## From Behind Comes the Sword

Ancient

The final traces of the sun have been eradicated As the earth has seen the coming Of our black domain The lands are shrouded by the lunar shine That now will be perpetual successor Of the radiance of the past

The world turns to black Our army stands tall Disposed to seat Our final attack

Pathetic fear and apprehension fill The hearts of the Feeble lambs once shielded by their decrepit reiuge Their wretched shepherd has been devoured By the savage wolves and Now they realize their scoffing destiny has come

The world turns to black Our army stands tall Disposed to set Our final attack

"I, the Svartalv, Supreme Female Feel shame for your pityful human form May your soul be purified By my Deadly kiss of death !"

The world turns to black Our army stands tall In fury and hate From behind comes the sword !