

Release And Clothe The Virgin Sacrifice

Horde

The sun falls behind the shadowed mountains
As darkness descends over the forest
Flames flicker in the distance
Unholy chants and footsteps can be heard
Hooded figures emerge from bushes
Flaming torches in hands
Prepare the knife and golden chalice
For fresh blood that is to flow
Blackest hell envelopes the sight
As the ritual commences
A black figure comes forth
Robe drops to the ground
A naked virgin stands within the circle
Ice winds freeze her flesh
Fear dominates her mind
Behold
Repentance is nigh
No flesh will be pierced
The chalice remains empty
A virgin is spared a grim death
As involvement is renounced
Angels assist her escape
As she is clothed once more
Disappearing through thicket
To a new life of freedom
Liberty