

## Horna

# "Imperial Devastation"

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Feeble fools, unaware of the terror soon to come.  
After what is still awaiting, no light will ever be here.  
Only the stones remember the battles that have been  
clashed  
On these moors and fields, as thousand of years ago  
The soil drank blood of those unwilling to serve.  
Still at night I can hear their screams when they fought  
for glory and might.  
Steel was bent, and bones were crushed, and still the  
spirit of war is here.  
They knew not, that once more a battle so great, so  
hateful  
Would be fought upon these barren landscapes, in  
honour to those who died.  
For there are (also) creatures hidden in the (very)  
darkest places  
Of this realm, like the demons (hiding) under the (dark)  
mountains,  
And the beasts, waiting to be unleashed from their  
graves guarded by spirits.  
These secrets have yet remained in whispers and in  
tales, but as it has been told.  
Aeons ago.  
These creatures, side by side with the legions of  
darkness,  
On a moment seen by the unknown oracles, will  
emerge to rise  
The mighty empire of darkness, the supreme imperial  
reign of evil.  
I know not if I shall be here when the Armageddon is to  
come,  
But this axe of war in my hand symbolises that I am  
ready for war.

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