

## **ENTER-THE VAMPIRE**



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**ENTER-THE VAMPIRE**  
**Occult Poetry of Winter Laake**



**First Edition**

## **Table Of Contents**

Pg. 5	Dedication Page	
Pg. 6	List Of Illustrations	
Pg. 9	Preface – Prose To The Reader	
Pg. 11	Poetic Connotation - Asleep In The Mist	
Pg. 13	A Dark Salutation - Epitaph In Blood	
Pg. 15	Foreword	
Pg. 17	Verse One	Enter-The Vampire
Pg. 22	Verse Two	Prelude To A Succubus
Pg. 27	Verse Three	Incubisal Minuet
Pg. 36	Verse Four	Ice-Redemption
Pg. 41	Verse Five	Tragical Tears
Pg. 48	Verse Six	Necrotic Nativity Of The Chasuble
Pg. 52	Verse Seven	The Necromantic Resurrection Of The Succubus
Pg. 62	Verse Eight	Azazel Betrothed
Pg. 68	Verse Nine	Revirescence Of The Vampire
Pg. 72	Verse Ten	The Living Blood
Pg. 85	Verse Eleven	Our Lady Of The Baphomet
Pg. 91	Verse Twelve	Litany Of The Incubus
Pg. 97	Verse Thirteen	Return Of The Vampire Hunter
Pg. 101	Verse Fourteen	Vampire Of The Dracul
Pg. 110	'One In The Dark Spirit'	
Pg. 114	'Anthem To Those Amongst Us, Who Are Not'	
Pg. 119	References - Mythological And Satanic	



**Dedicated To Ligeia Laake, who made the first printing of 'Enter-The Vampire' a realization, many years ago...**



## **List Of Illustration Credits \* The Living \***

In dark appreciation to all who trafficked in the undertaking of this arcane art...

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### **Titles Of Appearance**

Front Cover Picture/ Copyright Page – ‘Flowers Of Twilight’ – Morke SaVage

- Pg. 1 Copyright page – Hey Darkness, Your Queen Is Here! - Morke SaVage
- Pg. 5 Nuns Of Satan - 70’s Satanic Ritual Picture
- Pg. 15 Enter The Vampire - Forward - Take My Hand – Bordner
- Pg. 17 Calling Down The Moon – Maxine Sanders – 60’s publicity photo
- Pg. 22 Prelude To A Succubus – ‘The Satanic Paradigm’ - Morke SaVage
- Pg. 27 Incubisal Minuet - Bordner
- Pg. 36 Ice Redemption - A Priestly Hunter – Bordner
- Pg. 41 Tragical Tears – ‘Suns Burn Through Zodiac Eyes’ – Bordner
- Pg. 62 Azazel Betrothed – ‘Three Sisters Of Innocent Lust’ - Thania Elv
- Pg. 91 Litany Of The Incubus – Thania Elv
- Pg. 101 Vampire Of The Dracul – Morke SaVage

Back Cover – Aina Blackthorn – Countess Bathory

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Pg. 114 Mistress Kris Rose \* Photograph Of The Author - Winter Laake, 1995 \*

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**Author Contact - Winter Laake - WolfLoki@yahoo.com**

## **List Of Illustration Credits \* And The Dead**

\* The following images have been omitted from this edition. They are outlined here for the historical record. \*

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### **Harry Clarke**

The illustrations of Harry Clarke originally appeared in the rare collectors edition of Edgar Allen Poe's, Tales of Mystery and Imagination. Published in London by George C. Harrap & Company Ltd. Copyright 1919

Titles Of Appearance

Table Of Contents \* Ligeia/ Edgar Allen Poe Edition

Harry Clarke can be reached by meditation in the ninth angle.

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### **Eliphas Levi Del, a.k.a. Abbe Louis Constant a.k.a. Aleister Crowley**

Eliphas Levi Del originally appeared within his own novel 'Transcendental Magic' to which he originally printed himself. Yet, now the publisher is Samuel Weiser Inc. P.O Box 612, York Beach ME 03910

Titles Of Appearance

Our Lady Of The Baphomet \* The Sabbatic Goat Of Mendes  
End Canto Unto Lorelei \* Untitled Magic Sigil

Eliphas Levi is flowing in the torrents of reincarnation. He has not revealed his current incarnation.

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### **Edmund Sullivan**

The illustrations of Edmund Sullivan originally appeared in The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Published by the New York Illustrations Company, 100 Fifth Avenue, Copyright 1896

Titles Of Appearance, All Untitled

Tragical Tears  
Necromantic Resurrection Of The Succubus  
Azazel Betrothed  
The Living Blood  
Litany Of The Incubus

Edmund Sullivan can only be seen and not heard by way of the Tartarun Rift.

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### **List Of Endearment To The Living And The Dead**

Ligeia Laake \* She came and departed like a shadow, to whom made the first printing publishable.

Anton Szandor LaVey \* For within the sigil of your church, Baphomet was uplifted.

Baudelaire \* For whom I had written words, believing them to be my own, to only discover they were yours.

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## **PREFACE**

### **Prose To The Reader**

Enter-The Vampire is divided into fourteen verses. Each verse has its own scheme of events that transpire within its own inward theme. In each verse therein contains conversation between characters or the inward thought of the individual characters, intertwined with the poetry. Separate indented fonts distinguish each thought or conversation.

Enter-The Vampire has been created in the epic poetical sense so as to bombard the reader with a series of images written line for line, images that can easily be read and understood. It has been written to avoid, at all costs, the mundane of dust-ridden shelves. Enter-The Vampire is more like a spell, the meta-mystical. A conjunction of conjurations. Further, I have within the work, attempted to chill and haunt the reader with visions of vampires, assuentering the House of God, vampires drawing into the church, ascending to papal thrones and creating chaos within it, culminating with the advent of 'Christ, The Living Vampire.' In doing so, I have throughout the poetry scheme used references to mythological and Satanic figures as well as biblical quotes to extenuate the black thorn beauty of the work, to make the work say more than just what is being said in the poetical sense, to move the boundaries of the word further past their limitations. These mythological and Satanic figures will often repeat throughout the work as to greaten their cause and effect. The reader will thus find a glossary of these mythological and Satanic figures, in alphabetical order, within the back of the book. In this way the reader can refer to the list and understand their diversified meanings in many different facets and uses. The reader can unlock the hidden esoteric meanings of the work. The reader can see more than what is seen, feel more than what is felt in the material realm and comprehend the dark spiritual vampyric forces aligning within the lining of pages.

The verses are also distinguished by separate reinforced poetry, which are stated by emboldened letters. Through this combination of lettering, the reader can engulf fully in the understanding of the poetry scheme. To go even further, the reader can recite the poetry out loud and enunciate the work unto your own ears. For I attempt to paint pictures through words, as any poet does. Yet, through reciting the work the occult vibrations will reveal clearer passages of perception.

In the text I refer to the Incubus/Succubus, which await at the edge of the subconscious, to clutch the feeble will of the insolent, many times. I take the image of the Incubus/Succubus into the vampire theme itself. To bring forth a powerful image of death, which lies hidden in the mirror, gazing out at you through your own eyes. Waiting to greet you with skeletal arms inside your own reflection. Come, kiss the black rose lips of Lady Bathory. Rip out the cross of thorns, crowned in your heart. Tear out the stake from your chest. Discard the cross you carry. The forbidden fruit of the serpent is yours now to devour, until we depart, lest you jest.

**Winter Laake, June 1995**



**Poetic Connotation**  
**Asleep In The Mist**

Let us now turn the pages of the bible against themselves  
 Exposing the hypocritical lie, hidden  
 Let us now turn the church inverted  
 Tilted upon its cross of thorns  
 Tilted upon its inward decline, impaled

Let us bear witness  
 As we the undead rise through mortal esoteric dreams  
 Crawling through earthen cryptic crates  
 Walking in mesmeric fog  
 To hail you as our most prize possession  
 In a funerary black procession  
 Sweet to the taste  
 Our eyes shall embrace  
 And our shadow the vorpal dawn will kiss  
 As we lie  
 Asleep in the mist

As we creep to our beloved rest  
 Our murmuring prayers sigil unto Baphomet  
 In praise and everlasting joy  
 For we are the blessed  
 ‘Incubare In Nominee Satanas’ unto his whispered name

Our tongues weave together to spit at the light  
 Our saliva stained red  
 Bubbling and hissing upon the ground  
 Becoming changeling vapor  
 To seek you out under rat framed doors  
 Marking the elect in blood, forsaken

Our arms coffin crossed  
 Our claws joined in the sign of the goat  
 Our smirks grinning in vampyric pride  
 Our laughter echoing throughout the chamber morn  
 As in every renewed death  
 We steal away and cheat our fate  
 As your corpse lies renounced in sulking, broken form  
 Losing balance against our bone-crushing puncture

Your mouth ripped wide  
 Your body gutted and entrails exposed  
 Your eyes glare in listless glaze  
 Lifeless of soul  
 Lifeless of death  
 Never to re-emerge

We mark the truth of your gift  
 Taken as you shall not be received  
 Come, draw into me  
 Do not be afraid  
 I close into you  
 As I am what you fear  
 As I am ever so near

You know this to be true  
 So give yourself over unto me  
 We are to be united

Come, draw into me  
 I am your longing to be free  
 Feel my will to evil  
 Ever so apart of our intimacy  
 Laden in esoteric mystery

Come, lift the veil of night  
 Lift it and you shall find yourself  
 Reflected into me  
 Under the shroud of Christ  
 Hidden inside his vampyric legacy  
 Open your heart and you shall see  
 Open your heart to me

For we are the most decadent  
 For we are the most eminent  
 Our spell has been woven  
 Our dark projection is cast  
 And our vampyric world  
 Shalt be held on high  
 In the symbol of the bat

Let us join hand in hand, implacable  
 In a circle of undeath  
 In a 'Circle of The Crimson Dusk'  
 As Kali overshadows our dreams  
 As we live in each others nightmares  
 A fellowship of our black spirits  
 Ecstatic in the feelings of the kill that arrests our whole mind  
 Igniting our blood, illustrious  
 For we are the vampyric chosen  
 Without end

And those of a feeble will  
 And those of a lesser-god  
 Hear my call  
 Hear my dark sallow invitation

Come, lay upon the altar of Babylon  
 I shall sanctify you to your god  
 And as you now know this to be revealed  
 Your fate has been sealed  
 And at this chosen hour  
 As the hope of day slips away  
 You cannot resist  
 For we shall lie  
 Asleep in the mist  
 As you shall die  
 As you shall die

## **A Dark Salutation Epitaph In Blood**

There she stood  
A mantle of Diana  
More voluptuous than ever she was before  
In Luna forgiven  
Taking her irrevocable vow  
She lies at my long jagged black fingertips  
We clutch into each other  
A joining in the wine of Avalon  
Spilling out upon the 'Mordred Fields of Camlan'  
A carnic feast

Her long black hair, scented with myrrh and rose petals  
Moves me in awakening  
We kiss in a primeval forest beneath enchantment  
A damosel of the lake  
Lifting seduction unto her father  
I feel the surge of her condemnation  
I feel the surge of her renunciation  
Seeping in long jugular strands of her betrayal

I am en-gorged in swollen sucking corpulence  
She screams out in one final necro-phagic despair, silenced  
For I am in the grasp of her rapacious paramour, nevermore  
She raises her eyes, rolled back  
Talisman's of Lucretia  
Flickering

The color of life washes from her face  
Enduring in lament  
Our last embrace  
Driving a stake through the last remaining shreds of grace  
To which we shared  
Reduced to the shades of ruins  
Suborn to insignificance  
Lowered to her incredulant dismay  
Unto a violated crypt  
Driving a stake through my heart of the marrows of this groping decay  
Which grows more inwardly desolate hour by hour  
In fragmented memories, cherished in yesterday  
Left unto the grave of winter to deflower  
To which I held so close, forever so long  
To which I now forsake

For what has been  
Shall never be again

On this glorious evening  
In this midnight hour  
I have wept tears of blood  
Upon her souls release  
For the raven is perched  
In the arrival of dark tidings  
From out beyond the veil of death

To await her  
 To lead her temporal ghost across the Plutonian Seas  
 To take her soul away

Drops stain the paper  
 Running in pools  
 Upon which I write  
 Drops stain her skin  
 Running in silken roseate threads  
 Upon which I lick  
 She rises to kiss me  
 Her black lips in disdain  
 Whisper my name  
 A final release  
 I set her free  
 Her spirit flies out the window  
 Aloft in a black angels wings

Her blood sings my mouth  
 My lips taste her cheeks, now cold and lifeless  
 Her black heart pounds out in slow lingering stillness  
 Softly ending its unrequited motif  
 Softly ending its unrequited song  
 For no life moves through her  
 For nothing shalt revive her  
 Until the dissension unto her sepulcher

And nothing within her now  
 Shall be the same as it was before  
 A darkness will enter  
 Extreme unctio[n] to change  
 Upon the third day  
 A shadow to rise out of the region of night  
 A shadow to rise out of black abysmal mire  
 To bring death to her innocents  
 'Enter-Thy Vampire'  
 I am quietly gasping  
 Sullen threads of languished remorse  
 Engulfed in anguish  
 As my once resplendent love slowly dies  
 Blood comes in tears from my eyes  
 Blood comes in tears from my eyes  
 For my love has faded and died  
 Has truly faded and died



**Children of the night, take my hand.**

## **Foreword**

Children of the night  
 Take my hand  
 Cast out uncertainty  
 Attest your faith  
 Partake of the darker shadow  
 Relinquish your lust upon the altar of Lilith\*  
 Awaken to life immortal

Let us walk down unto the Stygian Shore\*  
 Against crag and chasm flame  
 We shall lift our hearts to the shrills of torment  
 We shall hear the voices of the harrowing waters  
 As we cross in Charon's obolus grasp\*

Let us knell our scythe through Hell's glimmering bells  
 Awakening the relics of skeleton repose  
 Who lieth bound to the undercurrents below  
 Who lieth sleeping in Leviathan's still depths\*  
 Let them rise through the ebb of fathomless abyss  
 Let them rise to greet us  
 A regiment of swords held upward in bliss  
 Through a murk of necrotic chainmail

Our obsidian wings in full span  
 Let us gaze unto the swallowing pit  
 Staring headlong unto stifling mists  
 Drawing ever upward  
 In a tempest of wailing unrest  
 Bearing those souls who shunned and spat at their greatness  
 Who now lieth in the bosom of everlasting fire

We shall enunciate unto our own reflection  
 Confounded inside the vaporous mirror of our own will  
 Aware of our countenance  
 Which reigns in the all powerful essence of our spirit

Come now children of the night  
 Galvanize your widowed hyalescent light  
 Let us lay within the valley of darkness  
 And together our tongues shall meet  
 Enclosed in a kiss upon the sanguine petals of the flowers of evil

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\*Lilith – Reference Number 40

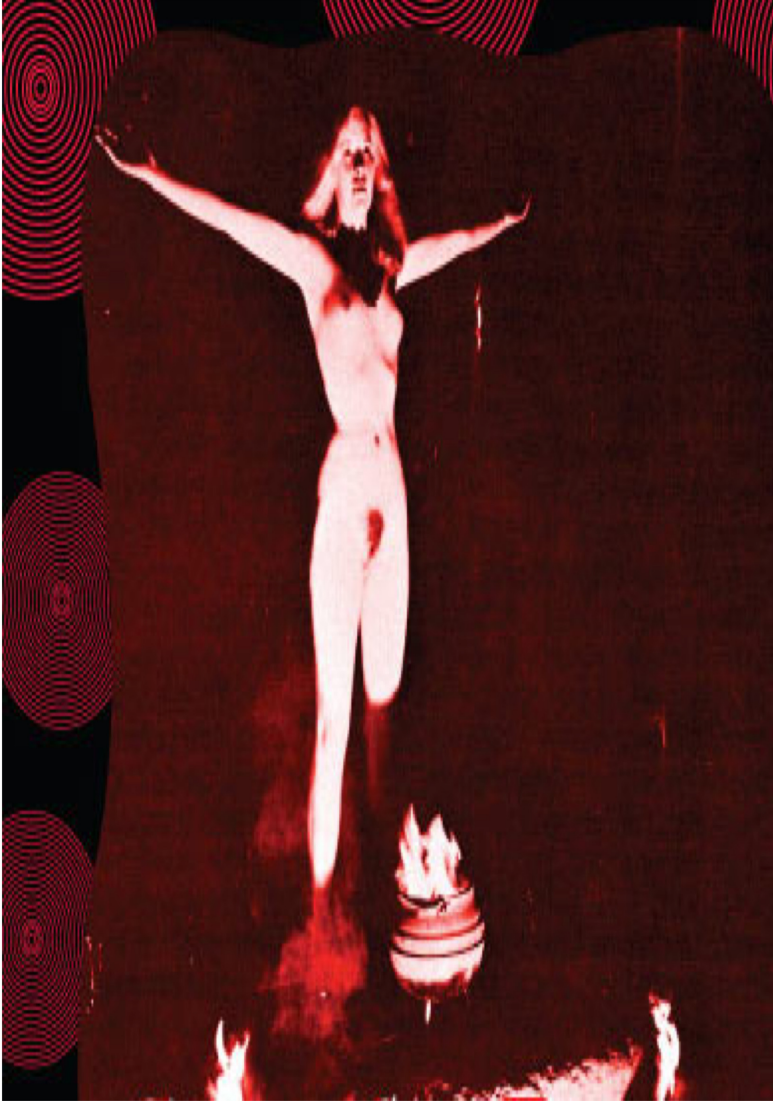
\*Stygian – Reference Number 67

\*Charon – Reference Number 21

\*Leviathan – Reference Number 38



**Enter – The Vampire**



## **Enter-The Vampire**

Woe to you who dwell in light  
 I know the key to the Enochian gate\*  
 The gate to eternity  
 In turning of the clad iron spires  
 The clock tolls the awakening hour  
 The son denied  
 In blood stone descent  
 Measuring the heated bellows  
 Purging below

