Dragon  
The serpent of the inner plain  
The highest of all adepts  
A thousand eyes gazing upon  
The candlelight of my soul  
Undead's thirteen waxing moons  
That shed their light on Death's own skull  
Through my black mirror I change the self  
Through my black mirror I change the world  
The black halo reappears  
As the fearsome hellfire trident  
Both weapon and sacred symbol  
Of my bloodline manifests  
Tonguing out my hungry soul  
With violent telepathy  
Connecting all my spiritforms  
With the fiery Barracks of Abyss  
I work my magic through the dreams  
I twist and bind their will  
Like crafty mist I infiltrate  
To shape and change their futures  
The father of lies  
Speaks the truth  
I am the father of lies

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