

Pagan Altar

"The Rising Of The Dark Lord"

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The beasts of Hell just lick his hand
All creatures from forgotten lands
Long lost worlds with spires of gold
Where the land was cleft and auroras rolled.

Purple skies all streaked with green
A landscape fit for a thousand dreams
Seas of fire with sulphur spray
The Dark Lords labyrinth hide away.

From long dead Charne or ancient Mu'
His army comes in search of you
Dead or undead can't eternal lie
With passing eons even death may die.

Crushing what he caused in play
The chaos would blow earths dust away
Mutants would roam the desolate sphere
Haunters of the dark all men would fear

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And so the Dark Lord legend goes
But what form he will take no one knows.
It may be in mans image who can say
This master of the Machiavellian ways

Look to your heart to what you hold dear
The last ring is trust so keep it near.
Don't let him have the last ring.
Let Mordor keep it's shadowy king

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