

Buried God "Ruins Of Pantheon"

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The Pantheon lays waste
All gods accused of blasphemy
No defence for the ancient lords
"Oh, mankind, now worship me!"

Vicious, unholy, righteous and strong
The Nordic, the Roman, the Celtic in ban
A reign, so rich, brutal, forlorn
Confess bastard and feel my hand

Don't speak his name, your soul shall burn
Pay for your sins, the servants shall earn
Don't call for the sun, never see it again
No love for the next, worship him
Without a name

Erase the knowledge of ages
Forget the home of the lords
Servants, admire he who rages
Touch my spirit and behold

The horizon turns red
Twilight has broken
Pandemonium survived

The free ghost's turning back

From the darkest place
Four horsemen riding back
Ghosts open seven gates
Armed for the final attack

A cross of rotten flesh
Is all remained of this God
His head was impaled
With the bones of his lying son

The carnage as a throne
A council for Lucifer
Sixhundredandsixtysix
The sign of a coming time

The Pantheon's replaced
All rulers practice blasphemy
No borders for the ancient lord
Oh mankind, worship me!

Unholy, righteous and strong
The Nordic, the Celtic, the Roman
A reign, so rich, brutal, forlorn
Confess bastard and feel my hand

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