

In the arms of shadow my power is growing
I'm a half-god
I'm crossing the threshold of portal
I've arrived again be ware
Serviled fans of rotting pride
Soon my destination will be reached
The dethronization of coronated master of this land
I'm comforter of deceased and tameless enemy of those who live
I cast a curse in those people who lament in the twilight
And the morning they dream about fame
Again I'm mounting on flamed steedbr
To steal into the deadly moonlight to conquer the new worlds
To inundate them with my filthy hordes
And my delightful dreams came true
No, it's not a heresy, this is a twisted reality
Only I can create the vision so real
That fear for closing eye-
lids like plaque will touch human's breed
I want to hear screams of terror and lamentable whimpering
When hellish desire will woke up in the dreams
Sand of time displacing slowly, in the hour-glass of infinity
Secret places are still waiting for me
Scattered in the abyss of mind