

Deathspell Omega, Death's Reign (Human Futility)

A vaste void, darker than black
And colder than Satan's Wrath
A long path behind, full of hate,
Full of despair, it was the way of the strong.
Feared by many, respected by few,
The warlord stands proud, his blood covered sword in hand.

Suddenly, light and warmth
Is it an illusion?
No
"Who dares to cross my path?"

A feeble creature yet so strong
Stands on the way to Hell.
Pitiless, the warlord holds his sword high,
But doubts arise
An attack by treachery!
He stumbles and falls, though no wound can be seen.
The cold of his glorious past, oh it hurts.
The future strikes hard in silence.
Memories stab him down, the fear gets overwhelming.
Who knows the difference between fate and wishes, between truth and lies?
Doubts kill him many times
Yet he can not die, for he is Satan's child.
He stands up with Darkness' help, marked by defeat.
A vicious smile : revenge will come with the reign of Death.