

# Temple Of Metal, Rigor Mortis

Dark bogs draw my walk,  
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My steps arrive at the sight of my lord.  
Only the scepter of my king will understand  
my thirst for revenge by now placated  
gives birth in me... memories of death.  
My armour doesn't bear anymore  
the heavy weight of doom!  
My sword doesn't rage anymore  
in the battle!  
Long nights of tears and mysteries  
will be lit in front of the demons,  
that play in my soul,  
my body without blood.  
Only death, only my death  
will clean this memory.  
Only the fire of my hatred  
will burn these lost souls.  
Rigor Mortis!  
Deamonium!  
In eternum!  
Regna!