

Unholy Paragon

Tsjuder

Embraced by the Cold Northern Light
Under the Throne of the Megalith
A Chilling Voice penetrates my Mind
I drank the Seas of Knowledge

Under the flaming Sun I saw them
The Twelve holy Disciples
To Reigin the Creation of a God
And Bend Their Knees for Millenniums to Come

The Word Spreads...
And the New Seeds are born
Pagan Souls Raise your Torches high
The Holy Shall Burns
Their Bones Shall Build Palaces
The Paragon of Sin
And Delight of the Coven
We Shall Arise...

Under the Throne of the Northern Darkness
With my Art and Knowledge
I am Gods Triumphator
I am the Antichrist