

Emperor

"Towards The Pantheon"

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May the wolves start to howl again. May the age of
darkness arise. We
will travel for eternities into the unknown to reach what
we seek.
Fight the ways through the barriers of light, through the
wastelands
where nothing but grief have become the eternal
memory. Shield of
life, sword of death held up high into the sky. Guided
by the shining
moon in the starry sky above. In the horizon beyond
black clouds of
destruction rages like dancing shadows of pain. We will
grant Him
their pain. He will grant us His flame. In flesh and
blood. He will

arise to deliver the key. As the armours black robe
slides across the
landscape, we see the land of wisdom, strength and
pure evil...
Darkness, frost hate... the throne will be ours. May the
wolves start
to howl again. May the age of darkness arise. May we
touch the black
flames of the past again... and forevermore.

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