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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