

## **Crucified Whore**

### **"King Of The Mourning Millenium"**

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I open the gate to my inner dreamworld  
A darkland... dominated by grimness and solitaires  
But still there is an everburning flame  
Once again I watch the nightsky through  
the eyes of a wolf  
Candles accelerate the spiritual katharsis  
In this night of decision I stride through the portal

I am the heir of the throne, like the first snowfall I return  
once more  
To this place I ever longed for  
Lord you are the bearer of wisdoms seed  
I'm your disciple, don't deny my presence

Yes, wide open are my gates  
I am the divinity of wrath and the source of hate  
Enter my realm and dive into the circle of fire  
On dark wings I descend  
Cold winds carry my soul  
Dark forces haunt my spirit 'till prophecies are spoken  
And angels holocaust is fulfilled

Beyond the race of god I stand  
I am the king of the mourning millenium

Holding the banner of the infernal lord  
Crushing the honour of christ

I observe the stars of mine  
Wolves sing the hymnes of winter  
And the elves dance their last dance  
The last martyr is coming soon

I open the gate to my inner dreamworld  
A darkland... dominated by grimness and solitaires  
But still there is an everburning flame

I absorb draconian moments  
To strengthen my glorious soul  
Will these desolate times be my lives blackest hours?  
This crown, the completion of darkness

Like the pale moonshine

I'm the heir of the throne, like the first snowfall  
I return once more  
To this place I ever longed for  
Feel my endless faith and enthrone me  
In the ruins of a dying kind

I see the shore of revelation like a raven I fly  
Towards the wastelands, no shadows cast  
Choirs of vengeance resound from the north

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