

Dies Ater, Dethrone The Weak Mortality

"Divine
leader of these thundering dark legions,

Blessed by the
shadows' power, honoured by the twilight of proud.

We hail you."

In the valley of
depraved thoughts, where retention disappears

Scaring, slightly
shadowed lights untomb lost hearts

While an infernal
gift of wisdom stoking a redeeming fire

Strafing life, as
infinity winds in corroding, leeching fields.

- Dethrone the
weak mortality -

I'd wandered
around millions of these soothing places,

Seen hundreds of
defiled souls, preserving humbling secrets

Blinded by hate,
driven by unknown inner instinct

Still I was on a
sensitive search to obtain higher values.

On a gloomy autumn
night, spotted by a fatal glimpse

My consternated
body, willing to run, not able to move

A piercing scream,
brightens the surrounding darkness,

An unsacred
creature, haunting this bleeding place.

- Dethrone the
weak mortality -

A treasure to
feed my hunger, to grant me peace?

Hark! A nearing,
provoking challenge for me to come,

Time to forget
former battles of irrelevant insignificance.

A deserved
catastrophe for all these grudging cowards

To dethrone this
weak mortality - flame of darkness.

A forbidden,
seductive strength, enchanting my senses

Mocking weakness
in serenades of despise - free to rise

Valuable sins
waiting for my unholy, deadly commands

Shadows flee in
cold despair, a world is bleeding

An unstained dream
to conquer yet reaching higher

To catch the
luminous, oppressing moon, the depraving fire