

Galgeras "Thy Will Be Done"

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Where the graves have a white wintry cloak
And death returns to the Land of the Living
Wields the wizard his sword to the moon,
A certain destiny he has chosen.

The curse which led him to satisfaction revenge!

Admired by the Majesty of Hell
The works were infinite evil,
The flame lit the torn sky...

The dead will live to serve,
In obeyance to destruction.
Shades so dark and cripple,
Voices freezing cold,
Left the nightly cemetery.
Light soon will be destroyed.

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