

In The Wake Of Armadeus

Pagan Altar

Covens have gathered frozen in time,
Ageless figures are linking their minds.
Circles of power drawing them near,
Calling the infernal ones to appear.
Legions of witches meeting on Candlemas eve,
The Dark Age has ended surrendering down on its knees.

Circles of witches chanting his name,
Calling the damned one to rise once again.
The blood of the sacrifice darkens the floor,
The gateway is open they've unlocked the door.
Legions of witches meeting on Candlemas eve,
The Dark Age has ended surrendering down on its knees.

Look into the North, in the light of the candle.
The form that's taking shape within the triangle,
Feel the power that's growing in the darkness,
The evil stench of Hell, Behold Armadeus.

Crumbling Religions subside into dust,
And retreat into obscurity.
The Tower of Babel rises again,
In the path of his Majesty,
Behold Armadeus.
Behold Armadeus...