

From Behind Comes the Sword

Ancient

The final traces of the sun have been eradicated
as the earth has seen the coming
of our black domain
The lands are shrouded by the lunar shine
that now will be perpetual successor
of the radiance of the past
The world turns to black
Our army stands tall
Disposed to seat
Our final attack
Pathetic fear and apprehension fill
the hearts of the
feeble lambs once shielded by their decrepit reiuge
Their wretched shepherd has been devoured
by the savage wolves and
Now they realize their scoffing destiny has come
The world turns to black
Our army stands tall
Disposed to set
Our final attack
"I, the Svartalv, Supreme Female
Feel shame for your pityful human form
May your soul be purified
By my Deadly kiss of death!"
The world turns to black
Our army stands tall
In fury and hate
From behind comes the sword!

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