

Lords of the Nighrealm

Setherial

Guardians of the black art, renders of evil
Marked with the seal of Satan, demonic supremacy
The stars tremble as we ride within the flaming winds
With our disciples of demon legions, spreading damnation
Like a sweeping mantle across the landscapes

"Through the ages our disciples have always rendered homages to
us, thus we are of him; lords of the nighrealm"

We are the sign of the apocalypse, storms of armageddon
We are the holocaust of the faith of god, executioner of the feeble ones
We shall turn paradise into furnaces of boiling cauldrons, depths of infernal fires

Within the great halls of our realm of darkness, secrets hidden
Beneath the majestic thrones, scripts with spells of possession
to invert creation

A satanic infinity, destruction of heaven's kingdom
Mournful cries, the fires of hinnom burning once again
Hell eternal, lords of infernal
Satan grants us the power, the manifestation of demonic spectres...

....to clasp the night and make it eternal

We reign the night, thus we are of him
The nemesis of light, unleash Satan's wrath