

Emperor, Into The Infinity Of Thoughts

As the Darkness creeps over the Northern mountains of Norway
and the silence reach the woods, I awake and rise...
Into the night I wander, like many nights before,
and like in my dreams, but centuries ago.

Under the Moon, under the trees.
Into the Infinity of Darkness,
beyond the light of a new day,
into the frozen nature chilly,
beyond the warmth of the dying Sun.
Hear the whispering of the wind,
the Shadows calling...

I gaze into the Moon which grants me visions
these twelve full Moon nights of the year,
and for each night the light of the holy disciples fades away.

Weaker and weaker, one by one.

Weaker and weaker, one by one.

I gaze into the Moon which makes my mind pure as crystal lakes,
my eyes cold as the darkest winter nights, by yet there is a flame inside.

It guides me into the dark shadows beyond this world,
into the infinity of thoughts... thoughts of upcoming reality.

In the name of the almighty Emperor I will ride the Lands in pride,
carrying the Blacksword at hand, in warfare.

I will grind my hatred upon the loved ones.
Despair will be brought upon
the hoping children of happiness.

Wherever there is joy the hordes of the eclipse
will pollute sadness, sadness and hate
under the reign of fear.

The lands will grow black.
There is no Sunrise yet to come
into the wastelands of phantoms lost.

The lands will grow black.
There is no Sunrise yet to come.

May these moments under the Moon be eternal.
May the infinity haunt me... In Darkness.