

## Satyricon

# "Dominions Of Satyricon"

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From beyond come the storm  
Landscapes turn to ash before my pressured eyes  
Nothingness turns to nothingness  
And my imagination fades like dustclouds over  
This deserted land, feel to now satyricon  
Wonder how stormclouds rage  
And all you can feel is the cold winds of  
Funeral times, timeless they are  
He saw lived and died  
In these dreams of demons  
Wondering how he could open the gate to  
Dark medieval times and bring forth to the domains  
of satyricon, two great spears and a flag of dominion  
And hate  
Above it all creations fall  
Living for the quest and the search  
Dying for the key, living for the domains  
Arise northern spirit and come forth under  
The might of the castle satyricon

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