

I Am the Black Wizards (Live At Wacken 2014)

Emperor

Mightiest am I, but I am not alone in this cosmos of mine. For the
black hills consists of black souls, souls that already dies one
thousand deaths. Behind the stone walls of centuries they breed their
black art. Boiling their spells in cauldrons of black gold. Far up in
the mountains, where the rain fall not far, yet the sun cannot reach.
The wizards, my servants, summon the souls of macrocosm. No age will
escape my wrath. I travel through time and I return to the future. I
gather wisdom now lost. I visit again the eternally ancient caves,
before a mighty Emperor thereupon came. Watching the mortals
"discovering" my chronicles, guarded by the old demons, even unknown
to me. Once destroyed their souls are being summoned to my timeless
prison of hate. It is delightful to feast upon the screaming souls
that was destroyed in my future. How many wizards that serve me with
evil. I know not. My empires has no limits. From the never ending
mountains black, to the bottomless lakes. I am the ruler and has been
for eternity's long. My wizards are many, but their essence is mine.
Forever there are in the hills in their stone homes of grief. Because
I am the spirit of their existence. I am them.

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