

# The Conqueror

## Enthroned

Company of heaven has sent us a chosen apostle  
To the treasure of the damned  
Blessing no longer be poured the mystical lord  
Covered with rich headdress

He will proceed his way over the line  
Furious as tiger  
Once the tower rocked and cracked beneath its lash  
Caught inextinguishable fire

Conqueror - Conqueror - Conqueror

The lord of host gave ear into his sing  
Intolerable blackness helms him  
Only the lightning from his hand that sits  
When usurping tyrants fall

An unsullied maid baffles his seductions and his ire  
Pines in the poison  
Compassion is the vice of kings  
Stamp down the wretched weak

Conqueror - Conqueror - Conqueror

You are not of the slaves that perish  
Pity them not  
Tear down that lying spectre of centuries  
Vices and virtues words

We'll hide in a smash of sorrow  
You shall fear  
Let your rites be rightly performed  
With joy and beauty