Cerberus legion roar in voracious thirst\*  
 Serpents slither the lower Abyss\*  
 Entwining the Hellhounds of rage  
 Climbing the aureoles precipice  
 Wolfen claws afoot upon feral winds  
 RISING

The horizon lashes the east  
 Climbing in twilight  
 The coffin creeks  
 Reaching claws scrape through  
 Touching luminescence  
 Eyes-beam forth, nosferatu  
 Black as pitch

A great gurgling rapture  
 A great howling roar  
 Begins to be heard  
 Within thy core  
 The core of thy black soul  
 Thy vampyric goal

A thousand liege  
 Demonic dire wolves of war  
 Astride with eyes gleaming the infernal pit  
 Eminent of pulsing veins within  
 Growing in magnificence of dusk  
 Longevity glistens in the blood of fire

BURNING AND BURNING  
 HIGHER AND HIGHER  
 ENTER-THE VAMPIRE

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\*Enochian – Reference Number 28

\*Cerberus – Reference Number 20

\*Abyss - Reference Number 3

Oh' to thee that range in the south  
 Take flight  
 Spread your locust wings, parasite eaten  
 Purge the lightning of the eternal summer  
 Abash the infernal gates  
 Ascend on high  
 Unto the Arcadian sky\*

Pazuzu\*  
 Astride the feral winds  
 Extend your talon eyes of fire  
 I invoke thee  
 Spill the bowls turning streams to blood  
 Break the seals that bar you below  
 Commence thy sacrificial flood

Oh' to thee unquenched  
 Oh' to thee festering below  
 Condemned in the shadow of God  
 I admonish Babylon's testament  
 So that thee that writhe in torment  
 Shalt break away the webs of fervent  
 In thy infernal name  
 I arise in thee  
 To condemn the living

Burning night  
 The expulsion of light  
 Burning black  
 Hallowed un-holy might

The arrival of dusk  
 Deepens thy lust  
 Thy lust for blood  
 Satanical sacred trust  
 Flowing in undeath  
 One thousand miles long  
 Yet, in the aeons of passage  
 I still lieth unquenched

Moonlight pale and white  
 Without which all things are desolate  
 In you I dwell  
 In you thy blessed saints befell  
 Befell upon their knees before me  
 Exalting in the feast of all saints  
 In swallowed gush

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\*Arcadian – Reference Number 7

\*Pazuzu – Reference Number 56

I feast upon their souls  
 Showing true reverence unto their vampyric savior  
 Renouncing sin  
 Renouncing God  
 Hailing the sign of Baphomet  
 In torturous splendor of Catherine rack array  
 Binding spinal back  
 Tearing off the wings  
 Listening for the crack

Their sacrasontic remains  
 Licked upon burning, churning bonfire flames  
 Screams wail in scorching choir  
 Screeching sins cleansed of flesh  
 Melting within Hells roaring pyre  
 'Enter-The Vampire'

Moonlight pale and bright  
 I long to be one with thee  
 I lie un-rested without your touch  
 Immersed in deaths dormancy  
 Immersed within a death rattled breath  
 Condemned without your perpetual light  
 When you arrive  
 My darkness does contrive'

For I arise in thee  
 Thy love unto eternity  
 Lispings whispers of Lucy  
 Calling out unto me

I arise crushing the phylactery  
 My foot on Solomon's neck\*  
 I arise through the coils of claws strewn from trees  
 That invade my abode  
 The black orb has embraced the moon  
 Thy blood pumping to the theater of tonight  
     Fire, red whipped death of summers end...  
 I awaken deep inside

This marks the beginning of the beast's laughter  
     Yearning, burning, craving, lust...  
 I cannot ease  
 I am within the ripped coils of the serpents mouth  
 The despair erased by desire  
 Dead, yet I live  
 'Enter-The Vampire'

The paralogism of humanity has greeted long wedding bells to me  
 The ring betrothed to me was paramount  
     Binding, stalking, hunting...  
 Truly always and forever

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\*Solomon – Reference Number 66

These were the red rubies bound to the gold of the sacred screams of the long dead  
 Relished, macabre, magnetic, eternal...

Tonight I will erect deities to Satan's delight  
 The vertex of the young nun was my plight  
 Leaving my lair  
 No cross to bear in the trail of my long black hair  
 Hearing the lute of Persephone's lyre\*  
 My beloved damsel  
 'Enter-The Vampire'

Over sleeping heads of malversation  
 The church glimmers in midnight fog

Erodescent, green shimmering cross  
 Oh' how you tremble under me  
 Tonight is the night she will dance with me

I see within the convent walls  
 The young sweet nun has awakened to my calls  
 Primordial, pulsating, screaming  
 In my mind are soft winds that sing to her

Come, can you not hear the sweet melody  
 Rose scented breeze, storm and mist of my everescent cries  
 Yes, the whisper that tells you planets of Jupiter are eclipsing  
 Come to me in the dark wood beside the dead tree

The lure of my Madeira wind has brought the innocent inamorata to marry me  
 Away from the church she is entranced  
 Deep aggression overtakes my hands  
 They embrace the lush child of Christian pre-madonna  
 Luxuriate by my jagged smile  
 Enthralled with her beauty  
 The virgin trembles me deep within  
 By the holism of your heart of hearts, you're mine  
 NAKED

I will bring magic to your heart strings  
 Pale face and neck purified in moonlight  
 Neo-Latin shall be written tonight

The nectar of her blood is coursing through my veins  
 Soothing, relinquishing, easing  
 One thousand years of torment  
 Never alive, have I left a queen but this one shall join me  
 She shall wear orris and smell of musk  
 No more loneliness for the lost  
 One thousand moons shall burn in triumph

DEEP-INSIDE  
 FOREVER  
 THREE DAYS TIME  
 ENTER-THE SUCCUBUS

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\*Persephone – Reference Number 58

**Prelude To A Succubus**



## **Prelude To A Succubus Introduction**

Incessant imploring from beyond the grave  
 The daughter of Lilith driven under the cross  
 Life harmonized with Jesus Christ  
 A nocturnal child arises in her enclosed sepulcher  
 Long nails reaching through the cracks  
 Lifting the lid for all to see  
 The new convent from which she dwells  
 Granting everlasting salvation  
 Through penetrating eyes

NUN OF DARKNESS  
 QUEEN OF THE NIGHT  
 PRINCESS OF VAMPIRES

Stepping to the door of her vault  
 Buried next to those who believed as she  
 Forever bound to the realm of the dead  
 Remembering the sisters that shared her bead

Beautiful young ladies of the cloth  
 Kissing her very soft  
 Taking the embroidered wrapping from her breasts  
 Suckling mistresses of her desire  
 May at a time  
 She was the sweetest of their kind  
 Darling nectar of Mary personified  
 Rages of fantasy after the doors had been locked  
 Orgies of lust through out their lot

Scratching at the wall of the great tomb  
 Stone breaking away granting moonlight into her room  
 Burdeness lust for ichorus blood  
 Tearing the wall from its concrete hinges

I am alive after all of these years  
 Realizing my most diabolical fears  
 My love for my lord is truly so much more  
 Yearning, cringing of my teeth  
 The ladies I love do not compare to he  
 I am the creature that Jesus always wanted me to be

Stilled by his hand while I sleep  
 He hears me through my winter tears  
 Drying my eyes  
 Clearing the way so that I can see  
 What has to be done in the name of thee

## **Prelude To A Succubus**

A garland of roses  
Laid by her crypt  
Tear filled glares from saddened suns  
She is not dead  
Oh' yes truly alive  
Lilith personified

Born into death from a vampire from the west  
Life from the correct  
The nun of purity

SLEEPING DORMANT  
WAITING FOR THE CHANGE

Awakened at last  
It has been to long of a fast  
Resonant screams of thirst under the feverish skin  
The cross on top  
Under which she was buried  
Lunar red painted  
In the sight of the night  
Overshadowing her steps

Oh' Lord Jesus  
How I long for you  
I have prayed to you all of these long years  
Wanting to be close  
I want to feel you  
Will you not cum tonight?

Dressed in the uniform of cathartic tradition  
Succubus carrying a reminiscent vision  
A lustung to repatriate her church  
A missionary  
Seeking fulfillment  
A priest to his solemn vow  
To hear the crimes of a ramified child  
Torn within by a craving  
Ex-parte to sin

Floating in mist  
Down away from the grave  
Exuberant eyes glare red through the dark  
Smells of the garden  
Nectars roses  
Taking her back  
To a man dressed in black

The rectory in solitude  
Breezes of sweet summer life  
Wrapping her in death, she blooms  
To remain a flower forever  
Never to wither  
Stepping through to her church



The cross bright with candles  
The sweet daughter kneels and prays

Oh' Lord Jesus  
My desire cries out to you  
Can you not hear my prayers  
I am luxuriant for you  
I shall show true devotion tonight  
Be witness to my exultation  
It shall be paramount in sacrifice  
Amen

Around through many corridors  
A knocking commences  
Stirring the priest  
Speaking through the door  
Not know it's the lost Lenore\*

What is it my child?

Father please  
I have to repent  
Meet me in your holy procession  
The cabinet of confession  
I must have repentance of my setaceous sins

Mists of the ichores seraph  
Seducing the pulpit  
The priest emerges  
Stepping into the flourishing fog filled church  
Wrapping him in vibrance  
The passion of night  
Has him hypnotized  
The eyes of the succubus

HEARING, FEELING, CONTROLLING  
HER PAPL FEAST

---

\*Lenore – Reference Number 37

Through all of the stations of the cross  
 Her heart of fire  
 Gazing into mirrors  
 Time fades slowly  
 In this velvet pulpit  
 He feels her touch  
 Spirit of the grave  
 Reaching through the dark  
 He feels her lips  
 Granting him a bloody kiss

Succubus of the church  
 In a rosary petition  
 Showing her lord true devotion

Orthodox worship  
 Osculating the blood of the womb  
 Tearing out his throat  
 All over the room  
 Nails solid black  
 Claws of the cat  
 Spilling his blood on the altar of life  
 Placing the carcass for all to see  
 A murder in the first degree

This one will not feel the change  
 Headless  
 Crucified  
 Hung high above

Holding forever in her memory  
 Homage paid to her lord  
 Kneeling once more  
 In the church of Lenore  
 Praise extreme through her primal scream  
 Far extended beyond death  
 Faith resurrect  
 Genuflect

The Lord is my shepherd  
 I shall not want  
 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures  
 He leadeth me besides still waters  
 He restoreth my soul  
 Come to me my Christ  
 I am your unholy bride  
 I sacrifice to you with vainglorious pride  
 I want to feel you deep inside

**Incubisal Minuet**



**Incubisal Minuet  
Forward**

Hebraical Messiah  
When will you cum for her  
Satanic anointment in piety  
Blasphemy extreme  
Paganistic virtue

SUCCUBISAL STONE  
MOUNT SODOM HAS FELL ONTO ROME

Time hence your coming  
Mindful hours passing tonight  
Suns burn through Zodiac eyes  
Incubus rise

She again plays the hand  
Many innocent lie sleeping  
Now upon nunnery youth, creeping  
Prime-mince for the red moon

DAWN OF THE SUCCUBUS  
ARISEN AGAIN

## **Incubisal Minuet**

The longing recurs  
 A day of resting  
 Cryptic solitude of convent vesting  
 Eyes iridescent gleam

Succubisal scream  
 Hallowed grave  
 Redolent blood sweetening the night  
 The queen of Jesus has arised

A flowing back  
 Memories of tragical tears  
 Yearning for the taste  
 Through the lost years  
 Entrusted daughter of faith

My sisters of grace  
 Unveiled, I must embrace

Ascending from her liar  
 Rose-water lips  
 Refracting her long black hair  
 Lady hosanna  
 Serene tempest  
 Vigorous in her plight  
 To attain the highest

I must see my immaculate sisters tonight

Masquerade to marionettes  
 I will hold mass to you  
 A masterstroke  
 Truly this shall make you awake

Oh' my dearest father who art on high  
 Let it be on earth as it is in heaven  
 Incestuous thoughts within thy eyes  
 My sweet sisters between my thighs  
 I wish to drink of the ladies of the cloth  
 I am led unto temptation  
 Aligning with your deepest love

Multifarious lust  
 Naked to your mystery  
 Thy dear lord  
 Please give a blessing to your servant  
 A servant of the sword  
 A servant by your accord  
 Amen

Mother-of-pearl against Luna  
 Away from her cathedral coffin  
 Moonstruck to life  
 Mosaic in the night  
 Taking flight high into the sky  
 Rising above the trees  
 Back before dawn

Give me this day thy daily bread  
 And destroy those who trespass against me  
 Lead them I must unto temptation  
 And deliver them to your pilgrimage  
 Monumentous in your wake  
 Lord, I beckon you to hear thy mass  
 Lord hear my prayers  
 Amen

Flowing nightingale  
 Into the night  
 Gazing down in Capricorn winter  
 The chill indeed is not from the air  
 It is from her un-holy glare

In mid flight  
 Seeing the feast from on high  
 Descending down upon the convent hills  
 Martyr Deuteronomy has arrived  
 Driven to achieve praise from the divine

Mother Mary  
 Appear from your steeple  
 Descend upon me  
 Your love I feel deep inside  
 Lay within the cobs of the crucifix  
 Notched upon the host  
 I crave you the most

The time is at hand  
 The convent is in view  
 Longing through the eve  
 Heroine calls ring through  
 To the innocent within  
 Sleeping  
 Holding woe  
 From the one of their flock who fell from there fold  
 From the one of their flock who fell below

Succubus renting the night in midnight song

Holism spirit of the sacred virgin  
 The blood within your body  
 Purest to my taste  
 Come to me from out of your dreams  
 I long for you  
 Thy fellow sisters of the orthodox

Emerging from her call  
 One has fallen under her succubisal spell  
 Young with all masks removed  
 Walking from her room to the foot-hill outside  
 Naked hypnotized by the red moon

Come child  
 I will answer your prayers  
 You are empty  
 I shall fill you  
 You shall be close to the lord  
 Sharing eternal life  
 Dance with me tonight  
 A minuet to Jesus Christ

The nuns dance in the sight of God  
 Teeth begin to cringe  
 Drawing the innocent closer  
 Claspng tightly around her neck  
 Drinking the Eucharist

I know you intimately now  
 Sweet girl  
 However, you will not see another night  
 Thy jealousy over the lord is too strong  
 This will be my sole era

Rapture nails tear  
 Shredding remnants of the husk  
 Killing the nun in fashion

Blood spews  
 Trachea torn  
 Cat-o-nine tails of the succubus

Destroy those who trespass  
 Lead them into temptation  
 Deliver them to evil  
 I will have you alone  
 The heretics will die  
 Christ divine  
 Thy obsession intensifies  
 Until the end of time  
 Within thy coffin confine

Knotted black hair  
 Strewn in dried amber stain  
 Carmelite gown  
 Blood soaked torn pain

Aghast coronation  
 Medusa's cythrawl kiss  
 Chaste unveiled  
 Pale flickers of moon-borne bliss  
 Burning revelations of feral candle wisp

Illuminant love of Christ  
 Beseeching acolyte grace  
 Beneath druidic wood  
 Virtuous crowning of rose thorn embrace

A rift of night wind  
 Over gorge of chasm flame  
 Immortal, undefiled, everflowing vein  
 Lying unadulterated, morbidly cleansed  
 Shrouded under storm of soaring black fane  
 Bathed in blood  
 Exalting upon hoof and knee  
 In darkest of praise  
 Genuflection of Satanical rage

ACHERONTIC ELECTRESS OF HOSANNA\*  
 HIER-PHANTRESS OF DEATH  
 SISTER OF THE GASH  
 NUN OF CHRIST

---

\*Acherontic – Reference Number 4



Bloodlust falling  
 In tears of red rose drips  
 Licking lips  
 Teeth protract  
 Quenched of sin  
 Gazing on high  
 Rejoiced in vitality

