

## Reforging the Crowns

### Hour of Penance

The sons of the harbinger gods  
Bred to know, not revere, nor submit  
Through the dust they will shine with a sparkle of light  
To rip the leash of flesh

Deceits of the worms of denial  
They shall clean, no remorse to the end  
All the traces of this venomous, degenerate sin  
To lead the newborn king

Forward  
I can see the red flag  
Bathed in warm blood of defeat  
I shall mold all the crowns  
Into a scepter of ungodly delight

Dominus daemonius  
Duce nos ultra nos  
To the word of Akatosh  
To the peak of absolute  
Dominus daemonius  
Duce nos ultra nos  
Breathe the sun of Tiferet  
Hear the sounds of Anahata

Feel the winds as they eat at your flesh  
To perceive what is real, what is fear  
Through the blades you shall pass and devour your heart  
To free the chained god

Your throne shall be tainted with rust  
This new creed will bereave the last sin  
To the ultimate mean of reversing the cross  
To lead the newborn king

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I shall mold all the crowns  
Into a scepter of ungodly delight

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