

Setherial, Satan's Realm

A toll enshrouded spectre; with demons wings
Surrounded by a pale and cold radiance
Eyes so morbidly and brilliant
Unchained is the devil of Ira

Arriving to the throne buildt in coldest blackstone
Towering above a mantle of thick fog
Reflections into the whispering waters

I have worshipped thee below in centuries of time
Scripts older than time itself reveals the coming of our lord

In the domain of the blackest dark I gaze into the flames
Satan; let the scytche of death sweep across the landscape

A horizon covered with darkness; the fog creeps over the mountains
Lay low the ramparts; open wide the portals of hell

In nomine dei nostri Satthanas...
...In the name of the master Satan, his excellence Lucifer
I summon the forces of darkness and the infernal powers within

Beyond the black fog; Satan's realm
Beyond the black fog; the realm of Satan

The moon turns bloodred and the holocaust storms rises from the north
Awaiting the hordes of hell to come forth
Hate is the heart, Death; the striving vision
...My dark soul is immortal

"Scripts older than time itself reveals the coming of the wrath,
unchained is the devils of Ira. Satan's wings his scytche of death"

Raging battles, Bathin; mighty warlord
Again you shall lead the men of might, against the week and feeble light

Beyond the black fog; Satan's realm
Beyond the black fog; the realm of Satan