Advent of Insanity

Sabbat

A sea breeze echoes softly
it's song echoes through your mind,
leaves you thinking of tomorrow
and the life you left behind.
Come turn your head to face the
wind that fills enchanted sails,
and drives you to your destiny
as silent sirens wail.
A sad lament for travellers
held in the hand of fate,
your future stands upon the prow
your past drowns in the wake.
What chance is there for sanity
when madness takes the helm,
and steers you on a downward
spiral to his lonely realm?
Watch the night-sky- seagulls fly
and in the heavens play,
Yet even angels stoop and still
pick nothing up they say.
There are things far more sinister
that haunt the midnight air,
the sirens serenade a warning
telling you:
"Beware- the waves upon the water
are like ripples in your mind,
and the shadows cast by nature
show the future you may find.
As rivers flow because they know
that they must join the sea-
thus you will be carried on to
meet your destiny."
Do Dark Horses Dream Of Nightmares?
Standing on a strange shore-
this desolate coastline,
it offers cold comfort.
Very little more than the sky
for a blanket
the earth for my bed.

THE SISTERS OF WYRD:
"Thethreads upon the loom of life
have foreordained your coming here,
so weep not mannikin of mankind
dry your worthless puppet-tears."
Unanswered questions-
how they play on my mind,
now that darkness is falling and
still there's no sign of my guide.
Either I have been betrayed-
they have left me to die,
or worse still at this moment he lies-
an unwitting victim by brigands attacked,
left naked and dead with a knife
in his back.
Childhood terrors return to me now,
from the rand stench of fear in
the sweat on my brow.
Deciet and despair are to me
kith and kin,
seduced into slumber-
my nightmare begins.
WODEN:
"Welcome - welcome to my domain,
I have been biding my time.
Watching and waiting -
but now you are mine.
Weaving the web that entwines you,
like a puppet you play on the end
of your strings 'till the end of
your days."
Daylight flees as night gives chase
I'm held in panics dank embrace,
I smother in his cold caress -
the sum of all my worthlessness.
I have been told to thank the Lord
for all that He will send,
but if death should come to meet me -
must I greet him as a friend?
Now I see that this quest is
a test of my fidelity -
has God forsaken me?
When maddness sings his lullaby a
nightmare filled with unknown things -
to cast aspersion on my sanity.

Faith starts to flounder in
a mind torn apart,
my thoughts move in time with
the beat of my heart
A creature of habit
I make easy prey,
cross faith and fire cannot
hold at bay the beast that
pursues me -
the end drawing near.
My soul keeps no secrets -
he knows what I fear.
Flying so high on the wings
of a dream,
over mountain and forest -
'cross river and stream.
While the creatures that feed
off the doubts I invent
await my arrival with evil intent.
WODEN:
"Welcome - welcome to my domain,
I have been biding my time.
Watching and waiting -
but now you are mine.
Weaving the web that entwines you,
like a puppet you play on the end
of your strings 'till the end of
your days."
So in that twilight world that
lies amidst life and death I dream,
and writhe in fitful slumber no-one
hears mjy silent screams.
Except the horses head that stares
with black and lifeless eyes,
atop its totem glaring as it mocks
my helpless cries.
Now I see that this quest is
a test of my fidelity -
has God forsaken me?
When maddness sings his lullaby a
nightmare filled with unknown things -
to cast aspersion on my sanity.Shapeless form surround me
casting shadows in the night,
I feel their breath upon me-
catch their faces in the light.

Somnambulistic hunters come
to prey upon my fears -
as peals of psycopathic laughter
echo in my ears.
Startled I waken from my
death-like sleep,
though fearful and shaken
I crawl to my feet.
Still my memories taunt me -
like ghosts they appear,
forever to haunt me when
darkness draws near.
WODEN:
"Welcome - welcome to my domain,
I have been biding my time.
Watching and waiting -
but now you are mine.
Weaving the web that entwines you,
like a puppet you play on the end
of your strings 'till the end of
your days."
Then fleeing from the terrors
at the night before I leave,
the remenants of reality behind
me 'neath the trees.
Waking in the light of dawn I
pray that God will send -
his wisdom now to guide me
through this night-time without end.
Now I see that this quest is
a test of my fidelity-
Has God forsaken me?
When madness sings his lullaby a
nightmare filled with unknown things -
to cast aspersion on my sanity.

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