

Dominions Of Satyricon

Satyricon

From beyond come the storms

Landscapes turn to ash before my pressured eyes

Nothingness turns to nothingness

And my imagination fades like dust cloudsOver this deserted land, [unverified]

Wonder how storm clouds rage

And all you can feel is the cold winds

Of funeral times, timeless they areHe saw, lived and died in these dreams of demons

Wondering how he could open the gate to dark medieval times

And bring forth to the domains of Satyricon

Two great spears and a flag of dominion and hateAbove it all, creations fall, living for the quest and the search

Dying for the key, living for the domains

Arise northern spirit and come forth under

The might of the castle, Satyricon

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