

My Dreams Of 8

Satanic Warmaster

The age of tragedies, my vision of a fallen empire
Like a lantern that burned out in ecstasy
Lighting the path of blood and honour into time
For eternity, forever reminding me... Forever changing time...

The man against time, in scorn against decline
One state, one folk, one leader, a true revelation
The purest essence of the cult of our blood
For infinity, flowing inside me... Forever binding me...

My dream of your empire
Fills me with joy
For it is also my fate
To end this life of strife in tragedy...

Live by the sword they say, thus I shall live
Let my words be my blade, let my songs be my spear

My dream of your empire
Fills me with joy
For it is also my fate
To end this life of strife in tragedy...
...or supremacy.