

Obsidian Gate, Of Pures Pandaemonium

"Devour, O glorious pyre, thou who came straight from hell,
where pain is the seed on burning soil and the horned one reigns with flaming
hand..."

Devour, O glorious flame, leap up high,
thy shine shall be the one and only light.
Spirit of fire, banished to this world,
Here I stand and thou shalt obey!

Daemon rise, from where in flames souls writhe.
I speak the words, and so the earth shall burn.
"Of purest pandaemonium born..."
Satan rise, thy time has come this night,
we shall storm onwards, all chaos on our side.
"And the universe shall kneel for us..."

Come, cast thy force upon us!

War shall rage, and the earth shall erupt
in seas of molten stone and molten angels' bones.
Hell invoked from where heaven once dwelled.
Chaos came upon us and we raised our blazing swords!
"In purest pandaemonium forged..."

Evaporated landscapes, black smoke and raining clouds,
time has been reversed, back into an aeon of blackness.
Seas of glowing lava, deserted plains and mountains.
The battle has been won, inferno is finally unchained.

Devour, O glorious flame, forever leap up high,
thy shine shall be the one and only existent light.
Spirit of fire, banished to this world,
Here I stand and thou shalt obey: Create hell on earth!
Thou buidest the great fortress on an island in the burning sea,
For thy horned god and emperor that he shall rule the whole universe.
Let the demon armies march across all borders of reality
that they shall announce: "Satan hath returned!!!"