

Necromantia

"Pretender to the Throne (Opus II: Battle at the Nether-worl"

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Beyond the mountains of madness
Crossing the river Acheron
Lies the crimson battlefield
Where Father and son will cross their blades

On a flaming bat-shaped chariot
The Infernal Emperor appears
Matching his daring offspring
Waiting for Cerberus to howl

The guardian hound now screams
And swords are raised with hatred
Both forged in pain and blackness
Destined to spread the veil of Death

The battle doesn't seem to end
Such is their ferocious rage
Like hungry beasts upon their prey
No more blood ties can hide their hate

Suddenly the black-steel blade
Held by the pretender's hand
Pierces the Undead's wicked head
As dragon wings shading the sun

A wave of living darkness
Effuses from the Emperor's heart
Embraces the usurper
Absorbing his soul and blood

A triumphant voice
Now echoes in the skies

Now my son we're bound
Reborn into the Black
Masters of the Cosmos
Now my son we're one

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