

Tales from a Blackened Horde

Enthroned

Immersed in my hypnotic slumber
I wander through the paths of a cemetery
In an unhearthy night, the high storms break
the fire of sky
I hear the call as I go to a grave
the crypt of the demons is calling me,
for the darkness ceremony,
where the tales of ancient hordes will be recited
and the blasphemy will be sung
Through the glaring lightning,
my decomposed face,
and my skeletal body project
a terrifying shadow on the burial ground
Ohhh Master Satan!!!
By your power, bless my body
dead for centuries!!!

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