

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

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

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