

Elysian Fields, As One

Black marks ablazing far in the red sky
Descendance of the true one God
Desolation rides in the maze of the demigods
Reign of dust; Thy abhorrence has cursed me
Rapture; Silence; Sinlessness;
Sacred black of my kingdom's desire
Enchantment...
Grant me the power to embrace the silver
sights
The ancients' domain
Grant me the power to enthrall...
I hear the fire coming from beyond
The chants (are) becoming louder
Victory...
Gazing upon the twilight;
I wish th' immortal hordes were me...
I saw the moon; it was bleeding
The fiendish call, I embraced it; it haunts my soul
Fall; I suffered the paleness of the pure
I can't resist; Descend and be, one with me!
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