

Circle of the Tyrants (Reissued)

Obituary

After the battle is over
And the sand's drunken the blood
All what there remains
Is the bitterness of delusionThe circle of the tyrantsThe immortality of the Gods
Sits at their side
As they leave the walls behind
To reach the jewels gleamThe circle of the tyrantsThe days have come
When the steel will rule
And upon his head
A crown of goldYour hand wields the might
The tyrant's the precursor
You carry the will
As the morning is nearI sing the ballads
Of victory and defeat
I hear the tales
Of frozen mysteryYour hand wields the might
The tyrant's the precursor
You carry the will
As the morning is near
[Incomprehensible]The new kingdom's rise by the circle of the tyrants
In the land of darkness, the warrior that was me
Grotesque glory, none will ever see them fall
And hunts and wars are like everlasting shadowsWhere the winds cannot reach, the tyrant's might was born
And often I look back with tears in my eyes
Grotesque glory, none will ever see them fall
And hunts and wars, are like everlasting shadows
[Incomprehensible]

Songwriters

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