

Crown

"The Treasures Arcane"

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Of quenchless radiance twinkle the jewels set onto thy crown
Each one's a will on the unique diadem of tyranny
Cherish the untrodden lands of almightiness in thine heart
Drenched the exquisite nectar of miracles it forever will pulse

Hid far from unworthy profane eyes the Sacred Chalice waits
Guarded by the Golden Dragon, the protector of virtue
Only the valiant can tame the claw and the vehement flame
Only the puissante can drink from the Cup which grants immortality

Markee!
The one terrible chime...
The blackest bell have toled, a sign that thruh the ages
Draped in awe the kingdoms of the world
Abhorred words sound to my ears like luscious rhimes
Pernicious revelations pour from the pulpit of the Antichrist

So, let vent the Cosmical Force in impetuous waves
across universal tides
The storms shall gather from the four corners of the earth
And with one enormous roar announce the Conqueror's rise
The one who keeps the Treasures Arcane

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