

Xantherus, Sorcerer of Darkness, lay in state:
 Nailed to a descending Cross, mockery of the Nazarene.
Body corrupted by the hunger of bacilli and maggots.
 Slain by the Lord of Light for blaspheming the Most High:
Dog-god! Seducer of Virgins! Eater of Children!

The Dark Elders decree his rise;
 Summon the Enchantress; Mistress of the Pit!
Call forth the Fiery One, let the Flames consume
 His earthly vesture, Give his Spirit another House.
 The Chant begins:

"O Nameless One, whose breath is the Fire of Hell!
Come thou forth, And let they flame
Destroy All that is, So from the Ash will spring:
The Specter of Xantherus will walk again,
Among the Legions of the Living!"

The deed is done!
 Bodiless red eyes pierce the Night!
Flames leap from an Unseen Mouth!
 The hardened Heart of the Cult knows Fear,
As the Fire Daemon works his way!

Xantherus is ash: bone, sinew, blood, maggots: All is ash!
 The Evil is unleashed, a Sacrifice is sought,
Flesh must be taken for Flesh given in the Flame:
 The Sorceress screams; eyes blood-mad-red,
As her soul is possessed by the Dread One.

The Dark Goddess rises, red-gleaming eyes proclaim:
 The Second Coming of Xantherus
In the body of a She-Devil
 Free to work Her Will in the World of Men:
Who will know only Death, Desolation and Despair!

NO LONGER LET THE GODS BE MOCKED

He had been Evil before there was Good. He had been Darkness before there was Light. His spirit had infected the Infinite Void before there was Space and Time. His Presence lured Lucifer from the Almighty. His Essence corrupted the demons Astaroth, Beelzebub, and Paymon. His breath blackened the Wings of Angels. He is the spawn of Chaos and Her return is imminent...