

# Crown Of Autumn, The Treasures Arcane

Of quenchless radiance twinkle the jewels set onto thy crown  
Each one's a will on the unique diadem of tyranny  
Cherish the untrodden lands of almightiness in thine heart  
Drenched the exquisite nectar of miracles it forever will pulse

Hid far from unworthy profane eyes the Sacred Chalice waits  
Guarded by the Golden Dragon, the protector of virtue  
Only the valiant can tame the claw and the vehement flame  
Only the puissante can drink from the Cup which grants immortality

Markee!  
The one terrible chime...  
The blackest bell have toled, a sign that thruh the ages  
Draped in awe the kingdoms of the world  
Abhorred words sound to my ears like luscious rhimes  
Pernicious revelations pour from the pulpit of the Antichrist

So, let vent the Cosmical Force in impetuous waves across universal tides  
The storms shall gather from the four corners of the earth  
And with one enormous roar announce the Conqueror's rise  
The one who keeps the Treasures Arcane