

Imperial Devastation

Horna

Feeble fools, unaware of the terror soon to come.
After what is still awaiting, no light will ever be here.
Only the stones remember the battles that have been clashed
On these moors and fields, as thousand of years ago
The soil drank blood of those unwilling to serve.
Still at night I can hear their screams when they fought for glory and might.
Steel was bent, and bones were crushed, and still the spirit of war is here.
They knew not, that once more a battle so great, so hateful
Would be fought upon these barren landscapes, in honour to those who died.
For there are (also) creatures hidden in the (very) darkest places
Of this realm, like the demons (hiding) under the (dark) mountains,
And the beasts, waiting to be unleashed from their graves guarded by spirits.
These secrets have yet remained in whispers and in tales, but as it has been told.
Aeons ago.
These creatures, side by side with the legions of darkness,
On a moment seen by the unknown oracles, will emerge to rise
The mighty empire of darkness, the supreme imperial reign of evil.
I know not if I shall be here when the Armageddon is to come,
But this axe of war in my hand symbolises that I am ready for war.