

Paragon Belial

Darkthrone

I lay Enshrined
Contaminated Time Warp
My Flesh Yearns
For the Tombworld

My soul like layers of Frost
Simulating a Spectre Shadow
Frozen in Time and Space
I was Hacked out of Ice

Faded am I, behind a wall of consciousness
Still feeling a different World
Surrounding Me
Chilling Voices fill my head -
I Open My Eyes;

The Boiling Sea Beneath
The Castle of Faust
Belial finally Comes Forth:

"The Ancient White light writings
were just lying men and their Pens
You are the same, only in Black.
Return with the knowledge
of making your own god"

Dreamking of the Tombworld:
I Enter Into an Eternal Oath
Creating my Paragon Belial