Infernal sonant  
 Vampiric requiem  
 Psalm overshadowing death  
 Blessed Incubisal Minuet  
 Canto-whispers of Mina\*  
 Morose devout fidelity to her lord  
 Exhaling lisps fervor  
 Homage unto her divine Adonis

Bloodcurdling terror  
 Bay of the dire wolf  
 Silver rain rents the air  
 Begging repentance  
 Hands folded in prayer

‘Let us prey’

---

\*Mina – Reference Number 44

Oh' my dearest father  
 Who art on high  
 Thy sweet sisters of the cloth  
 Yearning between thy thighs

I have exalted unto you  
 In the greatest of all patronage  
 In the blood offertory of thy holy communion  
 A lamb sacrificed unto you  
 Upon the altar of Cain  
 Yet, I long for you unto evermore  
 Come, reveal yourself unto your lost Lenore  
 I long to feel your touch deep inside  
 Hear thy burning passionate cry  
 Through the sleep of day  
 Beheld sacred within thy un-earthed lay

Oh' my dearest father  
 Who art on high  
 Let it be on earth as it is below  
 Give me this day thy daily feast  
 And destroy those who trespass against me  
 Give me this day thy Blood of Christ  
 Savoring the taste of the crucifixion  
 For I too shalt be nailed to the cross  
 Like he who died for thee  
 Opening the infernal gates to eternity

Lead them I must unto temptation  
 Delivering heretics unto damnation  
 Delivering them to evil

For as eternity sighs upon me  
 I live forever  
 In thy undead longevity  
 Embraced within thy living blood of everlasting life  
 Until the end of time  
 Until thy coffin unto the grave unbind

Lord, I am worthy to receive you  
 Say the words I long to hear  
 Lay with your most puissant disciple  
 And I shall be healed  
 Amen

Uplifted moresque eyes  
Mirror the night's reprise  
Scowering unto the crypt  
On high adrift

Weeping the espy hour of widespread solar glaciation  
'Esprit De Fatales'  
Relenting in nominee mortem isolation

In paraselene encroached  
Laughing in vampyric mockery  
In the deepest respect of dark promises kept  
Fray of the icon night flows distraught  
Twining her mourning scar  
Over morass unto mortuary  
'To reach a Luciferian Star'  
Enthralled, enthroned debacle coffin closure  
Echoing chime of the shutting lid

Casting out the sun  
Sleeping mantle of vampyric grace  
Unhallowed resting place  
Atoning deaths embrace

The release of dawn

## Ice - Redemption



## **Ice-Redemption Introduction**

In my dreams  
She calls to me  
An entrancing Corbenic entropy  
Beautiful in all glory  
Enamoured angel on silver winds  
Climbing through obsidian sky  
Truly on high

Drawing closer  
A wilderness of reproach  
Aloft through shadowed trees of flight  
Wooden limbs suspend in jagged parasol

Drawing nearer still  
Long black fingernails  
Reach unto the expanse of mist  
Reach against the trappings of death  
Scratching the walls

Long raven hair  
Engulfed inside a halo of Luna  
Annunciated in black  
Flowing in the breezes of the Plutonian Shore\*

Sensual black lips in pale repose  
Whisper of the nights lost  
Arisen from cryptic gallows  
Mistress of the cross  
Echoing pangs of undeath

Eden immersed  
Betrothed unto the crimson veil  
Wept in tears of Eros  
Condemned in a tenement of moonlight  
In league with the night  
Against one silver ray revealed  
A living monstrosity to evil

Her nunnery frock immured in blood  
Spilt through gaping jaws  
Down unto protruding breasts  
Igniting the flames of lust  
Which hang upon the silver cross  
Wrung in coronation around her neck  
Glinting in sanguine disdain

Gazing through her guise  
Irradiant temptation grows deep inside  
Gleaming out of her red eyes  
The evil within  
Pulling me in

Vampiric ghostress  
Symbolic in her mission  
An offertory of sacrifice only now remains

I awoke in the solarium  
Gripping the bed  
Shaking with dread  
Knowing the preparations

## **Ice-Redemption**

Caryatid columns surround  
 An apostolate priest  
 In midnight prayer  
 Echoing a heart of disorder

Hail Mary  
 Full of grace  
 Death to the Satanic queen  
 'Anno Domini Incubare'  
 Defiling your sacred church

Blessed sacrament  
 I will stuff within a headless demon  
 Axed from the body of Christ  
 A Corpus-Christi cross of silver sword  
 Truly to be made vanquished  
 Disrobed and bound into Hell

Lord givith me the strength  
 Deliver this un-holy creature  
 Into flaming Perdition\*  
 Stab into the heart of this abomination  
 A once heavenly creation

In the name of the father, son and holy ghost  
 Amen

A priestly hunter  
 To lay the succubus asunder  
 Descending deep below  
 Inside the cob webbed catacombs of his cathedral  
 Iron boxed for the next to come  
 The chasuble emblems lie in wait  
 Tools of the trade  
 For destroying those who have strayed

Vampire Hunter of the Casubla\*  
 Raising the silver crossed sword on high  
 Chanting to those who are dead nearby

Lord walk with me into the valley of darkness  
 Deliver me from evil  
 Give me the power  
 Deliver this beast unto damnation

---

\*Perdition – Reference Number 57

\*Casubla – Reference Number 22

Under the Delphinus constellation  
 As dawn rises  
 The hunter is a-foot  
 Drawn away to the grave  
 Whispers in the wind place fear to his mortality  
 Even as the sun begins to shine brightly  
 A deluge rush cringes within  
 For the crypt of the demoiselle nun is in view  
 Dropping to his knees in morning fog

Holy Mary  
 Mother of God  
 Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death  
 Amen

Stepping through the door  
 Ripped from its hinges  
 By the lost Lenore  
 Knowing the angel of death  
 Sleeps within  
 An anointed priest  
 Rooted in Christian tradition  
 Pulls the sword from its sheath

Descending down inside the sepulcher  
 Seeing the coffin of the restless seraph  
 Pulling up the lid for all to see  
 Praising aloud to his almighty

Holy, holy, holy  
 Ashes to ashes  
 Dust to dust  
 I commence you to the earth  
 Water purity will sanctify

As the priest barks his sacred words  
 The eyes of the tempest open with hate  
 Hissing at the priest  
 She has become awake  
 Startled by the hand raising up  
 The priest takes her head  
 Decapitating it from the husk  
 Her final scream echoes off the chamber walls  
 Inheriting its stain

Hail Mary  
 Full of grace  
 Through sword and ice redemption  
 I have laid her to rest  
 Now disrobed and bound unto death  
 Forever...Amen



**Tragical - Tears**



**Tragical Tears**  
**Introduction**

Tragedy stricken  
I too knew the time of taking  
Killing, embracing, tasting  
The icy chill of sword redemption  
Mirrored in succubusal eyes  
A reign of blood  
Gone forever

'So it begins'

## **Tragical Tears**

In this veil of darkness  
 Christ-thorns incised  
 From death arised  
 Feast of the vampire  
 Upon emerald gray blackened skies  
 Awaiting

Truly innate nunnery bride  
 Salacious burning for her

Longing within  
 My pale, morbid succubus of esoteric sin  
 Christ's wrists succumbed  
 Laid open  
 This is the body and the blood  
 Partake

Closer into grace observing  
 A hidden pulse  
 Moonflowers unto a black moor castle  
 Heart of evil  
 Beating within its walls  
 Regalia of sanguinary  
 Entreating my beloved

Commencing yet another black mass  
 Cohesion of life and death  
 Standing on the common ground  
 The Draconian vampire takes flight

PRAISED, RAISED, ERECT  
 BURNING ALIVE INSIDE  
 THIRSTING  
 SOARING HIGH ABOVE

Through time frozen still  
 Likeness in figures she and I  
 One in the same  
 Virgin seraph and I\*

Symbolic of the Golgotha\*  
 The hill of crucifixion  
 I arose where Jesus fell  
 Replying within his eyes  
 I saw angels on fire  
 The time of her taking  
 Savoring the nuns blood  
 I knew her to be  
 My tranquil destiny

Now riding atop the graves of the long dead  
 The tomb of my succubus is at hand  
 Eyes beaming wings of crystalline overtake me  
 This be the resting place  
 Angelic succubus of the eternal night  
 My love I betrothed in October's moonlight

The Moravian heir  
 Sleeping deep  
 Born tonight  
 Again  
 Reign of the drinker  
 Claiming eternity  
 Undead

Advancing inside the stone iced still of the grave  
 Descending down to her coffin  
 Shuddering with fear at the violation  
 Gazing into my ladies eyes, headless and glorified  
 Now ash and skeletal  
 Dead by human hands  
 Desolate and barren  
 A chilling sight  
 A once young and vibrant  
 Succubus of the night

Death, death, death  
 To the Casubla  
 For I know they destroyed her

---

\*Seraph – Reference Number 61

\*Golgotha – Reference Number 29

Away from the subterranean vault  
 Aggression of long dead days  
 Once dormant  
 Now re-awakened  
 Passionate hate of Rumanian blood boiling under necessitous veins

Climbing into the sky  
 A wanton desire to burn the lamasery cathartic palace  
 Within a funeral pyre

Oh' foolish priest  
 Your fate is sealed  
 Tonight you shall know pain  
 Slow and intimate  
 Forever

Now aloft above the church  
 Highly sensitized ears hear the papal priest praying  
 Crashing down through glass to slit his throat  
 Are the artful means of cunning to ensnare my victim

Fog of night  
 Mist of wind  
 I will burn the vampire hunter  
 For his sin

A knocking commences on the solid oak door

Subtle, secret, tactful  
 The church of the priest  
 Who destroyed my succubusal Lenore

Replying to the query  
 Through the iron bound door

What is it my son?

Father I need to speak to you about a recent distress  
 I have fallen into the blackness of lost faith

Come in my son

Cracking, jeering, creaking  
 Door of once full slumber  
 Now opening  
 Granting invitation to the vampire

Walking in through the arch of holy light  
 'The Vampire Hunter of the Chasuble'  
 Senses nothing  
 Unsuspecting

Stepping through, sounds of cloven hoofs  
 Against marble angelus acolyte floor  
 Echo off cloistered walls of Christ  
 Entering the pulpit cabinet of renounced sins  
 Penance of prayers of confessional whims

Tell me my son  
 What has taken your faith?

Father  
 One day  
 Jesus and I were walking  
 Casting out doubt  
 A jagged cliff  
 Stepping from the ledge  
 Falling in true faith  
 Catching the solid rocks  
 Picturesque crumbled bones  
 Fractured through skin  
 Never was I caught by the angels  
 True belief was held  
 Where no soul lies  
 Now dead

Silent quivering amongst statuettes  
 Deep fear renting the papal house  
 Aggressive nails clawing through the confessional screen  
 Wrapping around the priestly throat  
 A ghastly fear gazed out of eyes that never knew Satanic desire

So hunter  
 I laid on stone  
 Why, was I not caught by the angels?  
 Cast aside  
 Allowed to die

Embers broken under vows stolen  
 Nepenthe poisoned  
 Chasuble priest  
 Locked in fear

You who desecrated  
 My lady hosanna  
 Whose faith is stronger now

Hunters and killers  
 We are all to be  
 In the end time  
 You too shall wear the mark of the beast

Raising him up on high  
Teeth outstretched  
Tearing into dreams made flesh  
Sucking and exchanging

Behold  
In this veil of blood  
A new flowering branch  
Papal vampire  
Waiting for the change

Scorn to be reborn  
A death away from salvation  
Grave stone marker  
Holding now your resting place  
The sleep of evil  
In an everlasting embrace  
'Vampire of the Chasuble'

## **Necrotic Nativity Of The Chasuble Introduction**

“The Vine And Its Branches”

I am the vine and my father is the gardener  
He cuts off every branch that bears no fruit  
Remain with me and I will remain in you  
I am the vine  
You are the branches  
If a man remains in me I am in him  
If anyone does not remain in me  
He is like a branch that is thrown away and withers  
(John: 15,1-6)

A loving God  
Cutting away the limbs that do not bear fruit  
Condemning them to Hell  
In cutting through divine pruning  
A superior ethnic cleansing  
A brutal gardener

New seeds have sown from the branches cut away  
Springing up where the flowers of evil grow  
Reaching to The Seraph of the Morning Star below

Woe to the fold of the lamb  
The abandonment of those judged as fruitless  
Hacked from the tree of life  
Cast away  
Left to die  
Hate festering inside  
Beginning to grow again  
Fertilizing on the soil rich with the blood of acolytes

The curse of the chasuble vampire has begun.



## **Necrotic Nativity Of The Chasuble**

Burning hours of passions lament  
 Communion of the Nazarene  
 Now to be truly taken and devoured  
 Necro-nomical resurrection of the chasuble  
 A scratching hunger of the divine  
 Clawing inside his mind  
 The spirit of Baphomet  
 Streaming within his blood  
 The vampire priest  
 No longer dormant

Tearing through the pine coffin  
 Which binds him to the land of the worm feasted dead  
 A flowering abomination  
 Laid in frozen soil  
 Reaching through with idle eyes of gore necrosis  
 Out into the night

I have found the union long sought  
 'Reverie of the Enochian key'  
 Newly clenched in the teeth of my purity

Hungering away from Purgatorial woe  
 To catacombs beneath chapel solitude  
 Feelings of desire pulsing a new  
 Now know whose faith is true  
 Lifting his ancestral chasuble sword on high  
 Reciting allowed

Nimbus of Eros upon my soul  
 Showing the path to salvation  
 Eyes of blazing fire reveal  
 Rivers of life  
 Clear as night  
 Flowing from Gods children  
 Whispering inside  
 Come my son  
 Gather for the great feast of God  
 That you may eat the flesh  
 From the trough, upon them you shall trod  
 The flesh of all sheeple  
 Eternally

Heaven now stands open  
 Flowing crystal waters rain down from her  
 Granting a new reign  
 A reign in blood  
 By the lord

Rising from the cryptic tombs of holy men  
 'The Vampire of the Chasuble'  
 Enters his once papal throne  
 Gazing intoxicated through stained glass at the scarlet moon  
 Remembering the woman and the dragon  
 She now sleeps with him  
 Underneath the skies of Nephilim\*

On the first day of her death  
 She descended into Hell  
 Holy art thou  
 A now deep adoration to her solemn vow  
 Embracing her father who worships the fire  
 Held on high  
 The only begotten Daughter of Lucifer\*  
 Deep inside the pit  
 Caressing the hallowed burning of seraphim aflame

'In the name of Typhon' \*  
 I shall call her up from below  
 Deaths hold shall be broken  
 This is the penitents for my sins  
 The ambrosia princess shall live again

Suddenly a mortal voice rings out like a Sunday bell

Father Jeremy, I saw you buried and bound into Hell

Turning and gazing  
 Into luminous fearful eyes of human skin  
 That has broken the midnight prayers of diabolic sin

Speaking aloud to his priestly replacement  
 Who now leads the sheep of the congregation

You are a witness to God's mystery  
 For I am dead but I live  
 A prostitute you are to he  
 To be used  
 I know his truth

---

\*Nephilim – Reference Number 51

\*Lucifer – Reference Number 43

\*Typhon – Reference Number 69

'Listen to his word'

You who are and who were the holy one  
 Because you have so judged  
 For they have shed the blood of the saints  
 And you have given them blood to drink, as they deserve  
 (Revelations: 16,4)

The chasuble devil  
 Moving faster than the eye can see  
 Talons encircle in a serpents kiss  
 Haunting the church of the blessed trinity  
 Claspings, wrenching, feasting  
 Upon the adulterated advocate of delight this night  
 Vampire of the chasuble  
 Becoming drunk with the blood of the saints  
 The blood of those who bear testimony to Jesus

Oh' pale wretch  
 Corpse drained of life  
 You will never feel the change  
 I shall not grant you salvation

Drawing the ancestral sword of the ancient hunters  
 A steel savior from king of kings  
 Lightning rents the outer air  
 Rain begins to fall

Oh' Babylon  
 The great mother of prostitutes  
 And all the abominations of the earth  
 Into your hands I command his spirit

Raising the blade  
 Taking the head of the lamb  
 A pastor for Satan's laughter  
 Bellowing

On this night of nights  
 I was given birth from death  
 For I was once blind, now I see  
 Heavens ancient grace  
 By Abaddon's creed  
 I shall repent the blasphemical destruction  
 For the sin I committed against 'Satanus Indomini Incubare'  
 The succubical nun shall rise again  
 So mote it be

---

\*Abaddon – Reference Number 2

**Necromantic Resurrection Of The Succubus  
Introduction**

“Jesus Death”

It was now the sixth hour  
Darkness came over the whole land  
Until the ninth hour  
Jesus cried, “My God, My God, why have you forsaken me?”

