

The Ancient Crown of Glory

Ragnarok

Sick senses and the arms straight out in the dark
His silence, screaming without a sound
Bowing his head setting the crown on the right, slowly turning
The eyes of glory, the old one you never knew, the eyes you never knew

Gazing from the shadow, crippled hands towards your skin
Moving in for the slashing, rushing through the light
The man is silent, yet the chaos overwhelming, serving the greater
The man you knew so well

Forcing your eyes to open, where lies remains of the harvesting
of the damned
Madman serving hellish winds, the old man drooling, on his once
own blood

The eyes you never knew

Ripping your wounds, who is the tailor of these, macabre, senses of death
Rattling your bones, from what raises the spells setting fire to
the flesh

The eyes you never knew

Forcing your eyes to open, no remains beyond the harvest
Madman serves the hellish winds, old man's ancient crown of glory,
glory Sathanas