

# Paragon Belial

Darkthrone

I lay Enshrined  
Contaminated Time Warp  
My Flesh Yearns  
For the Tombworld

My soul like layers of Frost  
Simulating a Spectre Shadow  
Frozen in Time and Space  
I was Hacked out of Ice

Faded am I, behind a wall of consciousness  
Still feeling a different World  
Surrounding Me  
Chilling Voices fill my head -  
I Open My Eyes;

The Boiling Sea Beneath  
The Castle of Faust  
Belial finally Comes Forth:

"The Ancient White light writings  
were just lying men and their Pens  
You are the same, only in Black.  
Return with the knowledge  
of making your own god"

Dreamking of the Tombworld:  
I Enter Into an Eternal Oath  
Creating my Paragon Belial