

Throne Of Ahaz "The Kings That Were..."

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...This is the night of werewolves...

The bloodred sky
Ruled by flames of twisted hate
This darkest night
An open gate for the black kings that were

The fallen grace
Raped by the scorn of the northern kings
A choir of wolves
Howl out their hate against the cold sky

An ancient king
He rode the black winds through the sky
His sword was a burning flame of arctic pride
This endless night gathers the vision of a black throne
A winter of pagan lust... years of hunger and war

The werewolf
Revel in the blood of the sacred whore

This night is cold
And it was foretold to last for aeons

An ancient king
He rode the black winds through the sky
His sword was a burning flame of arctic pride
This endless night gathers the vision of a black throne
A winter of pagan lust... years of hunger and war

Black lightnings of returning gods, strike the sky
A throne of desire was built, a throne of might
I saw them summon under the droning moon
I drowned in their eyes... so black and cold
So black and cold...

("Nifelheim")

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