

Demon's Vortex

Abigor

Only one night is missing
But this one will bring the storm that put an end to everything
The sky is still starlit, but if our faith, our desire is forceful enough
The strings of silence - hushed
The strings of silence - smooth Within a few hours all signs will read storm
Listen! It is true that there exist individuals
Who are never looking prouder
Warlike then the rising of the storm
Many-voiced the singing rises The air seems to condense
Filled with electric sparks
Starting to fly, to rotate, to spin
To oscillate in the centre of the magical circle
The voices sound higher Coil-like circling and narrowing
The light rises faster and faster
(The sound is undescrivable)
The voices resemble blowing wind, howling wolves
The silence break hissingly
The storm put on it's strings
The strait looks like a witch's cauldron
Like a hotblooded foaming geyser The elements are in uproar
Now all signs are stormy
It's insignia are shining dark ablaze
A shining ablaze from a violent encounter of sulphur and lead
Everything is out of breath
Everything is beside itself - storm world! In the shadow of heavy wings
Sorceresses preserver
In their fluttering clothes resist the beating weather
That almost tear the garments of our bodies Flashes in the eye
Endless high pulsating coil
Is rising from the cone
A magical and miraculous horn
Of a unicorn whose top gets lost in infinity Sparks spray, thunders beat, lightnings are inflamed
That the air is filled with the claps of heavy wings
The apocalyptic wildness of the storm
Who's now reigning with a brachial power unleashed despot
The string of the storm! The storm of hell that never halts there
It drives the ghosts and demons in it's vortex
Everlasting, for the fatal and glorious return of our master...

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