

Bal-sagoth

"Starfire Burning Upon The Ice-veiled Throne Of Ult"

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Spears a gleam in the dying sun,
The blood is spilled, the battle's won,
From the icy throne of God-King shall rule,
When nine stars kiss the moon o'er Ultima Thule.
(Old Northlander war-song, found in the ancient scrolls
of Volmyr)
The Final Part of Voryn Helmsmither's Journey to the Ice
Realm:
Blood drips from my frost-encased sword, forming a
crimson blossom upon the ice...
My limbs cold, becoming as one with the massing
snows... my eyes nearly frozen closed.
For how long had we travelled? The memory grows
dim, lost in the cruel, searing storm-
winds.
And now, at last... our quest is at an end.
With the blessings of the elders we began our journey
beyond the great veil of shadowed
glaciers...
They spoke of a prophecy foretold, an ancient and
glorious legacy,
A quest for the realm of legendry lost to man since
before even the Star-Lords
descended...
Now, only I survive, my blood spilling to the ice, turning
to crimson crystal upon the deeply
frozen earth.
Elder sorcery crackles and hums all about me,
coursing through the sky, the snow...
As grim destiny approaches with the freezing boreal
gales and this ancient prophecy
unfolds...
Predication of the Elders:
Go, follow the witch-lights in the northern night sky,
beyond the great silver mountains...
Let the sacred moon-crystal be your guide, beware the
sentinels at the Caverns of Eternal
Mist...
Spears a gleam in the dying sun,
The blood is spilled, the battle's won,
From the icy throne of God-King shall rule,

When nine stars kiss the moon o'er Ultima Thule.
Swathed in moon-frosts, in icy winds our blazon flying,
Iron gleaming 'neath the stars, black skies ablaze with
astral fire,
White wolves (like silent spirits) haunt us, ever
northwards, the ice-gem leads us,
glimmering,
Powerful spells entwine the shrine of legendry, mighty
gates of frozen splendour looming,
When the moon and stars shine as one upon the
snows, the ancient ice-gate opens, the
prophecy is fulfilled!
Towering, ice-encrusted forms lumber forth from the
freezing mist,
(Their eyes shimmering with a fiendish, eldritch
malevolence...)
Our steel is raised against their weapons of gleaming
crystal,
And the virgin snow is rendered crimson by bloodshed
in a searing storm of slaughter.
(Wounded, dying, my flesh rent by weapons no human
ever forged or wielded, I am
beckoned forward by a strange, alluring force from
beyond the veil of swirling mists...)
Shadows, images form in the glittering rune-carved
walls of this glacial chamber,
Secrets frozen within the timeless vaults of eternity...
The throne of the time-lost ice realm, entwined in the
mantle of such searing star-born
power...
This frozen, aeon-cloaked seat of immortal majesty...
(of an empire forged long before the
vast seas rose in devouring fury!)What shimmering swords raised in combat once sang
with the glorious clamour of steel on
steel?
What splendid banners, billowing in the icy gales, once
heralded the march of these
invincible silverclad legions to the blood-swathed
embrace of epic battle?
The glory of untold thousands of years past... this
ethereal legacy of mighty Ultima Thule.
The frozen eyes of immortal kings watch me... such a
dark splendour!
The Guardian of Ice and Shadow:
The grim Ice-Gods sleep in these frost-bound tombs,
illuminated by the caress of lunar fire,
And the kiss of star-gleam from the stygian void...
All is now as was foretold in prophecy, written in the
very ether of empyreal eternity...
The celestial alignment is night... the conjunction is at

hand!

And nine stars illumine the northern heavens, a vast
cosmic sigil with the silvern moon at
its centre...

Blazing argent light fills the chamber, engulfing the
hewn walls of elder ice,
These ancient carvings in a time-veiled tongue,
(etched into the primeval ice countless
aeons ago, now bathed in diaphonous incandescence
by this storm of lucent stellar
power, their mindsearing meaning at last becomes
known to me...) their cosmic secrets
unfold...

The ice-throne is encased by a shimmering wall of
writhing cerulean flame,

A lambent flame far colder than the frozen surface
upon which it dances...

And then, enlightenment comes, gleaming down upon
my consciousness as the bright
moon gazes down upon this auroral vista... From my
mind is lifted an obscuring veil, a veil
induced by sorcerous arts, and I realize I have been
merely a vassal of another's twisted
will, a pawn in a game which is entwined in treachery
and malign aspirations to thresholds
of great power. Such a traitorous web has been spun!
The elders of my kingdom bow in
obeisance to the vile priests of Xothan'kur, and it is
their diseased machinations which
have urged me here, to the very heart of the far-fabled
ice realm... for they seek to usurp
the power of the Conjunction, stealing the vast
energies of the Ice-Veiled throne and
absorbing them into their own leprous, undead bodies,
perpetuating the adoration of their
abhorrent liege for countless ages, liberating his vile
will and enslaving the realms of the
world... Aye, for generations they have plotted their
actions, and I was the key to this plot,
chosen from birth for this fated journey... for the blood
of the ancient kings of Ultima Thule
runs strong in my veins, and only once in every aeon
may one such as I stand before the
throne during the great cosmic alignment, when the
sorceries of the ancient Ice-Gods are
at their peak, and rightfully wield this power
unleashed... And yet I vow that the vile
minions of Xothan'kur shall not prevail... Liberating the
fettered power of the moon-crystal,
I sever the tendrils of their dark conjurings, and their
aspirations are at an end, their spells

broken by the very power which they sought to usurp!
The final vestiges of mortal life flee
my body in crimson gouts, and at last I realize what the
fates have spun for me, and what
is carved in the very ice all about me... My destiny is at
hand...

The Herald of Enlightenment:

And so, enrob'd by tendrils of starfire and the raiments
of lunar mist,

The immortal liege whose sceptred empire is eternity,
Sits enthroned and brooding over his dark realm once
more.

The last of my life's blood spills to the ice, (as star-
wrought destiny is at last fulfilled.)

Swathed in freezing flame...

The mystic wolves of the frost-moon (slowly, silently)
encircle me,

Their eyes are blazing azure, and their fur is whiter
than the sublime snows.

Such power! I am the Chosen... the secrets of the earth
and the stars are unlocked before
me...

I am destined to reign forever... to reign from the Ice-
Veiled Throne of Ultima Thule!

Lyrics: Byron

Music: Chris and Jonny Maudling

Bal Sagoth Starfire Burning Upon The Ice-veiled Throne
Of Ultima Thule

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