

# Obituary, Circle Of The Tyrants (Celtic Frost)

After the battle is over  
And the sand's drunken the blood  
All what there remains  
Is the bitterness of delusion

The immortality of the Gods  
Sits at their side  
As they leave the walls behind  
To reach the jewels gleam

The days have come  
When the steel will rule  
And upon his head  
A crown of gold

Your hand wields the might  
The tyrant's the precursor  
You carry the will  
As the morning is near

I sing the ballads  
Of victory and defeat  
I hear the tales  
Of frozen mystery

The new kingdoms rise / by the circle of the tyrants  
In the land of darkness / the warrior, that was me  
Grotesque glory / none will (ever) see them fall  
And hunts and wars / are like everlasting shadows

Where the winds cannot reach / the tyrant's might was born  
And often I look back / with tears in my eyes  
Grotesque glory / none will (ever) see them fall  
And hunts and wars / are like everlasting shadows