ACT I: The First Seal

Opera IX

Dark and forgotten the times of these writings
Timeless stones shape the walls of this site
Arcane and powerful symbols traced on themMay the moon lead my steps
In the sacred search of supreme knowledge
Waiting for his coming and it was gloomSomewhere in time, in unknown lands ruled by an ancient magic
In titanic forests 6 towers of power were built
They guarded 6 sacred heirlooms, protected by 6 seals
They show the effigy of the God who sits on the big black throneI mesmerize my soul
To fly along the dusty paths of Acheron
Looking for the magic circle of the black ring
Toth Amon, prince of enchantersTell me your secret or I will tear it from death to death
Running on a human blood river
He feeds on blood the blood calls him
His strength glows if the hands invoking him are stained with bloodWhere he shines, the blood is shed
There the light's kingdoms wobble
There nature forces are shakenThoth-Amon, give me the sword of sacrifice
And the sacred cup I am gonna fill with lifeblood
Give me the lance of almightiness
And the potsherds of the black stoneI'm gonna place on the altar of Dagon
Entrust the sixth heirloom to me and so be it
Recorded and mixed at Studio
And then a whirlwind struck my breast, freezing my soulThe candle flames vanished announcing his coming
Mastered at Massive Arts 5 the tips and 5 the elements
It is the blood in which I annihilate
The sixth is the knowledge the supreme God, the Bringer of light
Engraved in the sixth heirloom the sacred book ordained to the devotee

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