

# Pretender To The Throne Opus II Battle At The Netherworld

Necromantia

Beyond the mountains of madness  
Crossing the river Acheron  
Lies the crimson battlefield  
Where Father and son will cross their blades

On a flaming bat-shaped chariot  
The Infernal Emperor appears  
Matching his daring offspring  
Waiting for Cerberus to howl

The guardian hound now screams  
And swords are raised with hatred  
Both forged in pain and blackness  
Destined to spread the veil of Death

The battle doesn't seem to end  
Such is their ferocious rage  
Like hungry beasts upon their prey  
No more blood ties can hide their hate

Suddenly the black-steel blade  
Held by the pretender's hand  
Pierces the Undead's wicked head  
As dragon wings shading the sun

A wave of living darkness  
Effuses from the Emperor's heart  
Embraces the usurper  
Absorbing his soul and blood

A triumphant voice  
Now echoes in the skies

Now my son we're bound  
Reborn into the Black  
Masters of the Cosmos  
Now my son we're one