Unholy Paragon

Tsjuder

Embraced by the cold northern light
Under the throne of the megalith
A chilling voice penetrates my mind
I drank the seas of knowledgeUnder the flaming sun I saw them
The twelve holy disciples
To begin the creation of a God
And bend their knees for millenniums to comeThe word spreads
And the new seeds are born
Pagan souls raise your torches high
The holy shall burn
Their bones shall build palaces
The paragon of sin
And delight the coven
We shall arise
Under the throne of the northern darkness
With my art and knowledge
I am God's triumphator
I am antichrist
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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