

## **Dies Ater**

# **"King Of Tempests"**

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Feel the frozen souls,  
Weeping along the night.  
Blessed by tragedy,  
Heretics under a dark moon sky.

Bewitched by a call,  
A spell of grief.  
To mystify the black minded land,  
To obtain the shadowkey.

Lead by the king of tempests to fade in agony.  
Banish his mighty opponent, chaining destiny.

Crippled hands tried to reach this shining gloom,  
While daylightfall, guided by fire, bringing them tragic  
doom.

Das Erbe der Ewigkeit, geboren in des Lebens SchoÃŸ,  
Birgend das Wissen der Zeit, verloren in  
Vergessenheit

Cold, cold are theirs hearts,  
Lost in skies of bitterness,  
Where dark angels cry  
Waisting away.

See these hungry eyes burned out by flames of ages,  
Rotting lips, touched by oblivion's kiss.

Beauty weeps so sadness can dwell in eternity.  
And evil welcomes it's victory.

A devious search, a blind possession,  
Longing for might, a cry of desperation.

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