

Cirith Gorgor

"The Stormrulers (The Art Of Megalomania)"

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[Lyrics: Astaroth Daemonum]

[Prologue:]

Once there was a time
When we would wander through landscapes
Which seemed infinite under the light
Of a sun that was to be murdered by the darkness of
night
Like a knife it cut us free
Allowing us Earth's secrets to be seen

The wind carries our soul through the air
Sanguine creatures we have never been
The way that lies ahead of us
Is covered with mysterious melancholy
Draped in nightly enigmas, only for us to see

And long journeys we travel
Their horses sweating when we arrive
Our coming carves fear in their hearts
And men weapon themselves in fright
We are cloaked by darkness, under pitch-black skies
And storms sweep over their lands
Their steel is useless against our might
Never again will it shine in the bleak moonlight

The wind carries our soul through the air
The east we'll destroy, the west will obey
The north we'll possess, the south we will slay

Leaving behind lands in decay
Creating a morbid light on our path
Wandering so exalts our existence
We are the withering flowers on their grave

...And storms sweep over their lands...

And long journeys we travel
Their horses sweating when we arrive
Our coming carves fear in their souls
As our swords shine in the bleak moonlight

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