

Ragnarok

"Collectors Of The King"

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Kneel down from the whispers of the demon

Within the flames searching deeper in this force,
incense of madness and lust
Drawn, so close, to the gates, your streaming
possessively shivers

Overwhelming your senses, you're suffering the teeth
clutching rage
Born of demon, fear

Revel for me the lusts, fall for the gates of Satan

For the man, there has never been nothing
Still bowing through the winds of dust
Forever in time shall their knees face the flames
Awaiting the collectors of the king

Revel for me the lusts, fall for the gates, set you in the
trance

Rites upon the man
Forever doomed to serve, reaching in for the flesh and
lost
Bowing your heads for no mercy

For the man, there has never been nothing
Still bowing through the winds of dust
Forever in time shall their knees face the flames
Awaiting the collectors of the king

Forever they serve in honor of the one, so merciless
upon the slaves of the light
Forth from the mist, serve the might of Satan

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