

Moon Over Kara-Shehr

Emperor

Our time is upon us.
Master! Appear!
Over the nocturnal sky
from the mountains of black we ride.
Fly!

All thy servants fly
though the serpent's darkened sky.
Hears the opponent cry,
ravaged by his terror.

Master! We ride with the storm
in his name, the sire, wolves' king.
Enter the power coursing
through veins of the night.

Who gathers winds, summons thunder,
summons rain, summons might?

Power ripples through me.
Armageddon's thunder will bring others to my side.
The throne is mine.
A blackened storm of evil.
Evil.
Evil.
Evil.

Master! We ride with the storm to take
revenge in the sky upon the one
who cast thee from his side.