

Celtic Frost

"Circle Of The Tyrants"

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The battle is over
And the sands drunk the blood
All what there remains
Is the bitterness of delusion

Circle of the Tyrants

The immortality of the gods
Sits at their side
As they leave the walls behind
To reach the jewels gleam

Circle of the Tyrants

Days have come
When the steel will rule
And up on his head
A crown of gold

Your hand wields the might
The tyrant's the precursor
You carry the will
As the morning is near

I sing the ballads
Of victory and defeat
I hear the tales
Of frozen mystery

Your hand wields the might
The tyrant's the precursor
You carry the will
As the morning is near

The new kingdoms rise
By the circle of the tyrants
In the land of darkness
The warrior, that was me

Grotesque glory
None will ever see them fall
And hunts and war

Are everlasting shadows

[Incomprehensible]

Where the winds cannot reach
The tyrant's might was born
And often I look back
With tears in my eyes

Grotesque glory
None will ever see them fall
And hunts and wars
Are everlasting shadows

[Incomprehensible]

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