

Emperor, Wrath Of The Tyrant

The wolves bark with wind in summertime.
As the moon passes the shadows. It was a grim tale.
The wolves pry the limbs from the conquered ones.

Carnage consumes the emptiness.
Wait till my spirits come forth.
Violate all his chosen ones.
Drink the fires of death.

Carrying the deaths of his fallen warriors
deep inside of him, in his eyes.
Walk upon this Earth tonight,
carrying the staff of cold souls.

Appear the sign of evil will.

They appear, Death and Destruction,
to a time (when) the angel cries.
Open your eyes again now, he is here.
He is the master of fear.

He is the wind, He is the storm.
He is the woods, He is the roots.
Nobody will escape the wrath of the Tyrant.
Forever the Beast shall wander the Earth.