

Aura Noir, Conqueror

So you've come for your vengeance
Hear - I think the crowd is silent
Of me you have dreamt
I have grown (I built my domain on your hate)
Mock your words
I will laugh in disrespect
then wash my hands in your blood
conqueror
A face of fright you revealed to me
with which I painted my eyes
Delight me with death for this tires my soul
and soon eyes of black shall arise...
Hear crowd - my heart
The delicate thunder