

Celtic Frost, Circle Of The Tyrants

After the battle is over
And the sands drunken the blood
All what there remains
Is the bitterness of delusion

The immortality of the gods
Sits at their side
As they leave the walls behind
To reach the jewels gleam

The days have come
When the steel will rule
And upon his head
A crown of gold

Your hand wields the might
The tyrant's the precursor
You carry the will
As the morning is near

I sing the ballads
Of victory and defeat
I hear the tales
Of frozen mystery

The new kingdoms rise
By the circle of the tyrants
In the land of darkness
The warrior, that was me
Grotesque glory
None will ever see them fall
And hunts and war
Are like everlasting shadows

Where the winds cannot reach
The tyrant's might was born
And often I look back
With tears in my eyes
Grotesque glory
None will ever see them fall
And hunts and wars
Are like everlasting shadows