

Towards the Pantheon (Re-Mastered)

Emperor

May the wolves start to howl again. May the age of darkness arise. We
will travel for eternities into the unknown to reach what we seek.
Fight the ways through the barriers of light, through the wastelands
where nothing but grief have become the eternal memory. Shield of
life, sword of death held up high into the sky. Guided by the shining
moon in the starry sky above. In the horizon beyond black clouds of
destruction rages like dancing shadows of pain. We will grant Him
their pain. He will grant us His flame. In flesh and blood. He will
arise to deliver the key. As the armours black robe slides across the
landscape, we see the land of wisdom, strength and pure evil...
Darkness, frost hate... the throne will be ours. May the wolves start
to howl again. May the age of darkness arise. May we touch the black
flames of the past again... and forevermore.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>