

Dark Throne

"Where Cold Wind Blows"

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Where Cold Wings Blow I (was) laid to Rest
I Can not reach my Rusty Weapons
the Blood and Sword that Guided my Path
for they Drowned in the Sands of Wisdom

I was, indeed, a King of the Flesh
My Blackened Edges; still they were Sharp
Honoured by the Carnal Herds
but asketh thou: Closed are the Gates?

My Mind cut my Winged Weapons
and Teeth that was my Pride
And from the Forest all would hear:
"Wisdom Opens the Gate for the King"

My Weapons Sighted - My Tears they Tasted
Summon my Warriors - To the Land of Desire
To the Domain of Hate - Where Cold Winds Blew
For Lust for Hell - We Rode with the North Wind

Only I could accomplish a fucken Self-deceit
There are only Two Paths - the Mind or the Sword
And the Mind was Open like the Sights in a Dream
But the Sword was like a Stone around my neck

I Entered the Soul of the Snake
and Slept with the Armageddish Whore
(but) without my Throne and my Weapons;
Where Cold Winds Blow became my Grave

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