

Dark Throne

"Summer Of The Diobolical Holocaust"

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Come the Raging Chaos, Rule Power from your Soul
Pure Demoniac blessing as I Kill Myself in Woe
All Souls Coloured the Face of the Moon
Shall suffer the Eclipse
You must Know that I no longer can see
the difference of Dream and Reality
For the Walls have been sieged
And Conquered by our
Dark Satanic Blasphemy
I stand Alone in a valley filled with Starlight
My Eyes suffer from Eternal Sparks
So shut the lids and Dream so I can see
the Trident clearer than Ever now.
And in My Darkest Fantasy
And as I reach for Hell
I am Free...
Hearses are Raining from the Open sky
Meglomania Reigns Supreme
Chilled in horror - Christian Death
they Leaned too long to stand a Fall
I bend to receive
the Lust and pain
Beat Me Jesus
And We will Win

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