

Satan's Realm

Setherial

A toll enshrouded spectre; with demons wings
Surrounded by a pale and cold radiance
Eyes so morbidly and brilliant
Unchained is the devil of Ira

Arriving to the throne buildt in coldest blackstone
Towering above a mantle of thick fog
Reflections into the whispering waters

I have worshipped thee below in centuries of time
Scripts older than time itself reveals the coming of our lord

In the domain of the blackest dark I gaze into the flames
Satan; let the scytche of death sweep across the landscape

A horizon covered with darkness; the fog creeps over the mounta
ins
Lay low the ramparts; open wide the portals of hell

In nomine dei nostri Satthanas...
...In the name of the master Satan, his excellence Lucifer
I summon the forces of darkness and the infernal powers within

Beyond the black fog; Satan's realm
Beyond the black fog; the realm of Satan

The moon turns bloodred and the holocaust storms rises from the
north
Awaiting the hordes of hell to come forth
Hate is the heart, Death; the striving vision
...My dark soul is immortal

"Scripts older than time itself reveals the coming of the wrath
,
unchained is the devils of Ira. Satan's wings his scytche of de
ath"

Raging battles, Bathin; mighty warlord
Again you shall lead the men of might, against the weak and fee
ble light

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