

Dark Throne

"In the Shadow of the Horns"

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Face of the Goat in the Mirror
As Once they Gazed upon the Hillside
Searching for the Memories...
Eyes Burn like (an) October Sunrise

only seen by the Kings
upon the Thrones
In the Shadow of the Horns

of the Dawn (of the) First Millennium
Cleansed like the air in the Night
In the Shadow of the Horns
World Without End
(we've become) a Race of the Cursed Seeds
for five United Forces
the Kings that held (their) heads high
in the Eternal Dawn

The Triumph of chaos - Has Guided our Path
we Circles the holy Sinai - Our Swords Gave Wings
Invisible force of our Abyssic Hate
Weeping by the Graves of the Glorious Ones

Our seeds Boil as we gaze upon the New Millennium
Clouds Gather across a Freezing Moon
(so) the hardened Frost Melts Away
I kiss the Goat - Witchcraft Still Breathes

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