

Vim Patior "Odium"

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I cry of hate every night
And shadow lies on my heart
And every tear scalds my palms
Which tremble, scream and beg for the touch

"Dreams of the ancient lands
Distant fogs of the past
Vision of beautiful princess
From the depth of Atlantydas darkness
The temple of Asmodeus
In the dark vaults of the castle
Of the order of eleven hollys...
The swords of power
Bewitched by mighty wizard
They have faded away"

These nights I know why my eyes burn
Why I must cry with hate
For all those who carried the mysteries
These nights I build great empires
These night I destroy small kingdoms

I cry with tears of black swans
Slain by birds of the day

"Master of my spirit
Give me the force of the tyrant"

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