

Dark Millennium

"Of Sceptre Their Ashes May Be"

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Hellchild, be awaken
Time to remember the rules
The centuries bleed,
The masters are dead and gone...
Dance again this winternoght
Past and present shell unite
Run for the burial
Enter the vesper again.
The rummors suppose
Godforsaken are those
That will bath in the gloss of whatever...
Dance again this winternight
Past and present shell unite
Run for the burial
Enter the vesper again.
OF SCEPTRE the mysteries speak.
THEIR ASHES in the lande of the lords.
MAY grounds ban the stones of their head?
BE one with the spawn of the dead!

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