# The Usurper

## Celtic Frost

Lend me your steel-bearing hand
So I may reign the jewel throne
My soul feels the Gods' demand
As the lost Kings uphold my sideBlood and sand
Mark their way
The usurper's tears
Guide my sword, hey
I said, heyFantasia slept in my thoughts
As I was a son of infinity
The emperor, forgotten, rests in my dreams
As, back to the wall, I start the conquestBlood and sand
Mark their way
The usurper's tears
Guide my swordInnocence and wrath
Now lie far beyond
As we cross the deserts
To reach the fortress' gates
Tragical serenades
Are whispered in the wind
As eyes in fury
Grant us our strengthThroning on the dignity of might
But the successor is to enter the hall
False truth saw them climbing the steps
But I remain the jewel throne's choiceBlood and sand
Mark their way
The usurper's tears
Guide my sword

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