

Towards Thy Realm

Setherial

I lift the blood filled chalice the sky;
And drink in the honour of my master of the deep.
I kneel before the black altar of Satan
and sign of the Baphomet.
And command the dark forces to come forth...

Black clouds embraces the light of the moon
and legions of demons appears:
And as the fires touch the sky,
a dimension denied through aeons reveals...

From the vast abhorred deeps.
Through the clouds; from infernal storms; he appears.
In front of thousands of demons hordes.
A domain of damnation and death.
And a shivering voice led me towards the fire.

Towards the realm of night...

Black clouds embraces the light of the moon
and legions of demons appears;
As fires touch the sky, an uncontrolled vision
calls from the dark depths.

Disciples of Satan;
Awaiting for the awakening...

Like a cold winter breeze sweeping silently
across the northern wasteland.
I fly towards the nightrealm and
an eternity in darkness.
I have always longed for this existence
through the centuries of my time.
Forever sheltered from light,
forever a servant of Satan.

"I wonder, am I a demon?
I can feel the power flowing through my veins"

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Through the clouds; from infernal storms; he appears.
In front of thousands of demons hordes.
A domain of damnation and death.
And a shivering voice led me towards the fire.

Towards the realm of night...

The sign hell has been revealed on the sky.
By the demons of Ira; the reaper;
Ankou has been send forth. Only the silence of the
deserted lands remains. All life devours in the fires.
The final chapter of humanity; is finally
closed and forgotten Creation; reverse

I remember how I've seen the horizon at daylight;
been painted black by horned devils,
And wide opened gateways into dark unearthly dimensions

The unhallowed ones, who dwells invisible
among the shadows, disciples of Satan;
Awaiting for the awakening.