

Throne Of Ahaz "Northern Thrones"

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The air was so cold and pure
I could almost touch the heart of its sin
I turned my face against the sky
Nocturnal gates ruled this blackest night
I held my sword high...
And drank the blood on its cold blade
In a cyclone of infernal desire
The ancient northern warriors rose again

The pagan wind blows
Through the mists of eternal hate

Black ravens fly
Riding the winds of forgotten pride

So this night had come at last...
Raped is the grace of the queen of love

I laugh as the whore cries
Her tears of blood drown the frozen ground
A northern kingdom rose
At the arctic waste of eternal night
This new aeon was... for the ones
Of this northern throne

I stood there alone at these mountains
Cold winds of hate filled my wings
I flew through this winter night
(Knowing) These kingdoms shall be forever

A hunger for the purest blood

(Repeat vers 1)

("Nifelheim")

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