

Primordial, Here I Am King

What am I but a thorn in your side?
Frost in summer, to chill your heart
A drifting memory of autumn decay
A shadowed soul in a fetter of light

An abyssic voice in purile mind... a fallen one
Wandering by the shores, of eternal sin...

The sun no longer shines here
Endless waves roll upon the endless shores
A sullen ship drifts upon the blackest tide
Beneath darkened boughs, no song is heard...
An endless forest where the devil's shadows play
...here I am King

I know no other world
I know no other...
For here I am King
And a King I shall stay...

Take my hand...
Imrama...
To an eternal infinity
Where the stars burn in my name