

Mork Gryning "Tusen Ar Har Gatt"

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In the year 1999,
Four beings disappeared from this world...
Nidas, Eldon, Erin, Cahn
This is what happened to them...
The story is retold by Nidas

In the four storming winds of hate, we rise.
When darkness rules in the dead of night - unleash the
fire.
The dark one we hail, the sky is read.
Now I feel the ancient kingdom.
We're darkness disciples, we'll bring the day of dying.
My soul is filled with grievance,
I'm dead now - arise all demons!
As we're flying through landscapes of ice
I hear the angel's cries - consume them in fire.
We are the four horseman of doom, to all of you.
I shall walk through the endless times and again -
I'll meet my master.
The burning diamond, the unseen phantom... the old
one...
The horizon is near, we make us ready for the divinity.
The night is dark... a blaze of the northern star.
I see the light... am I in hell?
Death is real and everything turns black...
I arise in the nocturnal sea. I will bring your death.
My soul's not resting in your hierarchy, my places is in
hell!

Gog och Magog, tusen ar har gatt.
Slapp ut den fallne valsigna vara sjalar
Med eld fran den djupaste avgrunden.
Hatet brinner I vara adror, den morka haren ar samlad
For att segra mot gud for dar tar sanningen I profetian
slut.
Tusen ar har gatt... slapp ut de fallna anglarna,
Lat draken leda er mot seger - hoj era sward!
Himlin blir svart, dag skall bli natt for evigt
Nar himlen brinner forsvinner himlens folk och vi
vinner!
De doda stiger, himlen skakar. Morkret faller, kann hur
vi hatar.

Forgor himlen I herrens namn. Han ar en varg, Jehova
ett lamm.
Harmagedon, Fralsaren ar kommen...
Men an finns det kristna kvar, dem skall vi
tillintetgora...
Overallt blir dodens natt lien ska svepa kallt.
Snart borjar en mork gryning - Tusen ar har gatt!
Tusen, ater tusen samlas for att kriga med oss.
Spikar, tusen spikar rispar mot den kalla vinterns frost!
Himlen skall tas fran alla hall... vi sprider ut oss.
Vi ar I en mork ondskefull skog.
Vi fardas langs en flod, inventar manens sken...
Nu faller natten vi lammar var flod.
Vi fardas fortare, manen blir lik blod!
Den leder oss mot norr, till vinterns kall storm.
Dar skall vi invanta kallelsen till krig...
Det borjar redan dagas, vi master snart sla oss ned.
Annars vi branda blir av solens heta sken.

It's time, we who have been eons rising at last...
The sleepers are asleep no more...
The dead resting peacefully no more...
War, Plague, Famine and Death -
The four horsemen of the apocalypse
Are roaming the sky as it was foretold in the book...
The seven seals have been broken and the beast is
lose again...
Armageddon has come to pass... finally...
Unleash the crimson winds of fire.
The time has come for our masters arrival.
Now we're riding towards your filthy, holy heavens.
Famine, War, Death, and Plague, we are the four
horsemen!
The soldiers of death are marching,
They gather in front of heavens gate...
Fill the world with plague.
Erin, Cahn, Eldon and me will this insurrection of
anarchy.
Let the world hear our demands,
Choose your side and join the battle up high...
Fire in the Sky.
The master has arrived.
We are rising from our graves,
And the beast is unleashed again!
March, army of the past.
We are the ones who won't be denied,
For we are the ones of the same ancient kind!
Our name is legion for we are many,
We have the raging fire within our souls.
Our powers are infernal,
We dedicate the Dark one everything we do.

Desecrate and slay! Whirlwinds on the way.
Mankind will pray.
But no one will reply!
You will die! Heaven fear us!
We are the bringers of doom.
Black warriors of the evil seal,
Let the Christians feel your steel.
Let the sign of victory blaze in your eyes.
The beasts arise - heavens demise.
We are roaming the sky, inroad the gates of lies
ATTACK!
A mighty clash, the gate is crushed.
Demons, dragons, angels flush.
Slaying the holy, bringing the weak christians to eternal
sleep.
I see Erin falling for a sword, he dies,
I scream with hatred in my eyes.
I roar like thunderstorms, I swear I'll avenge him
tonight!
The resistance is strong but we are stronger,
The blood is now draining the earth.
Feeble screams of human beings,
The Christian race is devastated.
As I'm slicing angels with my sword,
Eldons troop is breaking through the next door.
Angels are burning in the flames,
I laugh with my sword sustained.
But still there's much left to fight,
We're awaiting the masterdemon to come.
"Nidas, make your hordes prevail,
We have to win before the suns first rays..."
"We will win tonight, the sun will never again shine!
Now the gates are crushed, but many we have lost..."
So rise, rise, army of the night.
Now it's time to end this feeble light.
Die, so die servants of the light.
Jehovah is dethroned, only fire will shine...

Himlen svartnar vid den blodroda horisonten,
Segern ar var, uppa liken jag star.
Eldon, Erin, Cahn har dott men de kristna ar besegrade
for gott!
Jag ar den som flyger I manens sken, jag ar den du
aldrig kan se.
Jag ar den som dodade gud, ve dig, jag ar dodens
sandebud!
Jag ar trott... jag maste vila...
Herren har gett mig ett land... dit ska jag flyga...
Jag flyger fram genom morka starer, elden slickar min
kropp...
Allsmaktige ge min sjal frid, kriget mot de kristna ar

vunnet.
Jag, en drake flyger fran helvetet.
Ledd av min fader, den allsmaktige...
Den eviga nattens svarta klor griper tag om min sjal.
Den get mig morker, skanker mig frid,
Ger mig allt jag behover pa min fard...
Mitt rike borjar trada fram. Jag flyger in I dimmornas
land...
Ogon I dimman bildar en har som bygger ett slott vid
mind strand.
Stormen ryter, morkrets brand. Jag vilar I skymingens
land!
Jag ar dod!

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