Towards the Pantheon

Emperor

May the wolves start to howl again. May the age of darkness arise. We will travel for eternitys into the unknown to reach what we seek. Fight the ways through the barriers of light, through the wastelands where nothing but grief have become the eternal memory. Shield of life, sword of death held up high into the sky. Guided by the shining moon in the starry sky above. In the horizon beyond black clouds of destruction rages like dancing shadows of pain. We will grant Him their pain. He will grant us His flame. In flesh and blood. He will arise to deliver the key. As the armours black robe slides across the landscape, we see the land of wisdom, strength and pure evil... Darkness, frost hate... the throne will be ours. May the wolves start to howl again. May the age of darkness arise. May we touch the black flames of the past again... and forevermore.

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