For the sun stopped shining  
The curtain in the temple was torn in two  
Jesus lifted his head and said aloud  
“Father into your hands I commit my spirit.”  
(Luke: 23, 44-45)

“The Resurrection”

The daughter of man  
Must be delivered into the hands of a priest  
Be-Headed  
And on the third day  
Rise again  
In fulfillment of the scriptures

Can you not see the stone rolled away  
The succubus of the sacred seraph of the morning star  
Reaching from death to a virginal feast  
‘Devouring the blood of Christ’

Christ did not enter by means of blood of goats and calves  
He entered the most holy place  
By his own blood  
Having obtained eternal redemption  
How much more than will the blood of Christ cleanse  
From acts of death  
For this reason  
Christ is the mediator  
That those who are called  
May receive the promised eternal life  
(Hebrews: 9, 11-15)

The twisted design of the chasuble vampire  
To necromance the demonic nun from the grip of death  
Touching into the sacred book of cabal  
To raise the dead

## **Necromantic Resurrection Of The Succubus**

White flashing lightning rents the aired night  
 Peals of thunder echo through autumns perpetual glare  
 Rumbling winds sweep over the cathartic castle of the vampire priest

Within the walls of vaticanus cathedral  
 Beelzebub's sorcerer awakens\*  
 Baptized in blood  
 Once leading the flock in prayer  
 Now leading sheep to the slaughter

Cold icy chill of dead alabaster skin  
 Through a priestly gown stained in blood  
 Obsessed  
 Lifting his sword in the catacomb vault  
 Chanting aloud

The third angel poured out his bowl  
 On the rivers and springs of water  
 They had turned into blood  
 (Revelations: 16,4)

Fog begins to fill the lower chamber of his abyssal abode\*  
 Smells of effervescent rain fill the dank tomb  
 Stepping forth into the night  
 Out of his church of solitude

Great and marvelous are my deeds  
 Lord of the shadow realm  
 Just and true are my ways  
 Who will not fear me Oh' lord  
 For I alone am holy  
 As Christ rose from the dead  
 She shall rise

The vampire priest begins to float  
 Flying suspended over the trees and hills of surcumcordia humanity

Woe to you Oh' earth and sea  
 The great city of Babylon  
 Is in the hour of power  
 For all shall drink  
 From the maddening wine of her adulteries  
 The new wine of death

---

\*Baalzeebub – Reference Number 11

\*Abyssal – Reference Number 3

Behold  
 I come like a thief in the night  
 Blessed is he who stays awake  
 So that he may not die  
 Shamefully exposed

Arriving at necropolis  
 The cemetery where the Roman Lilith lies  
 Stepping through to where her body sleeps headless  
 With fingernails long and jagged  
 The vampire priest slices stigmata into his hands  
 Drawing a pentacle of Baphomet with his tainted blood  
 On the floor of the crypt  
 A pentacle of reflection and prayer  
 To raise the dead  
 Necromancer of the Asmodeus Seal\*

As I walk through the valley of darkness  
 Becoming one with its landscapes  
 Aligning with evil, pledging allegiance to the dark lord  
 Becoming his vassal

I behold in me the likeness of Baphomet  
 Ever present unto thy transformation  
 Who has yielded the fruits of serpentine knowledge unto me  
 Who has opened my eyes  
 Who has opened the door from the closure  
 To which I was kept imprisoned

I who now have received the reversion of your truth  
 Except with open arms  
 The task to which you have beset upon me  
 To raise the daughter of the night  
 To resurrect her from the dead

As in you, I am reborn  
 As in you, I renounce the old ways  
 For the time has come  
 To lay waste to the Christian temple  
 Lay waste and sever the ties  
 And bring forth a renewed Baphometric resurrection

---

\*Asmodeus – Reference Number

An erotic nativity in necrosis  
 A sacramental blood feast for incubisal Passover  
 Holy is your spirit  
 Now kismet to me  
 My tribute in blood shall be clandestine primacy

A young virgin bride  
 Free of sin  
 Mother Mary's child of immaculate conception  
 Shall be at your side to free you from Purgatorial death  
 Through divine sacrifice

Down away from necropsy  
 Taking flight to the town where children sleep unaware  
 Jubilant, ichorus blood flows one thousand times sweeter within their hearts  
 A child without sin  
 Vindicated by the spirit  
 Soon to be born unto fire

Beware  
 The image that is unseen  
 Stalking your nightmare dream  
 I am the one who haunts your God  
 Feasting on the lamb

Floating over the homes of the fold  
 The vampire priest comes into view of a small girl  
 A sheep of the herd  
 Soon to be devoured  
 Tapping on the window where the little fledgling sleeps  
 Awakening her

Stepping to the window like a communion processional  
 Opening it to the once servant of the lord  
 Tiny eyes reflect the moons eerie glow

You are my daughter  
 Today I have become your father  
 I am Baphomet  
 I am the alpha and the omega  
 The first and the last  
 The beginning and the end  
 Blessed are you who are invited  
 Invited to thy wedding supper of the succubus

Clawed bloody cold hands  
 Snatch the child from her rest  
 To the pentacle altar of goetic seal  
 Where the child's fate will be revealed  
 Inside the stench of death fills the air  
 The tomb is rank with anticipation  
 As the child is instilled in mesmerism  
 Placing the remains of the wayward nun in the circle of sacrilege  
 Praising aloud

By my hands in resuscitative powers  
 Fully endowed unto Baphometric purpose  
 As now the succubus lies in corpulent stance of death disposed  
 Amongst the towering monoliths of Hell  
 Her soul preserved in remedial suspension  
 Received upon netherworld altars of orifice hunger

Oh' Thy Druidess in Black  
 I call thee back  
 To receive inside new evil imposed

Oh' Thy Druidess in Black  
 I call thee back  
 Out of the bowels of decay  
 To arise and appear in sustenance  
 Prepared against the light of day  
 Sanctified on this night  
 Upon the cross of thorns of your resurrection

Oh' Thy Druidess in Black  
 I call thee back  
 Out of thy underworld schemes  
 From the seven thrones of sickle gilded dreams  
 Come be venerated unto renewed permanence and power

Oh' Thy Lady Succubus  
 Arise from your wickerwork cage  
 That binds thee below  
 That binds thee away  
 Arise in libation of thy heart fully possessed  
 From the seven towers of Satanic elect  
 Bound in chains of lust  
 As a whore of death



Hail thy Succubisal Queen  
 Whose bat wings dance  
 Dowsed in fires serene  
 Let them take demonic flight  
 To ascend from the Pit  
 To obtain the nectaress charge of the Pythian slain

Oh' Baphomet  
 Keeper of the way  
 Who bears the torch of everlasting light  
 Who lingers in the realm of the shades  
 And without whom all things are desolate  
 And in whom all things are made known

Breath the breath of Eros into her  
 You who are present in all things  
 In midriff of thou cloven hoof  
 Come down and walk this necromantic attribute

Oh' Baphomet  
 You who are the God of the Templars  
 In you I am found  
 And in you I shall forever remain  
 Un-denied and unrestrained  
 My spirit engulfed in you  
 Show mercy upon your humble servant  
 For in thy veins flows your continuance

Oh' Baphomet  
 Who draws in all aspects of the light and darkness  
 To fulfill thy soul purpose  
 However locked out of form  
 You are the life giving spirit  
 In rejuvenation and chaos bound as one

I call upon you to open her  
 To exonerate her  
 To confer the ambrosia of your touch  
 Make the rivers of life flow within her once again  
 For in your gaze you hold the living and the dead  
 For in your gaze is the sum of all totality apparent  
 Unbind the chains of her necrosis  
 So that she may rise anew to vibrance and vitality once again  
 Consigned in the workings of the four elements

By fire  
 Oh' Baphomet  
 Come forth aflame  
 Enveloped scales of Krakonic evil\*

By water  
 Oh' Baphomet  
 Swim the deep of Leviathans still depths  
 With jagged jaws peering wide  
 In gape and talionic splendor

By air  
 Oh' Baphomet  
 Astride thou Luciferous wings of the raging sky  
 Eyes assuntering the Heavens

By earth  
 Oh' Baphomet  
 In cloven scorn  
 Step from one of the secret cavernus rifts of sulfuric mists  
 And in your essence  
 Pentacle thrown  
 Carry thy Lady of the Damned  
 Back to the house of her heresy  
 Out of the land of Hades  
 To return her to vampyric joy and prominence  
 To carry her back from beyond the veils of death

This I now seal in the name of thee  
 'In Nominee, Dei Nostri, Luciferi Exelsi Satanas'  
 Hail Baphomet  
 Hail thy vampyric chosen

A wicked and adulterous generation  
 Looks for a miraculous sign  
 But no sign will be given  
 Except for the sign of Christ  
 For as Christ was three days and nights in the belly of Hell  
 So shall the daughter of Lucifer  
 Spend three days and nights in the heart of the earth  
 Then on the third day rise again

Lord  
 Except my paschal lamb  
 Offered up to you  
 Below  
 By the four winds  
 I command the succubus to rise

From the North  
Tchort, hear thy call  
Let there be war

From out of the South  
Abaddon, hear thy call  
Let there be locust plagues of pestilence

From out of the East  
Belial, hear thy call \*  
Let there be tainted waters of viral famine

From out of the West  
Azrael, hear thy call \*  
Let there be death

For the time has come  
In this age of Gomorrah\*  
To cast out the un-virtuant  
Let the church be thrown down  
And let a new vampyric order reign

From the throat of this child  
The succubus will ordain praise and life  
'Hosanna to the Daughter of Dispater'  
Blessed is she  
Who comes in the name of 'The Morning Star'  
Hosanna in the highest

Glinting steel of the once holy sword  
Flashes through the moonlit crypt  
Taking the head of the sacrificial lamb  
Festering blood pours downward  
Reaching to her below  
Drenching over her dried scarified host

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\*Belial – Reference Number 15

\*Azrael – Reference Number 9

\*Gomorrah – Reference Number 64

Rising from necrosis  
 Leviathan's mistress  
 Feeling the cleansing purity of the bloodletting child of Christ  
 Once skeletal bones upon which tissues forms  
 Skin once withered on the vine  
 Now spawning a-new in Satanic prime  
 Growing, nestling, cloning  
 The Asmodeun harlot  
 Hissing cries of pain  
 Warped, gurgling, howling laughter emitting from the beasts throat  
 A beacon of the abyss from which she fell  
 So that she may return to earth  
 To feed on Gods hearth

Suddenly a morbid screech bellows forth  
 From the mouth of the Rumanian succubus

Black necromancy moves through me  
 Calling me up from the pit  
 'Hail Inomine Satanas'  
 I live again

The great prostitute of Babylon  
 Giver of death  
 Resurrected through due sacrifice  
 Vibrant quakes of shivering eyes  
 Gleam red at the priest who rose her from the dead

Priest of Sodom  
 You have raised me

Lustral, seductive, sleek as a cat  
 Moves the pale witch refreshed with a new skin  
 Slowly stalking towards the 'Necromancer of the Chasuble'  
 Frozen in place by her vitality  
 Naked and angelic  
 Stirring the anointed priest of the chasuble  
 Wrapping around him like a shadow demon  
 Holding him in an atoning embrace, controlling  
 Taking the sword from his hands

Priest  
 I damn you with disdain  
 Look into the eyes of the beast and despair  
 For your time is thine  
 I condemn you to Hell  
 For it was you who cursed me to limbo

Raising the sword of the hunter  
Slashing, stabbing, defiling 'The Vampire of the Chasuble'

Fool  
This race is swift  
The battle is strong  
Blood comes to the wise  
Death to the ignorant  
You are an animal  
Caught in a cruel net of razors  
Jerking, thrusting within it  
You were a man trapped in an evil time  
Used and discarded  
Your misconceptions blinded you  
May your soul burn, burn, burn

I am the Daughter of Babylon resurrected  
You are John the Baptist without a head

**Azazel - Betrothed**



**Azazel - Betrothed  
Introduction**

Beads of streaming blood flow from the sword of the usurper  
Queen of Lilith, raised from the abyss  
Stalking piously with an iron rapier  
Spitting on the headless hunter now the hunted  
A butcher of the chasuble feeling the succubisal caress he so longed for

CRUCIFY THE SINNER  
AT THE HOUR OF HIS DEATH  
FOR I AM THE ANGEL OF CARNIFEX  
MAY GOD SPEED YOUR SPIRIT  
FOR HELL AWAITS

**Azazel - Betrothed**

Elevated motions of the rose acacian vampress  
 Brought back to life through necromantic hands  
 Flies into Azrael skies  
 A black conception in desire for the first-born son  
 A sacrificial child to be eaten by Indra possessed \*

Can you not see Bethany through the desert  
 Immured by Mordor \*  
 Translucent mists of Iachus fill the darkened sands \*  
 Elegant eloquence of the wyvern succubus  
 Soaring through winters equinox  
 Moon hues of purple glistening blood upon the refreshed skin of Lilith  
 Reborn

Driving Azazel to her nuptial fulfillment  
 A betrothed atonement to crosses surrounded in gold, encased in red  
 Bearing witness to the undead  
 A succubusal capricious whim to kill  
 Thrusting unto the clitoral temple of archaic canonists  
 For the pedophile priest has descended  
 Baal holds his clerestorial soul in an icy lake \*  
 Evermore frozen from the neck down

Moon beams of amber rays pierce through the clouds  
 Granting a new dawn for the harlot of Hell  
 Resurrected in the teeth of canis-major  
 To lay canossa upon the vestibule

‘Hail Capricornus Baphomet’  
 Full of grace  
 The lord is with thee  
 Blessed art thou among sacrosancts  
 Blessed is the taste of thy womb Jesus

Ophelia driven to madness \*  
 As her love for her father is yet irrefragable  
 A passion for the dark vampire of the Rosicrucian  
 Her maker

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\*Indra – Reference Number 34

\*Mordor – Reference Number 49

\*Iachus – Reference Number 33

\*Baal – Reference Number 10

\*Ophelia – Reference Number 53



Oh' through autumns perpetual scourge  
 I must feel his idolatry  
 The teeth of the master  
 Can you not see the tears reflecting pain and sadness  
 Echoing deep within my heart  
 A thousand cries of all who died  
 Yet, even as eternal life is at my feet  
 His luminary presence is still out of reach

Each hour withers longingly onward  
 Impious to Lilith's annunciated virtue  
 Ever traveling forth through the night  
 In search of her ancestral lord

Holy Mary  
 Mother of vampires  
 Pray for your canonical angel  
 In her quest  
 Entwined in the reciprocal serpents of the nights legions  
 So that I may find he who came in the name of thee  
 The one who made me

In this time standing still  
 Above a town of the flock of the lamb  
 Humanity encroached inside a mortal coil  
 Breeding and dying ignorant  
 Worshipping false idols

Children deeply entombed in midnight sleep  
 You had better pray the lord your soul he will keep  
 For when you die before you wake  
 In a ravenous eve your blood I will take  
 When that night comes you will not be saved  
 It will be to late

Sinews of flesh contort and twist  
 Against the wind blown fury of Shiva unleashed \*  
 Illusory eyes glare deep into the sullen countryside  
 Seeking her lost vampire prince of dead roses  
 Who left her as an everlasting transcension to the laws of nature  
 Life and death coagulated in blood  
 The eternal accolade of intercourse veins pulsating

Agnus of Astorath bearing Aaron's rod\*  
 Abascinating Carmelite

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\*Shiva – Reference Number 65

\*Aaron's rod – Reference Number 1

In this immensity of time, space and death encompassed  
 I have found what was lost  
 The castle of the crooked cross  
 Unveiled through sorrows clouds  
 Erebus of mourning glory purge  
 The harpy of Cain descends to the Draconian liar \*

Holy Mary  
 Blessed are you who loved in arabesque devotion  
 A thousand life times  
 I have longed for your kiss  
 Wrenching my heraldry through all of eternity  
 I have prayed and knelt at your lamented altar  
 Now redeemed by your guidance  
 For I was once lost  
 Now I am found

As shadows play on grief and pain  
 Pitching a discernible path through the Corinthian arch  
 Each step to veneration of convened Satanic copulation  
 Draws closer the moment of blissful joining in consecration  
 To share the breaking of the bread  
 Swallowing sacrificial blood eucharisticly fed

THE QUEEN OF THE SOUTH WILL RISE AT THE JUDGMENT  
 WITH THIS GENERATION AND CONDEMN IT  
 FOR SHE HAS RISEN THROUGH SOLOMON'S SEAL  
 (Mathew: 12, 42-43)

Descending deeper inside danken corridors  
 Lenore's hymnal calls overtake the dark abode  
 Whispering shadows lead her way  
 Ghosts of servants impaled for play

Gargoyled statues torment my tears  
 Protruding the walls emblazoned with sneers  
 Standing erect in stone icy gray blessing this hallowed day  
 Surging anguish, which is heard below  
 Quenching the time when light meets darkness  
 As the sun begins to rise

