

Dark Throne

"The Serpents Harvest"

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(Lyrics by Satyr)

Feel the burning flame
as the sun in the desert sand
Sense the grief as the knives of torment
Shreds your soul
Behold the harvest storm of spiritual rape
Hordes from infernal wastelands united
Under blackened wings
Souls under the serpents banner
with common flesh
But a heart of scorn and painful anger
Orgy of destruction - a "gesture of might"
Gaze at the grey sky - hatred and poison
And from the vast towers of the underworld
one could see shadows of Them in dark
caves and endless halls
Trample down bronze gate of tartaros
Patient earthly men with (raised) bloodfilled chalices
Greeting Their arrival for the battle of the
ages is at hand and when the garish slave
of the seeds of life has turned into a
torrent of blood and the wolf has eaten the sheep
Stare into the galactic fog
- armageddon has been achieved

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