

# Preludium

## Sthire

...of the primeval priest's assum'd power  
when eternals spurn'd back his religion  
and gave him a place in the north obscure  
shadowly, void, solitary  
Eternals, I hear your call gladly  
dictate swift winged words, and fear  
not to unfold your dark vision of torment  
"Impia Tortorum longos his turba  
furores sanguinis innocui  
non satiata, aluit  
Sospite nuin patria, fracto nuin funeris antro,  
mors ubi dira fuit vita salusque tenent"

Lyrics provided by  
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