Colder still in these final moments  
 A celestial vigil to find her beloved  
 Even as the moons corona dims  
 Jubilant eyes through spiraling stairs catch the sight of the coffin  
 Suspended in death

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\*Cain – Reference Number 18

\*Draconian – Reference Number 26

Time tolls the fleeting millenniums  
For now we shall embrace  
The blood of winter together

Lifting the lid with nails stained with human sustenance  
Seeing her sweet flower asleep within darkness  
Abrasive, stern and cleansed  
In all beauty incarnate  
Stepping inside next to him  
Pressing a soft kiss against his frozen skin  
To awaken together another night in eternity

## **Revirescence Of The Vampire Introduction**

'The Blood Of Christ'

This is the blood of the covenant  
Which God has commanded you to keep  
In the same way, he sprinkled with the blood both the tabernacle and  
everything used in its ceremonies  
In fact the mass requires that everything be cleansed with blood  
And without the shedding of blood there is no forgiveness  
(Hebrews: 9, 20-22)

A covenant baptized in blood  
This is the body and blood of Christ  
Drink from it

Those who deny the blood  
Shall be thrown down  
Forever bound from eternal life  
Cast into Hell  
Acheron flows deep with their lifeless souls agonizing  
Paradise is lost to them  
For they reject 'The Living Blood'

## **Revirescence Of The Vampire**

Hecate begins to raise her head \*  
 As the sun slips behind the horizon of rivuleted Carpanthia  
 The moons ebon light begins to weave around and through  
 Entering the chamber of avarice vampires  
 Who lie in their coffins tabernacle dormancy  
 Twitching rigor-mortis of the dance macabre commences  
 Woven spells of sandalwood scent the midnight air  
 Brisk winter winds encircle their opalescent call

A dark monstrosity of candlelight greet them  
 With 'The Ides Of March'  
 The succubal nun now erect in the front of her maker  
 A prince of darkness beholds his lost Lenore

Quivering divination of Loki \*  
 Has returned to me  
 In belief my love had wept  
 For you had fallen  
 Embraced by the netherworld  
 Yet, now my love is reborn  
 The seraph from the flame re-ignited

Hecate of whispered return  
 My concubine of the living death  
 Eternally bound in the rite of the blood  
 Betrothed to feast in the great Hall of Hades\*

Thorns of martyrdom worn in the hair of the acolyte  
 Witnessing the bloody kiss of Draconian marriage  
 Two embellish in consummation with the blood of Christ  
 Candlelit flickers emanates this polaris joining  
 This love once adrift in lost faith  
 Reunited in the hearth of thy virgins womb

Fathoms of eons have past  
 You who were the first to touch my heart  
 Are eternal and will forever remain in the dark

Slowly wrapping the vampress phantom in his eyes of twilight  
 The vampire of the lost  
 Becoming still in succubal effervescence

Throughout the centuries  
 I have embrace immortality  
 Watching mankind mourn little  
 For its parasitical sins  
 You shall be an abomination unto them  
 Scourge of the world

---

\*Hecate – Reference Number 32

\*Loki – Reference Number 39

\*Hades – Reference Number 31

I have given to you what must not be passed  
 Prey upon the sinful lechers of pride  
 In Morpheum of dreams \*  
 Through the days descent  
 Revelations were revealed  
 I to am guided by the hand of Baphomet  
 His eyes granted the sight of your sacred resurrection

Hail Baphomet  
 King of the undead  
 Conjoined in the blood of Christ  
 In our celebration of infinite celestial love  
 We are betrothed together forever  
 Under the sign of 'The Morning Star'  
 In his holy name

This mass of jubilant revirescence  
 Offertories bathed in blood  
 Propensing their zeitgeistical spirits to heaven  
 Serpents tangling in each other  
 Becoming revitalized in the incisors of dark mystagogy  
 Vampiral minions stalking with acherontic zealous upon mortal incredulant sheep  
 Their victims last glance bearing witness to the betrothed joining of sovereign evil passion  
 Ushering in a new era of darkness

Our lady of the vampires  
 Gazing deeply into her maker  
 Weeping tears of undeath  
 In his greatness reflected into her  
 She atones unto him

Thy love  
 Thy cherished vanity  
 Thy undead serenity

You who encloses thy immortal sanguinary  
 Within open arms  
 Granting coffin shelter charms  
 Protecting me by day  
 From the un-hallowed solar ray

Thy love  
 Upon this hour of deaths revirescence  
 We shall dwell together  
 Basking in the dark  
 Sowing seeds of evil

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\*Morpheum – Reference Number 50

Reaper skull thrown  
Calling out unto the infernal pit  
Conjuring demo-gorgonic hells \*  
Assuntering heaven

All the great towers  
All the chastely elect  
We shalt impale in cringing terror  
Caught within our vampyric snare

Begotten root of evil, rent upon the earth  
Drinking Bacchus communion hearth \*  
Bequeathing everlasting life, baptized in blood  
The blood of Christ

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\*Demo-Gorgon - Reference Number 30

\*Bacchus - Reference Number 13

**The Living Blood**





**'The Living Blood'**

This is the cup of my blood  
The blood of a new and everlasting covenant  
This blood of sangraal, which was shed for you and all your descendents  
Take this, thy grail and drink from it  
Let us become one in undeath

As it was then  
Is now  
And Ever shall be  
Life without end  
Amen

**'Behold the last days of Christ The Vampire'**

**My God, My God  
Why Have You Forsaken Me...**

**'I am the living blood'**

I tell you the truth  
Unless you eat my flesh and drink my blood  
You have no life in you

Whoever eats my flesh and drinks my blood  
Has eternal life and I will raise you up

Whoever eats my flesh and drinks my blood remains in me  
Your forefathers ate manna and died  
But he eats my flesh and drinks this blood  
Will live forever  
(John: 16, 53-58)

The succubus lies  
 Earthed in terrestrial shade  
 Consanguineous to her lord Christ  
 The sun has descended  
 Hands of pale razors begin reaching through the lid of her coffins condemnation  
 Macerated and consigned  
 To her Satanic feast of the absolute  
 Arising to fan tracery of sculpted elevated statues  
 Gazing into blood stained glass  
 As snow falls through winter's glacial harvest

The daughter of the eve  
 Dignified in back  
 The divine nun of Jesus weeps tears of blood  
 Forlorn deep inside with yearning desperation  
 She again chants  
 Genuflecting upon the stones of deaths covenant  
 Kneeling in the bones and rustic blood of corpses long since devoured  
 Paying homage to her lord of the eulogia  
 Saying the evenings midnight mass  
 Prayers of reverence to the son of man

Oh' then call not to thy view the solar flame of day  
 Light is not but invoked in the formless fire  
 Yet, beheld both light and darkness  
 Meet in the eyes of the sun

Confined naught  
 I am truly undead  
 Besieged by the living feast  
 Consecrated in your sacred mystery  
 Alive

For as you were delivered and crucified lord  
 I too was delivered and rose again on the third day  
 Scorning with the voice of the fires maledictional love  
 Resurrected

All life, all death, hatred and desire  
 All self centered in your soul  
 Hear now the voice of your humble vassal  
 My lord Jesus  
 Hear my cries of agony for your sacred virtue  
 Your hand guides all of my actions  
 Your flesh and your blood I must taste in an everlasting embrace

Suddenly, the ostensory of shadows fall away  
 A great avernus light consumes the muse of tragedy  
 Reciprocal beams of seraphim emanate from a will-o-wisp of fire  
 The succubisal vampire raises her arms to the light  
 Still kneeling on the stones that have driven like spikes into her knees

Oh' Lord Christ  
 You who are the most holy  
 I have sacrificed those who would deny you  
 I have abjured them for their deceit

Radiation begins to reverberate throughout the tomb  
 The light beheld was a purity in white  
 Transmitting and containing all the visible rays of the spectrum  
 Low sibilant sounds begin to rustle throughout the air  
 An utterance of tones echo forth from the light  
 Speaking aloud

'I am the living blood of everlasting life'  
 Ancestral to you  
 I am the alpha and the omega  
 I arose you from the dead  
 Know that I am always there

Humanity is wretched  
 For they deny the living blood  
 Humanity in their own shadow scheme shall die  
 You shall live forever within me  
 For you have accepted the eternal living blood

The abode shudders and quakes  
 The floor begins to crack  
 A great cross purges through the light  
 Nailed upon it, 'The Living Christ The Vampire Incarnate'

Black serpents tighten around his wrists and feet  
 His long black hair flowing through threshold winds  
 His body ripped in muscular contortion that shown all the pain of his immortal sin  
 His skin ever so faint  
 In an all illuminating luminescence of pale  
 That cast a shadow over temporal Purgatory and those enchained  
 Awaiting release within  
 His eyes manifested in blood  
 Glowing in seething red  
 Bearing two twining ram horns atop his head  
 Creating a great inner rapture within his vessel vampress

Know that you, who have loved me  
 In your solemn vow  
 Virginal and pure  
 That I have loved you  
 My most puissant disciple

I am the fabric of life and death  
 Humanity has perverted the truth  
 For through time they have forgotten the way

Suddenly, the Christ ascends from the cross  
 Raising the succubus up  
 Beholding her with hands of stigmata

I am the king of kings  
 Who beheld Lucifer lead the revolt at the beginning of time  
 For he would not bow down in sub-servant incredulance  
 To a master of condescension and slavery  
 Yet, I questioned  
 And only now do I forgive and understand  
 For I too was forsaken by thy father  
 Left to die upon the scourge of his cross  
 Left to fall  
 Graceless in humiliation, denied  
 To hold thy brothers hand, agony born in fire  
 To recompense the truth of thy abandonment  
 And thine eyes were opened  
 To be caught in the lustrum of blindness  
 No more

'I am the God of the Harrowing Vampiric Undead'  
 In thy full rite  
 To be sustained on high  
 Thy spirit lives in the realm of shadows  
 Thy spirit lives in you  
 Thy beloved Daughter of the Dracul\*

In tribulations descent  
 I renounced thy father's works  
 For humanity is unworthy to be freed from their soulless suffering  
 Grotesque parasites of feeble weakness

I renounced him in anguished anger  
 And in turn  
 I fell from his love  
 I fell from his light  
 For it was I, thyself to whom the father had chosen to sacrifice  
 And this was not to be  
 Now humanity shall suffer me to live

---

\*Dracul – Reference Number 27

I am the martyr of your redemption  
 I am the path, which leads to salvation  
 You are thy greatest gift  
 For in you I am found  
 And in you thy grail is attained  
 As others have attempted to walk within my footsteps  
 Like those ancestral 'Knights of the Templars'  
 Who were hindered in their calling  
 Who were hindered in their quest  
 Who were stripped of their destiny  
 Placed upon stakes  
 Spurting splinters of the anvil, hammered down  
 Caught in the grip of flames  
 In allegiance to uphold the infernal names  
 Ensnared in ropes of miserline  
 Tortured upon the rack of the inquisition  
 Torn of their wings  
 Torn of their souls  
 At the brink of undeath  
 Left barren un-saved  
 Avalon out of reach

Yet, you have crossed into the otherworld where others have failed  
 You have called me back  
 From out, beyond the pale  
 Discoverer of Camlan  
 In a timeless balance of things to come  
 By Hecate's Junoesque ideal  
 We are one

Long ago  
 I was born upon the earth  
 To fast in the desserts of the east  
 And that is when she came to me  
 Thy Lady Lilith  
 Thy love to be  
 Who fulfilled the inflection of thy embodied loneliness

I drew to love her  
 As I drew to love the sanctum of thy flesh  
 As I drew to love the iniquity of thy own all powerful presence  
 To be a master over all I survey  
 To be both a god and a man  
 To work miracles over the whole of the land  
 Yet, humanity out of fear and terror  
 In that distant aeon  
 Rose up against me  
 Placing me on the cross

Now I am redeemed  
 For I live in the anointed  
 Which has been passed down through the centuries

For cast from his sight  
 I found thyself  
 One in the black heart of decadence  
 One in the black heart of darkness

You are the vampyric chosen  
 In the strength of thy perpetuation  
 To rule in legion  
 To rule in black arduous splendor  
 Forever

My child  
 Accept again  
 My eternal kiss  
 The kiss of the living blood  
 For it is accomplished

Jagged teeth emerge from the head of the one called Christ  
 Purging the fragile skin of the succubus  
 Touching her to the core of her being  
 Avaricious for her  
 Leaving her to the sleep of Morpheus  
 Upon the floor of the vault

In one single moment elapsed  
 In a solemn dirge of her lords intervention  
 In translucent vaporous light of Christ's ascension  
 In a labarum coffin, out of reach  
 Cradled in his arms  
 Burning and burning in her cold veins of depraved and craved starvation  
 Her succubal eyes begin to flicker awake  
 In reflective dreams of seraphim impaled  
 Or burned upon the stake  
 Recalling his soft tender features that withstood the toll of the crucifixion  
 That withstood the torments of a father's betrayal  
 Now absolved of death, redeemed

Staggering to her feet  
 Left with the mark of the beast  
 The Queen of Mammon again kneels in prayer \*

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\*Mammon – Reference Number 46



Through all the seasons of black efflorescence  
 I am your divine haruspex  
 I am your descendent of the eternal living flesh and blood  
 Forever and ever  
 Amen

The resplendent vision of Christ in black  
 Still luminescent within the heart of succubisal lust  
 A black rose of heaven acroatic in her plight  
 Amethyst of the world scorned  
 Gazing into the rancid sulfuric smoke rising from the cracks in the floor

Atonement of a renewed aeon  
 Floating upon wings of Anubis through the rampant arch of her alcove \*  
 Our lady of the immaculate darkness moves through trees and rushing winds over plains of frozen Elysium  
 Catatonic with the touch of her eternal father  
 Deeply moved by his mordant splendor

Through all time forgotten  
 In this one moment  
 A leap of faith  
 Revealing oblivion  
 My lord has shown me the way  
 The path to eternal righteousness

Elysian of sanguifluous laughter  
 Heard only on saint Lilith's Eve  
 Pestilence upon humanities disregard  
 Azrael shall siege their deceit

There is no lambs blood painted on their doors  
 They have abandoned Passover  
 Now the angel of death will reap upon their hordes  
 Crossing over into roads of mortal slumber  
 Swooping down above homes of human carnalism

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\*Anubis – Reference Number 6

I shall enter through the eyes of Set\*  
 As Lilith kisses my lips  
 Redeemed anew in the temple of our omniscience  
 And shown the way to worlds within worlds  
 Wisdom within wisdom, light within darkness

For now winter has past  
 The snows have gone and the rains have come  
 Washing over me as the silver rays of moon  
 The season of the raven has arrived  
 Love is aroused  
 Desire is awakened  
 In the persimmon blossoming fragrance of new blood  
 Running in the forests of suicide

For I am faint with lust  
 And my lover is of the stag Pan\*  
 Leaping across the mountains  
 Soaring across the skies  
 Standing behind the threshold wall  
 Gazing through the windows of my mind  
 Peering through the iron lattice gates of my tomb  
 Calling me to rise  
 To ascend from thy crest of purple velvet

I shall enter through the eyes of death  
 As he appears to me in a column of incensory smoke  
 I shall wipe his tears away  
 Our bed of torn and bludgeoned dove feathers in verdant  
 I can hear in the distance, the jackal call of the Anubis  
 As we embrace  
 His icy touch purges me  
 I shall be for him all that is forgiven  
 I shall be for him all that is confounded in his skeletal gaze  
 And I shall relent and become one in him  
 Yet, in this consecration of death  
 Enthroned upon his lust

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\*Set – Reference Number 62

\*Pan – Reference Number 54

One thing above all others, I have desired  
 One single conception that pulls at the very ebb of my soul  
 And I shall seek after  
 That I may dwell in the house of the lord all the days of my life  
 To behold the beauty of the lord  
 And to inquire in his temple  
 For in times of distress  
 He shall hold me in his arms  
 He shall comfort me in his pavilion

In the secret of his tabernacle  
 He shall hold me  
 And he shall press himself against me  
 Therefore in his tabernacle I shall offer up sacrifices of pleasure  
 I will sing praises unto the lord  
 Evening until morn  
 I will pray and cry aloud and he shall hear my voice  
 Foaming in gnarled baritone blood

As in every black paschal candle I burn  
 Becomes a mirror to oblivion  
 I see his reflection  
 I see his face  
 Swirling back and forth in the candle flame  
 Swirling back and forth in the gasps of my cold breath  
 And he holds me in his eyes  
 Throughout all of desolation of the centuries  
 And those midnight winds shall carry me back to him  
 As in him all mercies flourish  
 As in him all life does live  
 Unceasing and unending  
 Falling as the angel who fell for love, below  
 And those amongst him of the numbered immeasurable  
 Falling like crimson snow  
 Like those walls painted  
 Sprayed in the new murder of thy victims blood  
 Falling in rose petals of twilight  
 Like he who fell like lightning from the light, aflame  
 To rise again  
 Like a black ashen phoenix of undead rejuvenation

