

Satyricon, Dominions Of Satyricon

From beyond come the storms
Landscapes turn to ash before my pressured eyes
Nothingness turns to nothingness
And my imagination fades like dustclouds over
This deserted land feel to now satyricon
Wonder how stormclouds rage
And all you can feel is the cold winds of
Funeral times, Timeless they are

He saw lived and died
In these dreams of demons
Wondering how he could open the gate to
Dark medieval times and bring forth to the domains
Of satyricon, Two great spears and a flag of dominion
And hate

Above it all creations fall
Living for the quest and the search
Dying for the key, Living for the domains
Arise northern spirit and come forth under
The might of the castle satyricon