

Emperor, Acclamation Of Bonds

Vide, ravens caw in reverence.
Anthems to the Welkin at dusk.
In celebration of the few, the kin,
beyond flesh, beyond words.
Those of the core, beyond gods,
as gods received.

I float among them
on wings once broken,
now gleaming black.
I share their song
of words unspoken.
Cries of the past.

In times of fiendish tempest
bloodlust turns against the coil.
Hungry for the fall,
I greet the pit.
Blind Savage
Cursing Life.

Yet, at the moment of my final step
the hands and golden chains are given.
Bidding me
that which can not be deprived:
The bonds of trust and unity,
till the end.

Brethren and sisters of my circle,
I acclaim thee all.
When guiding stars are clouded and deranged,
fear not to take my hand.

The bonds of trust and unity.
As gods received
till the end.