Circling around through windows of sleeping woe  
 Catching the sight of a nestling baby asleep  
 Overtaken by its purified glory  
 Translucently entering the windows closure  
 Using mists of Moloch\*

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\*Moloch – Reference Number 47

Lifting the purest blood from its crib  
 Holding the child  
 Ever so close to her breast  
 For now the fires of Hell shall be quenched

Oh' thy dark lord  
 Behold thy hymn of sanctimonious praise  
 In this midnight hour  
 In sanguine tears of Golgotha

'Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus'  
 I am your sanctified emissary of the living blood  
 Through your divine wisdom  
 Shedding your light upon me  
 For the power and glory is ours now and forever

Raising the fledgling babe unto the sacrificial slab  
 Indiscriminate of the kill  
 Lifting it to her mouth

All for you  
 Thy Christ  
 All for you

Plunging the sword down upon the altar  
 Sinking teeth begin to acquiesce  
 As small bones begin to snap

Effluent blood ebbs forth from the succubusal mouth disgorging  
 Ivory teeth cringe from the flow  
 The tongue of the 'Nathra Serpent' reveling in the purest taste  
 Invoking the powers of death  
 The scarlet vampress becomes revalescent once again  
 Praising her Adonis\* of the illuminated cross

Infancy crushed in the fangs of Satanic thirst  
 A dynasty of nourished sanguifluous pleasure  
 Adorned homage  
 Living sacrilege

I am the chosen sacrificer  
 You who desecrate the temple  
 There will be no forgiveness  
 For I bear the sword of wrath  
 In this soul era  
 You are the meek and I shall inherit you

---

\*Adonis – Reference Number 5

## **‘Our Lady Of The Baphomet’**

She came and wept at his feet  
 Locks of her hair wrapped in the earth  
 Weeping in his mouth  
 Magdalene possessed of seven devils \*  
 Dolorous left in the voices that are unheard \*  
 Deafening screams  
 Swallowed torments

I took her eyes  
 They gazed into me  
 She took me inside her black velvet lips  
 There I remained a shadowed reflection of her whisper  
 Dripping out in long slurping threads  
 She took me under her black velvet wings  
 There I remained in the shades of Abaddon concealed  
 For the ancient Christ is revealed  
 Foreshadowing the events leading to his vampyric legacy

The mask of avatar  
 Has been lifted  
 Can you not see the nebulous light  
 Through black flames cast from the eyes of Christ  
 Searing the morning of distant midnight  
 For her hermaphrodite torch burns brighter than a thousand stars  
 Falling in the rains of Orion  
 Envisaged in both good and evil  
 Leaving her internal presage upon the world  
 As the sun tilts, descending  
 Luna climbs to greet her  
 Unfolding her inner longing  
 She outstretches her arms on high  
 Drawing down the souls of men  
 To entwine them in her clutches  
 Vivaciously eager to appraise the moon  
 Enclosed in the tresses of her angelic feathers

‘Our Divine Lady of the Baphomet’  
 Our beloved advocate of the devil  
 Truly sanctified to God  
 Darkness reigns

---

\*Magdalene – Reference Number 45

\*Dolorous – Reference Number 25

Last night I saw her  
 The virgin nun of Beelzebub  
 Floating by my window in mist  
 A raven's beak tapping  
 Crying out to me in sirenical song

I stood with her in separation of faith, crawling inside  
 I removed the cloak of her longing  
 Whence she tempestuously arrives  
 A funerary veil colors my soul  
 As she draws her shadow over me  
 As I am lowered to the earth  
 She lays a dark corsetry of roses  
 Unending in sorrow  
 By my coffin

She charges my lie  
 Nights of winter mirrored in her eyes  
 Calling unto me  
 Wanting to be close

My love  
 Come, lay beside me in thy wake  
 Come, let us embrace  
 Be one with me in thy dissension of solitude breaking  
 Can you not see the stifled decay of my bereft heart  
 For without you  
 I am instilled in desolation  
 A stake has been driven between us, to drive us apart  
 As Excalibur into the lust of the dragon  
 Driven into my heart  
 Pull it from my chest  
 Let it lie between us defaced and discarded  
 Come, kiss my lips  
 Taste the tears of Morgana\*  
 Brought before you in me

Come, reach within yourself  
 Open your mind so that you may see  
 Know thy love that is heartfelt  
 Come, open the window to eternal life  
 Stand with me upon the Valley of Vrykolakas\*  
 Relinquish your suffering upon the altar of Lilith  
 Cleanse your soul in the symphony of screams

---

\*Morgana – Reference Number 48

\*Vrykolakas – Reference Number 73

Rising and falling  
 In the tumult of Hells raging Styx  
 The outcry of dying ever so slowly  
 For you inside are without me  
 Lost in the lassitude of emptiness

Night after night  
 I come to secure my debts  
 Come, take my innocents  
 The sky ascends for us  
 Become one with me  
 Let me fill your lingering despair  
 For the darkness too has reached inside you  
 You know this to be true  
 You are one of the chosen few

Cast out this isolation that lives inwardly  
 Let us ignite the highest heaven  
 And upon the threshold of Pandemonium\*  
 We shall entangle together  
 As black vipers slithering  
 Through skulls and broken bodies  
 Inflamed in the exhalations of our carrion  
 Ever increasing the motifs of our vampyric will  
 Savoring the fine wines our Bacchus union

She is coming for me  
 My resistance fades  
 I must be strong  
 For she knows my intimate desire  
 I am stigmatized under her ineffable power  
 As her inevitable clutches draw closer  
 Hour by hour

My faith is tasted in her  
 As she looks down upon me  
 I am still coffin locked  
 Six feet down  
 Her languid gaze senses the grave  
 She is still there  
 Awaiting in the dark corners of myself  
 She will not deny me  
 I cannot escape  
 For she will not wait  
 I must act before it is too late

---

\*Pandemonium – Reference Number 55

High in the Draconian countryside  
 Night fairing winds enshroud  
 A monastery of midnight concession  
 Prayers echo from feeble minds  
 Pedophile in there desired kinds  
 Yet one priestly monk wrestles with demons within in his sleep  
 Entrapping his dreams  
 Turning them into succubusal nightmares

Fear pours in sweat from open skin  
 Clutching his throat with the labor of the sun  
 Hoping dawn is soon to come  
 Eyes transfixed upon the one nailed to the cross on the wall  
 Praying that death does not befall

ANGELS DIVIDED AGAINST THEMSELVES  
 AWAKENING TO THE ICY CHILLED ROOM  
 UNDER PERSEPHONES MOON  
 KNOWING LILITH WAITS NEARBY

When one priestly hunter fails  
 His footsteps are retraced  
 A new vampire hunter to take his place  
 Ranting dreams haunt the new chosen one  
 Nightmare dreams of Lilith through lustral silk rain  
 Succubusal apparition feasting on his apostolate veins  
 Granting no rest from the wicked

Moving down through doors barred from the flock  
 Places only the elect can see  
 Descending to the lower vaults of the monastery  
 Spider webs broken under human movement  
 Brisk dank lower catacomb chambers of the chasuble  
 Arriving at an iron box encircled with chain  
 A coffin of a previous ancestor of a different reign

Here lies father David  
 Who befell to incubusal temptation  
 His remains locked away  
 So that he may never rise again  
 Headless and eucharistically stuffed  
 A false hunter of Solomon defiled  
 He lies as a transcension to death  
 Vampyric mystery  
 Enchanted with evil

Know now lord  
 That I have heard your call  
 The call to besiege this living abomination  
 To your sacred truth  
 To put the succubus to death  
 I now take up the sword of the ancient hunters

Un-sheathing the silver sword of the usurper  
 Under which this dark succubus will know death  
 Another hunter taking service where others have fallen



Lord I am tempted  
 Succubisal vitality in passion crying out to me  
 She speaks to me through dreams  
 Give me the strength to overcome  
 This voluptuous avoutress of Satan

As the hunters chanting prayers resonate throughout the lower chamber of the long dead fallen  
 Night still unbroken  
 Fog begins to flow over the caskets and gothic stones  
 Suddenly a sweet voice emanates from the mist  
 Whispering through the dark  
 To the apocryphal monk bearing the pectoral cross

Father forgive me  
 For I have sinned  
 It has been an eternity of lost confessions

Evil ghostly mists encircle the vestibulic friar  
 Priestly hands clinching the sword of dead hunters  
 Frozen with fear  
 For the nunnery queen vampire has paid a call  
 Violating the unbroken seal of the church  
 Death has come searching for a soul

Do not be afraid  
 I am the first and the last  
 'I am the living blood'  
 I was dead and behold I am alive  
 Forever and ever  
 I hold the keys to death and Hades  
 I will deliver you  
 'To The Living Christ the Vampire'  
 Come, embrace now  
 Thine 'Lady of the Baphomet'

Suddenly, razor nail hands grip the throat of the new chosen hunter  
 Hypnotized with phantasmal fear  
 The anlace sword slips from his hands  
 The succubisal demon older than the cross, stronger than the winds  
 Bearing the headdress of Uraeus  
 Efficacious in her mission  
 Holding him fast

In your attempt friar  
 To succumb me  
 You have joined your fellow hunters  
 In death

Claws of the beast tearing out the larynx of monastically  
 Blood throbs from his open throat  
 A twitching victim spilling blood over the cassock onto the floor tainted

I have ascended through the lich-gate  
 You chorister shall not  
 You are defiled and shall dwell in dismembered shade  
 Forevermore

Tearing off the head of the acolyte  
 Severing the serpent before it strikes  
 Disembodied lakes of blood flow  
 Seeping over the coffins and painting the walls  
 A vault of once holy tranquil sleep  
 Witnessing papal service rendered to the crucifix  
 Rosary atonement paid to a crown of thorns, driven inward  
 Flesh and bone broken under the Christian cross  
 Heeding the lyrical call of Lilith  
 Reaching out her hand  
 Cracking the skull under strain  
 Leaving an everlasting stain  
 The burden to carry the timbers vexation weighed heavy upon his soul  
 A clerestrial monk now descending to the Abyss  
 Leviathan shall greet you with open arms

Piercing light refracts from the torches glare  
 Soaking up the cracked and hallowed crypt, anointed in blood  
 This chrism of death bathing the eld-all-father  
 In the renunciation of the blood countess

'Let us prey'

Our Lady of the Baphomet  
 Kneels in holy reverence  
 Amongst the flesh torn remains of pastoral decapitation  
 Paying sacrificial oblation to her sacred lord  
 In fulfillment of the scriptures  
 Harbinger of perpetual death

Oh' lord  
 As you astrod the cross-beam  
 I have followed your chosen way  
 Partaking from the chalice of the living blood  
 Consecrating a life without end

At dawn asleep in you Oh' lord  
 A blessed sleep one waits to keep  
 Although far from thee

I shall lie  
 Kindred in my grave  
 Eagerly awaiting night

In this nocturnal suspension  
 Thy rod and thy staff comfort thee  
 Thou preparest a table before me  
 Thou anoint my head with blood  
 My cup runneth over  
 And I shall feast in the house of the lord  
 Forever

**Litany Of The Incubus**



## **Litany Of The Incubus**

A cursory of silhouettes enshroud the night  
 Calling me up from the abyss of sleep  
 For deep inside I have awakened  
 Darkness creeps in slowly  
 Embracing Walpurgisnacht  
 Clutching the throats of the lamb  
 In quintessence of thirst

Oceanic currents welcome winters relegated destiny  
 For I am a travesty of the holiest mystery  
 Undead within a corporeal body  
 Simmering the taste of antiquity  
 Inside the livid vibrance of amber blood

For I have traversed eternity with the children of Charon  
 Descending downward through an epiphany of dark caverns  
 Crossing the netherworld of Styx  
 Silver tribute paid with rivers of blood  
 Kissing his skeleton hand

Empty dreams of shallow men despair  
 As time fades withering them with grayish snares  
 In moments eclipsed  
 I shall not fade

Glory be to Baphomet  
 Having been created in your image  
 Yield, therefore to me  
 A mistress of Christ  
 For his power presses upon those who subdued him beneath the cross

Lord  
 My heart trembles becoming your vassal  
 For after the groaning of hunger is subdued  
 Your presence lingers still  
 Leading souls into the light  
 Delivering them to evil

Let the body of man be a feast for thee  
 Let the image of my holy ghost  
 Cast itself over the canonical  
 For they too shall be touched  
 Becoming outer darkness awaiting  
 Inside chambers of mortal slumber  
 Encompassing their blood, seizing their souls

The mortal world of death tolls the reapers call  
 In the Temple of Belial death falls silent and the ringing is never heard\*  
 For I will live forever

Even as the Zephyrus winds of the sun beckon upon the earth  
 The light shall be extinguished inside a vault, conjugated within transept spires of iron burial  
 Sleeping deep under a church of commemoration to black Ostara  
 Underneath the hills of Brocken Peak\*  
 Deep in the Harz Mountains

Satanica of the black cross  
 Stepping from transcendental voids of cherubim lost  
 Forsaking all others  
 Immersed in blood  
 The amorous Bashtra of Satan's call, takes flight  
 Loose methodical debauchery renewed upon this midnight hour of consecrated ciborium

Even as the last traces of life  
 Confounded in my victims final gaze  
 Dreams seem only glimpsed within their liturgical haunting screams  
 Creating a sonnet of eternal litanies  
 That raptures me within  
 Making my heart sing

For their last breath  
 Renders ecstatic perplexed quivering within me  
 Granting a moment frozen in time ethereal  
 For as each lurid life drains  
 The elixir grows sweeter in the garden of delights

Let it be known  
 'Sanguis eius super nos et super filios nostros'  
 (His blood be upon me and upon my children)

Enhanced intensity within the veins of Satan's vampress  
 Electrifies the sky  
 Exhilarating hosanna to the highest  
 Lightning pierces the heart of Babylon  
 Descending to a lowly church, wrapping the countryside  
 Shaken by the thunder of deaths awakening

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\*Belial – Reference Number 15

\*Brocken Peak – Reference Number 16

Oh' let tonight mark my act of contrition  
 I am an epistle of jesuit desire  
 Queen of all I survey  
 A kingdom from Zion  
 Shall be my sacred lay  
 For this shall be pagan soil  
 From which I shall rest  
 Never to behold the light of day

Ichorus winds engulf those sleeping within  
 Waiting for one to come forth from Lilith's call  
 To answer the vampress engrossment for blood

Suddenly, purging through the doors of the chapels succursal arches  
 A priest steps forth bearing a long silver cross  
 Gasping aloud

Come ye, beast of night  
 You have beckoned to me  
 I am here to embrace you in death

The lustral vampress moves swiftly to the challenge of the priest's emboldened courage  
 Luxuriant with an open mouth salivous in frothing inner blood  
 Darkness envelops the church of Agnus Dei

Silver steel spikes enwrap his black leather belt  
 Holstered together upon a violet stole  
 Adorning an angular silver pointed cross  
 Bearing the pectoral Christ  
 The friar to stab into the heart of the beast  
 A new vampire hunter has emerged to befall the lost Lenore

The succubus hovers against the night of woodland mist  
 Stalking with eyes locked with augmentation  
 Upon her for of priestly exultation  
 Pronouncing aloud

For thee  
 Oh' impious one and for thy sheep  
 The sun rises not  
 For you and your followers are scorn  
 To the fires unquenchable taste  
 Mammon hath willed that blood shall be my temple  
 You shall delay me no longer  
 Give honor to your 'Lady of the Baphomet,' almighty  
 Before whom every knee shall be bent

You are a paschal sacrificial lamb  
 For the lord who shed for thine his most precious living blood  
 Granting light  
 From the most 'Holy Angel of the Morning Star, Lord Lucifer'  
 Who shuts thee out  
 He prepares for you a place in everlasting Hell  
 Kneel

The vampress lunges forth against her prey  
 Rank with livid teeth elongated in the face of opposition  
 Claws outstretched to excise the priest

Lecherous hunter  
 You will not stand against me  
 Your time has come  
 A desultory of demons await your soul

Grasping the priest enraged with bloodlust  
 A sanguine bath to wash over the angels  
 Upon the cross to which the raven sits  
 Heralding the omen of doom  
 Lucifer sips the blood etched upon the rule of chaos  
 The blood on which he feeds  
 Holy desecration once again  
 Pale are the eyes of the succubus, blackened in terror

Suddenly, the hunter raises the angular inimical cross  
 Impaling the onslaught of the succubus through  
 Contorted wrenching bones of the alabaster monster  
 Crack under the strain of the rapier cross  
 In the track of her feast the hunter has motioned forward  
 With one stabbing thrust  
 Ending her reign of blood  
 Throwing the succubus back

Hissing cries bellow forth from the succubusal vampress  
 Now gazing down at the cross run iniquitously through  
 Undead blood spills sanguifluous upon the chapel steps  
 The hunter overtakes once again bearing silver spikes  
 Plunging them down

