

The First Seal

Opera IX

Dark and forgotten the times of these writings
Timeless stones shape the walls of this site
Arcane and powerful symbols traced on them
May the moon lead my steps
In the sacred search of supreme knowledge
Waiting for his coming
And it was gloom

Somewhere in time
In unknown lands ruled by an ancient magic
In titanic forests
6 towers of power were built
They guarded 6 sacred heirlooms,
Protected by 6 seals
They show the effigy of the god
Who sits on the big black throne

I mesmerize my soul
To fly along the dusty paths of
Acheron
Looking for the magic circle of the black ring
Toth Amon, prince of enchanter's
Tell me your secret
Or I will tear it from death to death
Running on a human blood river
He feeds on blood
The blood calls him
His strength glows if the hands
invoking him are stained with blood
Where he shines, the blood is shed
There the light's kingdoms wobble
There nature forces are shaken

Thoth-Amon, give me the sword of sacrifice
And the sacred cup I am gonna fill with lifeblood
Give me the lance of almightiness
And the potsherds of the black stone
I'm gonna place on the altar of Dagon
Entrust the sixth heirloom to me
And so be it!

And then a whirlwind struck my
breast, freezing my soul
The candle flames vanished
announcing his coming

5 the tips and 5 the elements
It is the blood in which I annihilate
The sixth is the knowledge the
supreme god, the bringer of light
Engraved in the sixth heirloom
The sacred book ordained to the devotee