

# The Ancient Crown of Glory

Ragnarok

Sick senses and the arms straight out in the dark  
His silence, screaming without a sound  
Bowing his head setting the crown on the right, slowly turning  
The eyes of glory, the old one you never knew, the eyes you never knew

Gazing from the shadow, crippled hands towards your skin  
Moving in for the slashing, rushing through the light  
The man is silent, yet the chaos overwhelming, serving the greater  
The man you knew so well

Forcing your eyes to open, where lies remains of the harvesting  
of the damned  
Madman serving hellish winds, the old man drooling, on his once  
own blood

The eyes you never knew

Ripping your wounds, who is the tailor of these, macabre, sense  
s of death  
Rattling your bones, from what raises the spells setting fire to  
o the flesh

The eyes you never knew

Forcing your eyes to open, no remains beyond the harvest  
Madman serves the hellish winds, old man's ancient crown of glory,  
glory Sathanas