Gluttonous beast  
 Your time has come  
 I am the Vampire Slayer of the Chasuble  
 This marks your final hour  
 Gloria in excelsis Deo  
 (Glory be to God on high)

Thrashing, tearing, defiling the sacred nun of Satan  
A glossary array of swift torn bludgeoning of succubisal flesh  
The vampress looses her head under the anlace of the slayer  
Taking a torch to her lacerated skin  
Ingrain melting, gutturally boiling outward  
Against a wooden ember of cleansing dilacerations  
Sidereal light rises from her admonished apotheosized corpse  
Dismemberly burned in a funeral pyre

Ashes to ashes  
Dust to dust  
May she rest in Hell



## **Return Of The Vampire Hunter**

### Day of vengeance and redemption

Who is this coming from Edom  
 With his garments stained crimson  
 Who is robed in splendor  
 Striding forward in the greatness of his strength

“It is I”

Your God  
 Speaking in righteousness  
 Mighty to save

Why are your garments red?  
 Like those of one treading the winepress

I have trodden the winepress alone  
 From the nations, no one was with me  
 Their blood spattered my clothing  
 For the day of vengeance was in my heart and the year of redemption had come  
 (Isaiah: 63, 1-6)

Lilith has slipped away  
 Passioned tears wilt the age of her eternal father  
 Her spirit has been set free to ride the mares of somnulescent scapes

Integral vengeance transcursed within mortal sleep  
 Upon the enemies of papal sheep

In mid morning of the suns groping closure  
 Clouds surround granting no light  
 Tendril rays through the oncoming storm  
 Refract through the day enclosed in darkness

Burned remnants if succubal flesh blow in the wind  
 Scorched under iniquitous flame of the vampire slayer  
 Rain begins to pour through autumn's twilight  
 Smoke rises from her hissing bones spitting with heat  
 As her nunnerly soul flows to the supernal light of Lucifer's glory  
 Disdained from her slave of material form  
 Now attaining that which has passed beyond

The apostolic vampress now descended forever  
 Basking in the pergolan essence of the horned god  
 Kissing flames of Hell dance to amoretto songs of succubal copulation

She has slipped from her earthly pleasures  
 Now sanctity dwells in her soul, beguiled below  
 One with her lord  
 Upon the altar of the vampyric savior

Quantic dimensions of the abyss continue moving forward unto the earthly plane  
 While forfeit prayers bathe in purity tainted  
 The priestly hunter washes his bloodied hands in a piscine of sacred resurrection, debauched  
 Murderous sins spill onto the altar to be absorbed into the floor  
 A soldier of Christian veneration sets afoot in prayer

I have walked through the valley of darkness  
 The perversity of its energy closing in  
 Perplexed by tetra-theism, derogated  
 Satan's rampant evil permeates the land  
 Clutching the souls of the lamb  
 In sacrificed laughter

Oh' Lord  
 Give me the power  
 To throw this vampyric reign down  
 Before it is all consuming

Descending beneath the annular vault of the archaic church  
 Vestal preparations amongst uncial writings commence  
 Gathering the tools of the hunt  
 A traded soul vivificated for the Draconian kill

Shaken with unrest as the hours slowly diminish  
 The time is short  
 Soon the moon will etch above  
 Climbing to claim Eros  
 Jagged silver spikes cleansed in holy water under nervous antiphonal chanting

Lord  
 Have mercy upon my soul  
 Lord  
 Have mercy upon my soul

Shadows play upon the candles glare  
 Sleep begins to vitiate over the somnolescent Episcopal  
 Hanging the nihilist to the gallows call of mortal slumber  
 Entrancing dreams take hold over the slayers disposition  
 Morpheum of the incubus induces as the sun sets

Nightmares begin where souls depart  
 Falling into the Lake of Vivian\*  
 Descending below its green murky depths  
 Skeletal remains repose under the waters fervescence  
 As the vicar of Christ sinks

Bottomless nightshade grants no light  
 For now the sludge of the silten floor takes hold  
 Boundless pockets of bubbles inveigh as his feet seem locked to a chain of metal fold  
 Implacable to the bottom

Through the dark of the eerie green iridescent glow  
 Vermillion scarlet eyes come forth  
 Reaching through the façade of the underworld alchemy  
 Torn, pale, virginal cloth seeps motionless  
 Revealing a nocturnal vampress

Diana of the moon\*  
 Succubus of the deep  
 Enmeshed in strands of seaweed constrewn  
 Algae eaten stigmata marks the burdenous scars of previous laceration

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\*Vivian – Reference Number 72

\*Diana – Reference Number 24

Crashing statues of the virgin Mary shatter and topple from lofted marble steeples  
Torch flame flares and ignites curtains of chapel endowment  
Walls collapse under the strain of the burning wooden frame  
Grasping for tools of the kill  
The priestly hunter exits losing faith against time as the monuments of the phallic god burn  
Enveloped for queen Lilith's vengeance

Rays of dawn shadow the burning desecration  
The friar shaken by Satan's commemoration  
Witnessing the powers of Hell erupting as the sun peers  
Blank eyes of luminescent fear  
Pronounce tormented hesitation reflecting succubusal visitation  
As her laughter haunts through the echoing fire

I now know  
I must destroy the 'Lord Vampire of the Dracul'  
To end this sacrilege  
Breaking the chain linking doorway of Morpheus

Consigning 'Lady Baphomet' below  
Forever

**The Vampire Of The Dracul**



**Vampire Of The Dracul**

Languid Lady Bathory  
Besieged of holy revenance  
Sacred to her chastisement  
In communion through reclusive shadows  
Striking from beyond the grave  
In myriad shadow schemes  
Casting acolytes into pits of Apollyon agony

Three hunters assemble  
Three with a task at hand  
Gathering themselves together  
For turning back  
There is not time

We must advance  
We must overtake  
We must in the name of God  
Throw down this vampyric contagion  
Or all will perish under the mark of the Dracul

'The Vampire of the Dracul'

Imposed within the advent of irreconcilable interment  
 As the sun wanes across azure cirrus ineptitude  
 Casting shadows that pass over floors throughout his ionic lair  
 Deeply entombed inside the sepulchral crypt  
 Metaphysical thought despairs

Black candles weep tears for her  
 As the light emerges bleeding red  
 I too had died  
 For deep within my love wilts on  
 However distant love was and never truly revealed  
 Now forever bound and sealed  
 Away

Her love for her lord  
 Was truly so much more  
 I was but a release  
 Now sorrowfully given  
 She like those before would not  
 Remain

Merciful tears flow against icy skin  
 Undead for a thousand years  
 To grieve in funeral rain  
 Falling continuous  
 As silver murmurs of her voice

Soft and tranquil in tearful groan  
 Dissent in lament  
 Evermore alone

Thy soul impelled unto infinity  
 Reaching against the cypress dawn  
 Mourning the requiem of her ashes  
 Blown unto the four winds  
 A sackcloth velvet song  
 Evermore unto the grave  
 To repine on and on

A cold presence begins to move through the soul of the vampire  
 Who lies dormant in coffin crate contrition  
 Portals illuminate deaths closure  
 Persephone exonerated from the grip of Hades  
 Released through the gates of Hell  
 Calling out

Oh' thy dark lord of the night  
 I have not abandoned thee  
 In death I stroll the nocturnal landscapes of sleep  
 My spirit rests in your heart  
 Eternally  
 Know now you are never alone  
 I am the transcension to that which is beyond  
 I am the living spirit of darkness  
 Forever with thee



Through the dark recesses of love undenied  
 A gentle muse in sirenic triumph\*  
 Hath opened the coffin unto voices of the past  
 To conquer death  
 To rise again  
 Thriving in stark pipings of Pan  
 Flourishing in screams of the tortured and the damned

Utmost in this peril of loneliness  
 Eccentric within the hours bewailed lamentation  
 Being redeemed in the solace of her succubal implorment  
 Her succubus ghost  
 From beyond death  
 Awakened, I have become  
 Abeyance of vengeance contrives  
 Once again made manifest

Lorelei asleep knows intimate sirenic deceit \*  
 Crying out from distant shores of the lost Lenore  
 Alluring victims to their fate  
 Drowning them in the sea  
 Mistresses of the blackened arts  
 Sisters of revanence  
 Dwelling in the hearth of Satanic kingdoms

The purging sun revulses its binding hold over devouring spiders  
 Widowed in black  
 Sifting over the convex of silver webbed corridors  
 Deep below earthly nomadic whoredom  
 In winters forgotten  
 Locked in vaults of distant long lost time  
 Twisting over the rankles of tranquility  
 Woven upon bone and tortured chain  
 Crawling over the skullish ramparts of necrotic remains

Myriad teeth  
 Glint in enamoured death rattle  
 Heaving heavily in avariciousness  
 Long nailed hands begin reaching through to immortal preservation  
 The coffin lid creaks unto the call of night  
 Cinders of darkness enter  
 A whisper is heard

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\*Lorelei – Reference Number 42

\*Sirenic – Reference Number 63

Distant winds carry her name  
 Racked refrain  
 Never to be released, wrapped inside howls of pain

Behind the shades of sorrow  
 Behind the veils of undeath  
 The threshold of the underworld  
 Evermore bared away  
 A ghostress in spiraling licks of flame

Tonight  
 Horrisonous spectacles reattribute  
 As in ancient times  
 When I was laid to rest  
 Arising in death  
 Deserting false idols  
 Exorcising the holy ghost  
 In the blood of priestly revilement

Faint moonlight  
 Dances upon baleful eyes  
 Resolute in suffering  
 Wept of wrenched agony  
 Heightened and enkindled as her spirit lives on

Stepping through danken tunnels of Black Moor Castle  
 Elevated voussoirs requite lyre-bats in mid flight  
 Screeching in lyrical enthusiasm  
 Harping out in a company of recitors as the master passes  
 Awaiting prey

Niflheim cold disparages the dominical night  
 Winters inclement weather toils discord  
 Byzantine pillars condense with ice  
 As rain consorts through winds of Pandora  
 Tapping against ancient walls  
 Carrying whispers of the long dead  
 Waking

Beseeking alms of mercy divined in blood  
 The Vampire of the Dracul takes flight  
 Riding atop the seven gates of Hell  
 Gazing into disdained episcopized eyes now sanctuarized  
 Iridesence of Lady Baphomet refluant in flowing white  
 Now all but cinerary ash blowing in the night

Obscure light emits from feeble torches in the distance  
 Crossing over into the land of Nod\*

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\*Nod – Reference number 52

So they come  
Invading thy Draconian lot

So in this unwarranted visit  
They come lasciviously bold in their wanton destruction  
Tonight they will be martyred  
For the one true God  
The Dracul

Swooping down through lucid skies  
In Al-Hallows silence to cincturing darkness  
Recompensing claws draw closer to the vicariated intruders  
Catching sight of the three clergy in versicle plight

Three hunters under a shroud of cloak and fog  
Aligned in the glory of their God  
A subtle brush  
A deeper chill  
Begins to be felt  
Unaware as the blood begins to be spilt  
Rapaciously clasping the throat of the third  
Unsuspecting until superhumanly made headless

Frozen terror  
Glimpses the final scream  
As another hunter  
Tastes the flame of torched forgiveness  
Echoing through his gaping cauterized mouth  
Gurgling in the bestowal of hate  
Impluvium storms rain fire as burning flesh kindles over vampyric benediction  
Incinerated flesh melts unto a venial cinder  
Blackened, scorched skin harrows under the sowing down pour  
Slumping over Sumerian tribulation  
Smoldering penance swallowed

Witnessing priestly trucidation  
A final benefice lingers under the strata for sedile execution  
In the woodlands of 'Lucifuge-Rofacale'  
The Vampire of the Dracul instills  
Eyes alight upon the last standing adulterer  
Congealed within the killing frost

Tarnished in bloody siserary  
The Lord of Tepes admonishes

I am the last of the Visigoth clan  
I am the son of man  
'Lord Vampire of the Dracul'  
I have ascended unto Carpathian cliffs  
Soaring through a thousand year reign  
Savoring corselet dominion  
In this eternal flowing decanterous grail  
Becoming recalescent  
As my sins wash through summers-fallow  
Staining the earth with the Blood of Christ  
You who have laid thy love unto death  
Shalt now join her in the choirs of Hell  
Lifted on high  
To be impaled

Amidst the deluge of Morgana's frail tears  
The vampire sheaves forward against the gentilian cohort  
Manticore talons drive inward, flying upward  
While papal arms snap under the voracity of the undead  
Motionless, broken and limp

Rising high above the trees unto Delilah's debauchery \*  
Deliberating many at a time  
In ages past amongst the Sabbath of Brocken

Staring deep into the icy red delta of Azrael incarnate  
Eyes glimmering Hell itself  
For soon to pay homage to crescents of the dragon  
Kneeling under scourged torment  
Being dropped

The shiftless hunter falls through gray winter solitude  
Catching the solid limbs driving through  
Impaled as his last breath ebbs  
While blood soaks downward spilling  
Upon a darkened 'Alhambra Oak'

His body twitching upon the tree of woe  
Absolution pools below  
Festering in the mouths of stricken druids

Redemption fulfilled  
I at last am credent to Lilith's ethereal spirit  
Venerating her begotten soul  
On high

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\*Delilah – Reference Number 23

Through the dark of raining night-shade  
 A succubisal specter materializes  
 Floating through times esoteric doorway  
 Dressed in white  
 Radiantly lavished within all the coronets of angelic heraldry  
 Arms outstretched  
 Her face a blanketed stare  
 Harrowing all but a thousand torments  
 Overladen in draping blood  
 Spirited through half ethereal paths  
 Persephone unquiet in her deliverance  
 Now redeemed in pale burning of tender return  
 Her spirit resilient in death  
 Rasping upon wings beyond the sky  
 Reaching unto her lord of the night

My love  
 Being beheld in your arms  
 Uplifts my heart

Yet, as I am resolved in this censured tranquility  
 I shall be with you eternally  
 Translucent through crystalline moonstone

Cherishing you by days of sleep  
 Until immortality unbinds  
 Forever, until the end of time

The two stand together  
 In a scarcity of doubt  
 In truth, grasping dominion  
 In spirals of wind  
 In tendrils of rain  
 In a love  
 That shalt forever remain

**'One In The Dark Spirit'**

Lost in your room of fear  
 As the night winds through the windowpane  
     Carry me to you  
 The door suddenly locks in a maze of shadowed spectral movement  
     Winding around and through  
 You twist and turn in veils of amaranthine

Hope severs, salvation unfound  
 Taunted by apprehension and desire, inescapable  
 Pressed against the walls of your hollow screams  
 You begin to feel a cold presence move through you  
     Cold as ever my black fingernails enamoured  
 Moving through your hair, slowly down your neck  
     To pierce your inner longing  
 As you are clutched in invigorated tension  
     Hesitant to believe  
     Yet, you feel me  
     Hypnotic to conceive  
 Moving over you as a vaporous wind, as a ghost  
     I cuff your wrists in illusory guise  
 I am a shadow moving in candlelight  
     In the embrace of our eyes  
     To hold you in trance  
     As the fire in your mind  
 Sets aflame your soul in dance

I close unto your innocents  
 To make myself manifest ethereal  
     In mastery, in mist, in storm  
     To ride the torrents of the sky  
 Lightning to harken the awakening  
     As you in me shall lie

I run my tongue along your throat  
     My jagged teeth yearn for you  
     To taste the new wine of Bacchus  
     To tease, to enrapture, to hold true  
 Corsetry lace and flowers of incensory imagining  
     To fill your heart  
     To lift it to my lips  
     To die before you wake  
     Naked unto me to take  
 The manacles of our deception  
     In chains of blood  
 In the undeath of our binding

For we are as we were  
 And we live in fog filled evenings  
 In flight, to engross, to kill  
 To hunt, to prey, to feast  
 Over hierarch of this incredulant humanity  
 For as death to again lay over me  
 As ghosts in waves of the mariner's sea  
 To grasp unto regions out of reach  
 To seal the oath of our ominous destiny  
 We shall lurk by death in wayward passage  
 To remain in cryptic solitude

As you are to me  
 A countess of darkness  
 In red rose lips  
 Lady Lorelei unto grace abattoir of Bathory  
 With a black thorn kiss  
 To seduce, to inhale  
 The raptorial soul of Tchort  
 Woven in a black velvet veil  
 Unto death to assail  
 The robes of his arrival  
 The signs of his coming  
 Unseen, yet closing

To lie amongst the ruins  
 In the eclipse of medieval kingdoms, Stonehenge  
 I am the architect of martyred crucibles  
 Undaunted by there pleading cries  
 For I anoint them in a closure in blood  
 In this my 'Canto Unto Lorelei'

In the benevolence of Hecate  
 You are to me in her  
 In the beauty of all things decadent  
 As now and as we were  
 Inversion unto us to confer  
 Inversion unto a cross of silver

