

Fiurach, The Divine Sword Conquest

Dustclouds approaching in sight
scaams and squalls for the heat
can't stand that incommensurable power
drawing six warriors and the force of Vrill

- (Triangle Sovereings) -

"And merciless masses gather in the attack,
that will nearly lacerate our flesh,
vindictive and joined in their claws stab
draining our veins in impetuous cascade of blood,
but in the blasting sky and terrifying screams
are heard again the last words of the underworld king,
and in every thunderclap is present his hammer
that with the six warriors' hearts beats at once in their chest.

Will my force ever reach our dying hand
may the divine sword lay eternally unprophaned,
its drawner will certainly win his battle,
but certain die after victory,
the six besiegers would conquer the triangle;
stands in flames and wait lordly their present king
to reach vengeance they will obey him without questions.
This what we read in their so determined advance,
this is the course of doom
but we will face it with raised heads;
retire now beyond the abysses gates"

[solos - Adonai, Deathmaster]

The seven abysses wait
unholy steps prophane
the sacred gates of power,
impurity rules over once fiery stnes.

In complete disgrace the cascade ruins
and the stallions ride is hard
through the battlewitness stony faces,
never stooping fall.
There waiting bane welcomes
the usurped lords,
the divine sword appears in shining strenght,
divine and allmighty in the hands of the impaler,
Fury and Agony, Victory and Death the Triangle is Black!