

## Dark Quarterer

### "Pyramids Of Skulls"

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I must create the greatest empire!!!  
Who'll dare extinguish my fire?  
Conqueror, they will call me the king of kings  
The age of thousands of little reigns, people smashes  
to smithereens  
It must finish! it must end!  
The power of fear, is enormous for weak men  
And man wants to be nominated by the fear of death  
Pyramid of your empty skulls will be placed inside your  
walls  
My worst for will become my right hand  
As I can appreciate all the men of great worth  
I will save all the artist and artisans  
My savage tribes will learn all secrets of a better  
life,  
The king of Mongolians will become the king of the  
world.  
From the extreme east across the lands washed by the  
Yellow Sea  
To the far west Arabian lands washed by the Caspian  
Sea  
Across the mountain passes where eternal glaciers  
touch  
the sky  
I'll dominate the whole world  
And the whole world will submit to my laws  
Thousands of riders will obey to my orders of war  
Armed with their swords, bows and shields  
Ready to fight for me  
A human wave, will sweep away those, who find  
themselves in its way  
Giving one war-cry to the sky  
They will shake the earth  
Your fool kings won't accept my surrender terms  
So they condemn themselves to an inglorious end  
Those who rebel against me against my project  
Are destined to death by my warrior's cruel hand  
I'm stronger than all!!!  
When I die God must be afraid  
When my last breath removes me from this little earth  
Then I'll take possession of the sky, of the whole

universe  
God wait for me, I'm coming  
Go and leave your place free  
For evermore king of kings  
Will be called GenGisKhan

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