

# Tyrant of Death, Ethereal

The purest form of hate  
They raise the reign of hell  
I'm striding through the realm of death

Feasting upon our souls  
I feel them swarming me  
Their presence shakes the soil  
Underneath my feet and bones

The swarm devours the rotting flesh  
Nothing can stop this awakening

...This awakening

Breaching the void when I collapse,  
The flow of vengeance seeks my name

They will cleanse the earth  
They will cleanse the fucking earth

I pray the lord every day for forgiveness  
The one, who can bring my hate to a close  
This flame will be the last of salvation...  
The wind has died out, the blood will flow again  
Searching to find the way

Blistering silence  
Limping down the corridors,  
With her blood soaked blade  
The frost builds before me,  
Have I seen the shadow of God?

One, final, day

All of who will suffer by the shackles of restrain,  
I seek to find the answer,  
I shall mend the hate of ethereal  
The sickness seething within my soul

I grasp my own demise  
I feel them changing me  
I know my own reprise  
I cease the gears of mankind  
I release my hate  
...And I seek the redemption [sic] of the sun

They are the hands that bear the part of strength  
They weigh the scale of mind and our bleeding lungs  
Their way of torture and my fucking madness  
Will be forgotten from the wrath

With the singing from their glorious fields  
She will hear the calls  
Burned down and devoured

My left hand  
My right fist  
Pondering annihilation  
Destructive malformation  
Breaking down the servants  
My lust for blood never ends  
I see, I hear  
The devils calling me

Now reigning from the depths  
Walking inside  
Inside my fire

Ethereal  
The name is written in blood  
Ethereal  
Her screams destroy the earth

I know my way around the dead to finally reanalyze all of my sins...