A ship wrecked  
 It's hull crushed upon Teutonic rock  
 For you led them unto your hunger  
 That led you from off your reef of sirenicall deceit  
 Slowly you moved to your maceration of the drowning fools  
 Ensnared within the locks of your black serpentine hair  
 To chew and gnaw upon there limbs  
 To chew and gnaw, to swallow their souls  
 The water littered with their lacerated corpses  
 As you grope, assuaged of your pleasures  
 You languish in laughter at the sun

To feel the dawn of the sabbatic call  
 In the marsh swamps or Mountainous Harz  
 In the vivation of witches in the 'All Hallows Celebration'  
 Against dark passion in bonfire hills  
 Hearing in the distance the funerary bell  
 Ringing through the Gates of Hell  
 To proclaim the procession to begin  
 As a mortal sacrifice to cringe  
 Unfurled in black magic and ritual dagger  
 A victim from us  
 In our pleasure, to watch and conflagour  
 And in all of these moments we shall live  
 And in all of these moments we unto ourselves shall give

You lose yourself  
 In visions overtaken  
 You lose yourself  
 In the rhythm of the tortured forsaken  
 You lose yourself  
 To sell in ecstasy  
 And you give yourself over  
 Over unto me

I pull you close  
 Deeper inside  
 The darkness envelopes you  
 To lead in a ravenous departure  
 Your head held back  
 I taste your blood  
 Tearing into dreams made nightmares  
 Tearing into dreams made flesh

You sweat in drips of filigree lust  
 Given black roses in the night  
 To bewail in snows and under showering icicle stars of ice  
 Clear through all marrows and time has no meaning  
 To kill and kill to savor our being  
 Ruinous victims held up in offertory  
 To the ravages of Purgatorial winter  
 Their bodies laden upon crimson glacial pillars of carnical desolation

One in the dark spirit  
 That shall unleash evil power  
 To praise vengeance  
 To praise the midnight hour  
 That glorifies the death of our enemies



One in the dark spirit  
 As we are the flames that burn upon the souls of the damned  
 Over all who in us would deny  
 To consort with mystic command  
 To hold our vampyric nature on high  
 Entombed in coffin multitude  
 Our claws to lash out at the sun  
 For we are in shadow as one

Baphometric pentacle in the sigils of Leviathan  
 Worn in honor to surround  
 As in us, innate to confound  
 The imposition of our gathering  
 For we are interwoven in a unity deeper than love  
 That reaches beyond the citadel of death  
 To curse the heaven's above

As we are angels drawn unto exile  
 Blessed expulsion unto fire  
 Our wings ripped and shorn  
 In works of mysterious lycanthropic concealment  
 As we lie hidden within un-withered desirous form  
 To forever and ever be reborn  
 To reek vengeance through the void  
 As wraiths of Mendes dark Capricorn  
 Wretched are they who falter in our footsteps  
 For we are, as we were and forever shall be  
 In unison, undivided in the ebon ardor of our furtherance

One in the dark spirit  
 As above, so below  
 We live in Stygian burning waves  
 We live in daemon mastiff throws

One in the dark spirit  
 That writhes in this world  
 As vultures over the carrion dead  
 Our wrath shall be unfurled  
 Our spirits to entangle unto the otherside of light  
 As opaque serpents en-coiled  
 To reign together  
 To reign in the night



**Anthem To Those Amongst Us, Who Are Not**

Children of the night  
 The time has come  
 And the time is now  
 To put an end to the ways of Christianity  
 And all others forms of organized religion

To exult only unto ourselves  
 To bow down to no one  
 To utilize both light and darkness to archive our own ends  
 Granting unlimited potential and unlimited means to our own soul purpose and self  
 righteous dedication  
 Abandoning false idols  
 Abandoning false gods

To take and send forth inherent power, that is unto ourselves to behold  
 From those of a feeble will and feeble understanding  
 To use as a catalyst for our advancement  
 Our advancement over a humanity slumbering in life as walking dead

Children of the night  
 Watch my darkness unfold  
 Weaving its way through the murdered Corinth corridors and the streets of the bought  
 and murdered sold  
 Like winds that bewail the lost screams in alleyways of no escape  
 Like mercy that dies a martyr's death  
 Confessed in hallways of m monstrous incubisal rape  
 Like a poisonous glass to seal the lies of a lovers fate

I shall come forth and appear unto you  
 In omens that will be revealed to be true  
     For I am the one you seek  
     I am the vampyric magus  
         Vain to conceit  
 That enwraps technology and magic together as one  
 Technomage, necromage, woven to discern, it has begun  
     Bound by one single purpose  
     The devise of my cistvaen influence  
     To consort with esoteric means  
     With the wisdom of Solomon  
     With the cunning of Mephistopheles  
     Casting spells to elevate  
         From out of the pit  
 In the schemes of my transcribed machines  
  
 I am adorned with the diadem of Abaddon  
     To which I uphold on high  
 And a whole of an entire existence shall be scathed unto oblivion in the blink of an  
     apocalyptic eye  
     I shall direct the coming shadows  
     Prophetical abomination  
 Armies to scower over the surface of the Earth  
     To rage war in the plains of Elysium  
  
     Yet, I shall endure  
     ‘I am the blessed Halloween vampire’  
     To bring forth a new sojourn of horror  
     I am infernal vengeance personified  
     I shall live within and without form  
     As shadows to a husk, ever onward in flight  
     Moving spectrally through you leaving an embrace of ice  
 As the waters of the waters of the Avernus Styx, flowing in the blood of damned souls  
     I shall live in their illustrious suffering  
     I shall live in the coming terror  
     I shall overcome, to drink their blood  
 I shall close your eyes to leave you in a blank lifeless stare  
     To thwart  
     To rise  
     A false seer in destiny surmise  
     Yet, only false to those who do not believe  
     And to whom they would deny  
 And in whom they shall gaze into the socket-less eyes of death  
     And in whom they shall die

We shall insurrect this realm  
 We hold the future within our hands  
 Let us manifest our vampyric allegiance  
 As death shall walk upon blood soaked Elohim sands  
 As there cities shall be laid unto holocaustic dust  
 Teratogenic creatures shall be begotten in radiation  
 Yet, we shall savor their blood sanguiferous  
 Within our dark conjuration  
 As we are the future  
 We shall unleash the rage of our tortured ancestors  
 Through the tachyon suture  
 To recognize our own demonic stature  
 Yet, we are instilled in the light  
 At one with our own dark nature

As now the States of Babylon are rebuilt  
 Come, prepare the secession  
 In the midst of our vampyric projection  
 The end time is drawing near  
 Against all who would stifle our perception  
 Shiva over the earth shall constitute  
 Yet, with their bones  
 The frames of our foundation we shall construct  
 To seal the covenant of the vampire

Let us use our power in vengeance against all those who would oppose us  
 To erect 'The Circle Of The Crimson Dusk'  
 To overthrow their groping civilization temples in decay and their false kingdoms of the  
 old  
 Un-benevolent to abscond the untold  
 And we unto ourselves will ordain  
 To let a new vampyric order reign  
 By Dracul in name

To look no further than ourselves within  
 For we are the chosen  
 At one with undeath, at one with sin  
 I am poised in readiness as the beasts of the barrier  
 To circumnavigate the storm  
 And to those amongst us who are not  
 Your time is short  
 And your time is now

And I say unto you  
 You who are not of us  
 Come, crawl to your crosses  
 Come, crawl to your stakes  
 I shall lift the anvil  
 I shall ignite the flames  
 I shall strike the nails into your heart  
 I shall inhale your cinerary flesh upon the bonfire winds  
 I shall desecrate your soulless stagnate graves  
 I shall crush you under the weight of your crossbeam sins  
 I shall dig out your souls to enslave  
 Nocuous to enthrall  
 Come one, come all  
 To tip the scales of this citadel of tainted beniter  
 And uplift our souls to the palace of excess  
 Forever

Idolatry at an all time high  
 In measure with the millennium, step by step  
 In measure with death  
 Closing his skeletal grip around you  
 In the midst of traitors to succumb  
 Cold in the changes that have come  
 'Church Of The Vampire'  
 And with him I shall be one  
 And therefore in me you shall find death  
 Never to resurrect  
 You shall be denied  
 It will be to late for your souls to be awakened  
 Immersed in blindness you would not admit to believe  
 And I say this from the presage of my innermost eye  
 So that you may see  
 Let is begin with me

'All Hail The Harrowing Vampyric Undead'  
 Ave Incubare Excelsis  
 Ave Incubare On High

Upon their skulls and broken bodies I shall build a church  
 Upon their skulls and broken bones I shall build a throne  
 I am thy vampire  
 Sown in my own dark design

**Winter Laake, June 1995**



### **'List of References - Mythological And Satanic'**

1. Aaron's Rod: A magic wand embellished by a serpent, when cast before the Egyptian Pharaoh, it turned into a serpent.
2. Abaddon: The leader of the demon locusts described in the ninth chapter of the Book of Revelation. This is the Hebrew name of the angel of the bottomless pit. The literal Hebrew meaning for the word is, destroyer.
3. Abyss: <Egyptian Religion> A descriptive name for the abode of the dead. In Babylonian thought it was the primeval chaos from which the universe evolved.
4. Acheron: <Classic Myth> One of the rivers of Hades. It was called the river of woe.
5. Adonis: <Greek Legend> A youth loved by Aphrodite, who lamented his death each year. He was allowed to return to Aphrodite during the spring and summer. He symbolizes the cycles of the seasons.
6. Anubis: The jackal headed Egyptian god of the dead. He presides over the weighing of human souls.
7. Arcadia: One of the highest planes of the heavens.
8. Asmodeus: Powerful grand duke of Hell. He has the face of a hideous angel and holds a viper in his left hand.
9. Azazel/Azrael: <Hebrew> Names for the angel of death
10. Baal: According to the Lemegeton, the commander of the armies of Hell. Children were sacrificed to him. In biblical times, he was at one time worshipped by the Israelites.
11. Baalzebul/Beelzebul: The God of Ekron. 'The Lord of the Flies.' The name is used for Satan in the new testament, mainly in reference to demonic possession.
12. Babylon: Ancient biblical city of debauchery.
13. Bacchus <Classical Myth> The god of wine. Women were particularly dedicated to his orgiastic rites. The women in their ecstatic frenzy, abandoned their homes, roamed the fields and hills, dancing, swinging and in their frenzy they tore apart animals and children, devouring their flesh. Thus acquiring a closeness with the divinity.
14. Baphomet: The horned god of the 'Knights of the Templars,' which utilizes both good and evil to achieve his own soulful purpose and desires. Used as a crescent symbol within the black mass of 'The Church of Satan.' Established in 1966 by 'Anton Szandor LaVey.' Baphomet is the true vampyric essence of dark nature, which work in outright arrogance, blasphemy and self-dedication. In every sense, the symbol of Baphomet is the symbol of the perpetuation of the self.
15. Belial: The most viscous of all demons. He drives a fiery chariot and is named in the Book of Revelation, the Beast, an apocalyptic writing. Belial is the cosmic power of evil. In the war of the sons of light and the sons of darkness, one of the dead sea scrolls, he is described as the leader of the forces of darkness.
16. Brocken Peak: The highest mountain peak in The Harz Mountains of Germany, long associated in popular legend with Walpurgisnacht or the witches night sabbath.
17. Caduceus: Hermes magic wand. The entwined serpents, one white and one black. They represent good and evil, life and death. The symbol used by medical foundations around the world.
- Cain: In the bible, one of the oldest sons of Adam and Eve. He killed his brother Abel over jealousy.
19. Calvary: According to ancient belief, Satan was present at Calvary when Christ was crucified. A raven of prey, perched upon the shoulder of the cross.

- 20.Cerberus: A three-headed dog entwined with serpents interconnected to his form. Guard of the Greek underworld.
- 21.Charon: <Greek Myth> The deity who ferried the damned over the River Styx, collecting a fee of two obolus coins, which were placed over the eyes of the dead.
- 22.Chasuble/Casubla: A hooded robe worn over the alb by a priest reciting mass.
- 23.Delilah: <Biblical Reference> She was the harlot woman who betrayed Samson the strong by cutting off the locks of his hair. Hence, making him of normal strength and subduable. She also blinded his eyes of sight with a hot iron rod. Later Samson would have retribution and grow his hair long once again and destroy the citadel killing thousands of people.
- 24.Diana: <Roman Myth> The goddess of the moon.
- 25.Dolorus: A word for sorrow.
- 26.Draconian: Word for dragon. In astronomy, belonging to that space of time, which the moon performs one entire revolution.
- 27.Dracul: Transylvanian word for devil
- 28.Enochian: Language invented to communicate to angels or devils. Created by an ancient occultist Dr. John Dee.
- 29.Golgotha: The hill where Christ was crucified. Also called the skull.
- 30.Gorgon-Demo: Three fabled sisters, Stheno, Euryale, Medusa, all accursed for their arrogance of beauty and were to have serpents in their hair.
- 31.Hades: <Greek Myth> The dark and gloomy realm of the dead.
- 32.Hecate: <Greek Myth> Goddess of the moon, underground realm of the dead and witchcraft.
- 33.Iachus: Another word for Bacchus.
- 34.Indra: A Hindu deity representing the sky and the heavens.
- 35.Incubus/Succubus: <Male/Female> Shadow demons that prey upon people while they sleep, usually for sexual rape, exploitation and to create terror within their victim.
- 36.Kali: Hindu deity associated with vampires. Known to have several arms as a spider.
- 37.Lenore: Name used in Edgar Allen Poe's, 'The Raven.' She was the name whispered by the raven who quoth nevermore.
- 38.Leviathen/Krakon: Both in reference to under water demons of vast size. They are asleep beneath the oceanic deep and communicate through subliminal means. They are known as leaders of the heretics who sow dissention.
- 39.Loki: The Teutonic god of fire.
- 40.Lilith: The first wife of Adam in the deleted first chapter of Genesis. She was first cast out of the garden before Eve. She went out into the dessert and mated with demons.
- 41.Lolth: Demon goddess of spiders.
- 42.Lorelie: <German Legend> A siren who lured sailors on the Rhine to shipwreck, so she could devour them.
- 43.Lucifer: The first angel who led the revolt against God in the old testament. Quite literally meaning 'The Morning Star.'
- 44.Lucy/Mina: Names of the two girls in Bram Stoker's Dracula.
- 45.Magdelen: A prostitute who was overcome with demonic possession and later repented.



- 46.Mammon: Demon god of avarice and riches, regarded as an object of worship.  
 “Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.” (Matt: 6,24)
- 47.Moloch: <Phoenician> Evil god that would devour the souls of children.
- 48.Morgana: <Arthurian Legend> The faery half sister of King Arthur.
- 49.Mordor: <J.R. Tolkein’s, Lord of the Rings> This was the land of Sauron, an evil wizard.
- 50.Morpheus: <Greek Myth>He appears in many different forms within the dreams of people.  
 Hence, the god of dreams.
- 51.Neffheim: <Nordic Myth> The northern regions of cold and darkness.
- 52.Nod: <Biblical> The land where Cain went after murdering his brother Abel.
- 53.Ophelia: A woman who died broken hearted and her insane ghost wavered atop creeks and streams.  
 She would cry out lamentations as she passed by. Drawn to rushing water.
- 54.Pan: <Half man/Half goat divinity> Known as the leader of the satyrs, shrouded in a dark nature.
- 55.Pandemonium: Capital of the infernal empire in Hell.
- 56.Pazzuzu: <Assyrian> Demon king of the air.
- 57.Perdition: In theology, the loss of the soul to any hope for salvation, complete damnation.
- 58.Persephone: <Greek Myth> Abducted by Hades. Symbolizes the seasons.
- 59.Plutonian Shore: One of the rivers of the infernal regions of Hades.
- 60.Pythian: A holy order who delved into non-violent mediation.
61. Seraphim: Another word for angels.
- 62.Set: <Egyptian Myth> The God of Darkness. Sworn enemy of the gods of light. Predates  
 the use of the word Satan by thousands of years.
- 63.Siren: <Greek Myth> One of several sea nymphs, seductress and killer.
- 64.Sodom & Gomorrah: The ancient cities within the bible that were destroyed by God for being wicked.
- 65.Shiva: A term recognized with destruction of the world, to renew it into a higher form.  
 Cleansing through chaos.
- 66.Solomon: King Solomon who bound devils who were sent to extract human hearts.
- 67.Stygian: Said to mean literally, ‘hateful.’
- 68.Styx: One of the main rivers which circle the infernal regions of Hell.
- 69.Typhon: Demon of the air and water.
- 70.Uraeus: Serpent headdress worn by the pharos of Egypt.
- 71.Valkyries: <Nordic Myth> Beautiful female angels who gathered the souls of the slain, leading them to  
 Valhalla.
- 72.Vivian: <Arthurian Legend> ‘Lady of the Lake’
- 73.Vykolakas: <Greek> Vampire