

## Rossomahaar

# "Imperium Tenebrarum, Act II"

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Hollow voices surround the space around the cromlech  
In evil tongues they speak, grim are their aims  
The storm rages near, ruthless in it's anger  
The prophecy once spoken now should be fulfilled...

The altar of invocation awaits it's victim  
Whispering once forgotten prayers, forbidden and  
concealed  
Abyssic spirits haunt the hellish winds among the  
solitary virtue  
The last chronicle is finally revealed...

Through vast enchanting woods I stray in pride  
Lamentation of pure bestiality,  
Emptiness, my beloved and scarlet bride  
Bleeding, starving - among symbolic immortality...

Child of sunset, descendant of lunar tribes  
Darkness was upon the mystic birth of my funeral  
Cold and senseless grave became my shining bed

As I began my quest towards twilight, the ever-first and  
primeval...

Anxious visions, danse macabre of universal mind  
Woe to you, dwellers of this once so peaceful planet!  
The blackened shadows grow longer and longer, night  
by night,  
As the ensemble of pre-apocalyptic silence...

Time has stopped and the sunlight ceased  
Awakened is the lord with horns, mighty messenger of  
darkness  
For the Dark Reign comes forth the Tellus...  
Descending through the space, riding the icewinds  
Grotesque demon army, enormous in it's number  
Has come to conquer and enslave,  
To burn the sinister wastelands out of earth  
And await the fall of their gods...

