

Circle of the Tyrants

Celtic Frost

The battle is over
And the sands drunk the blood
All what there remains
Is the bitterness of delusion Circle of the Tyrants The immortality of the gods
Sits at their side
As they leave the walls behind
To reach the jewels gleam Circle of the Tyrants Days have come
When the steel will rule
And up on his head
A crown of gold Your hand wields the might
The tyrant's the precursor
You carry the will
As the morning is near I sing the ballads
Of victory and defeat
I hear the tales
Of frozen mystery Your hand wields the might
The tyrant's the precursor
You carry the will
As the morning is near The new kingdoms 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 war
Are everlasting shadows [Incomprehensible] Where 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 everlasting shadows [Incomprehensible]

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