

Lend me your steel moribund man
For three suns drown a kingdom (of dusk)
And (as lost portents) three moons wane
The soil drank our blood with insatiable thirst
A mute ocean sleeps behind dormant eyes
The warrior (that was I) a shadow in stone

I was the wrath beneath the heavens
In ebon forest, upon oaken throne

I was a liege at the end of light
By alchemiculte, petrified
Circean substratum (a conflux corrupt)
Invictus (I fell to Cthonian touch)
Heinous megalithic ruins yet stand
Carvous flesh reigns in my wake
Sapient, lorn, pariah to all
Three suns would see me still unborn

(Hail, Hail)

Lend me your steel moribund man
For three suns drown my kingdom (of dusk)
And (as lost portents) three moons wane
In righteous forged fury, I'd slake my thirst