

## Olden Days

Abigor

he rises in the sombre sadness  
in the silence of monastic madness  
behind monolithic pillars  
of churches, shrines and chapels

in the dust of age-old cathedrals  
where the horrors of death shake the ground  
his shadow grows in arcane castles  
where secret sins gnaw the souls of gauntly lords

in the crypts where alchemysts transform  
the nature of things  
in the woods where magicians practice  
their nocturnal arts

Sathanas is everywhere  
many can see him, to many he speaks  
hermits call him and we serve him

when fiery omens set the night ablaze  
when stars take strange shapes  
and planets bathe in blood  
when we spread the seed of malediction