

I Am the Black Wizards

Emperor

Mightiest am I,
but I am not alone in this cosmos of mine.
For the black hills consists of black souls,
souls that already dies one thousand deaths.
Behind the stone walls (of centuries) they breed their black art.
Boiling their spells in cauldrons of black gold.

Far up in the mountains,
where the rain fall not far,
yet the Sun cannot reach.
The wizards, my servants,

summon the souls of macrocosm.
No age will escape my wrath.
I travel through time and I return to the future.
I gather wisdom now lost.
I visit again the eternally ancient caves,
before a mighty Emperor thereupon came.
Watching the mortals "discovering" my chronicles, guarded
by the old demons, even unknown to me.

Once destroyed their souls are being summoned
to my timeless prison of hate.
It is delightful to feast upon the screaming souls
that were destroyed in my future.

How many wizards that serve me with evil, I know not.
My empires has no limits.

From the never ending mountains black, to the bottomless lakes.
I am the ruler and has been for eternities long.
I am them.

(I am them.)
(I am them.)

From the never ending mountains black, to the bottomless lakes.
I am the ruler and has been for eternities long.
My wizards are many, but their essence is mine.
Forever they are in the hills in their stone homes of grief.
Because I am the spirit of their existence.
I am them.

I am them.
I am them.