

Near the shores of Toraigh,
Beneath the pounding waves
In shadowed depths
And dark embrace

In the dark abyss
Beyond the waves,
Balor of the strong blows
Lies in wait

From shadowed depths
Beyond the sea
Ablaze his eye
He will arise

Towers of glass,
Like icy blades
Rise up to the skies
When he's awake

Forgotten gods return to roam,
Standing stones begin to shriek,
When hope becomes despair,
In a world full of hate and greed

Balor waits no more,
Dark eyes lit with exultation,
A third eye opening,
Hurling bolts of lightning

Flesh and bone turn to ashes,
Sacrificial fires burn again
A thousand men slain, blood-red waves
Pounding upon the shores

As time is senseless,
As night is endless,
Reality is darkness,
Existence is emptiness

In shadowed depths
Of the black abyss
Born from dark mists
And raging storms

Forgotten gods return to roam,
Standing stones begin to shriek,
When hope becomes despair,
In a world full of hate and greed

The triumph of evil,
When good men stay silent,
Then Balor of the Evil Eye,
Has arisen from death

Black cloaked Balor, arisen from death
Black cloaked Balor, will rule again