

# 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 almighty ness  
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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