

Akerbeltz

"The Ancient Enemy"

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By the swing of the scythe a
Revelation shall be given, to
Consolidate the realm of
Terror, breaking down like
A hammer all the wear
Walls of sanity, a disease...
The skylike precious stones,
Protectors of the black soul
Are attacked by traitors but
Inside the fires of hate grow
Bigger and rougher, fed by the
Desire of revenge, the spell of
Black omen that left on the
Surface a small part of the
Total complexion has been
Refused... once again the path
To the core is widely open and
The return of the tyrant
Shall be sung through ages
To reach the armet of
Knowledge through wich
The pandemonic fires shine
Dirhearting the ones of the
Right path. Naked hands with
No weapons but armed by
The fires of rage, fingers of
Iron opress to strangle until
The reaper comes again,
Couldn't it be that such a
Powerful poison could be
Asimilated by the one to die,
And the one to die learned
From it's killing formula
And create from it and even
More dreadful one shooting
Back the secret poisonous
Arrow to it's coward owner...
This is it, such a rotten soul
Can not be killed by spells
Of the mortals, in return
Here it comes, the chaos!

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