

Enthroned, At the Sound of the Millenium Black B

A tremendous horned shadow
appeared in the red wintersky.
The unbearable resounding of the pagan bells
awake the souls of their tombs.

Hades calls them in front of the almighty throne
for the gathering of the black pact.
I've been dead, for centuries.
Today again my evil spirit,
celebrate the millenary of Satan,
in the freezing chapel of demons,
my delight is to hear the sputtering of heaven in fire.

With my Baphometric horde,
I desecrate the holy tombs,
I destroy the virgin edifices
I invert the holy cross,
In the name of profanation
I hail Baphomet!!!

At the sound of the millennium black bells
time has come for me,
to return in my paragon tomb,
for a perpetual slumber,
under the dark eyes of Belial,
for a dark eternity...