

King Of Asgard

"Never Will You Know Of Flesh Again"

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Echoes from the past
Exhaled into air
Who telleth of secrets
That ages kept
Scorn the bliss - you'll never possess
Live through me - until that day
You bid us fall

Sharpened claws and worn wings
That stood the ravages of time
Rise from ash, to the heights
Never will you know of flesh again

A shadowed arcane heritage
That strenghten in distress
A monument of cold design
I shalt become...
... when you shalt fade!

Never will you know of flesh again

Scorn the bliss - you'll never possess
Live through me

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