

One Shining Star

Satanic Warmaster

A dream of a nest among the stars
That cradles the sleeping ancient one
whose now closed eyes were the first to see
The trail that leads away from humility

Through the eyes of a raven he watches
In utter scorn and dreamlike aversion
Those who cannot conceive the delight
of being speared by his black horns

In a void devoid of all love and joy
A fire shall burn at the arrival of dawn
Ignited by a hope that this morning
There will be no one to see it's grace

In the lone halls of the void
The steps of the of the high heels resound
And in the northern aurora
there remains only one shining star