

Aurora Borealis, Reign

Call me the lord of all wars, call me the lord of storms
Call me the lord of all hate and disorder
My reign shall not be complete until the whole defeat
Bow now unto thee and worship at my feet

Murder shall soon unfold and fulfill the prophecies
Stories that once were told now are sure to be

Death was imminent fourteen pieces left
visible in the earth his death is my birth

The son shall arise avenge the conquering
A long campaign eighty it is to be
Fighting so long for I am tiring
The son has arisen and regained the reign from me

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Banishment to be, placed at the side of re
In the northern sky, thunderous my cry

Assemble and resurrect, troth the magic of isis
King of the underworld, to the dead he is now lord

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