

Setherial "Satan's Realm"

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A toll enshrouded spectre; with demons wings
Surrounded by a pale and cold radiance
Eyes so morbidly and brilliant
Unchained is the devil of Ira

Arriving to the throne buildt in coldest blackstone
Towering above a mantle of thick fog
Reflections into the whispering waters

I have worshipped thee below in centuries of time
Scripts older than time itself reveals the coming of our
lord

In the domain of the blackest dark I gaze into the
flames
Satan; let the scytche of death sweep across the
landscape

A horizon covered with darkness; the fog creeps over
the mountains
Lay low the ramparts; open wide the portals of hell

In nomine dei nostri Satthanas...
...In the name of the master Satan, his excellence
Lucifer
I summon the forces of darkness and the infernal
powers within

Beyond the black fog; Satan's realm
Beyond the black fog; the realm of Satan

The moon turns bloodred and the holocaust storms
rises from the north
Awaiting the hordes of hell to come forth
Hate is the heart, Death; the striving vision
...My dark soul is immortal

"Scripts older than time itself reveals the coming of the
wrath,
Unchained is the devils of Ira. Satan's wings his
scytche of death"

Raging battles, Bathin; mighty warlord
Again you shall lead the men of might, against the
week and feeble light

Beyond the black fog; Satan's realm
Beyond the black fog; the realm of Satan

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