

The First One

Wizard

You thought you were evil
But you were wrong
You were only blinded by the dark

Now at night you are hunting
The days you are sleeping
And you dream of a stake in your black heart
Dream of a stake in your black heart

You've prayed for the bite of life
But now you live in hell

And the first one sits on his throne
Laughing at your pain and your life in hell

The one who has given you
This eternal life
Feels the same pain as you do
In his black heart

You are a wanderer in time
Many centuries you have seen
But you have become tired of this life
And thus pray for your death

The stake in your heart
Black blood streams out of your wound
Your immaculate skin turns black
Your undead body begins to rot
Your soul is now free
But it will go straight to hell