

# Gathering Under The Red Moon / Apophis - The Serpent Self

Zemial

Sparks of light in towers who sleep for years  
Sound the Great Horn, invoke the Chosen Ones  
The Earth is feverous, the Seas turn red  
R'lyeth emerges through the blood red waves

Gehenna awaits for more to come  
The wolf Fenriz regains the Sun  
Eternal frost and cold:  
Form the winds of Night emerge forgotten Kings and Thrones

Gathering, under the Red Moon  
Your god is weeping!  
Gathering under the Red Moon  
The name of the Wolf we hail!

Spells bring down the walls (of heaven)  
Almighty Gods come forth  
We ride on black chariots in Full Moon  
The Great lands of Stygia are reborn

The snow carries signs of red ruby  
By the blood of a thousand worms  
Once more screams of pain are heard in dead towers  
The smell of witchcraft fills the air:

Gathering, under the Red Moon  
The Moon is bleeding!  
Gathering, under the Red Moon  
The silver Thrones are Ours

Beware, of the black hours  
Before the Sabbat dawn  
I stand enchanted on ancient heights  
To see and listen  
To the waves of Absu roll:

I raise the horns in blasphemy,  
The heavens burn again!  
Night: