

Lord of the Storms

Emperor

Earthquakes are breaking the silence,
a vision of hate.
A wicked, foul spell of evil.
Dark winds command the throne.
Cleansed by the evil hand,
a crusade of the burning land.
A servant in the shape of a snake
blackens the bodies red.

Then it appears, the storming wind,
a challenging scar burns through the light.
A cloud of darkness prepared for me
to complete the circle of death.
The serpent gains mastery of the wind
through the storms and through the streaming snow.
Sorrow blackens the Earth when the Moon fades.
Dark winds command the throne.

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An embrace from Death.