

Infinity Burning

Emperor

As the Darkness creeps over the Northern mountains of Norway and the silence reach the woods, I awake and rise... Into the night I wander, like many nights before, and like in my dreams, but centuries ago.

Under the Moon, under the trees. Into the Infinity of Darkness, beyond the light of a new day, into the frozen nature chilly, beyond the warmth of the dying Sun. Hear the whispering of the wind, the Shadows calling...

I gaze into the Moon which grants me visions these twelve full Moon nights of the year, and for each night the light of the holy disciples fades away.

Benighted darker and darker as I walk through the woods, into the silent shadows.

As the sky goes from dark to black, ice cold whispers burns my skin. From nowhere to the deepest of my soul they speak unto me ... grievance of sadness, like the gift of sorrow. A Moon, a bloodred full Moon lights my black hearts night.

Lightning cracks the sky and thunders roll, through the night a chaos of storms arise.

Purgatory. Burning flames catch my eyes. Into the shadows (so dark) I hear the choirs of evil, a "joy" in blasphemy beyond my darkest fantasies.

The Gate is open...