

The Kovenant, Vision of a last kingdom

Swept in the wintery landscapes
Untouched by the hands of the holy
I am a demon, I hold the key
But not for myself...
But to crush the feeble race
I have thad visions of lost kingdom
Once so proud but only to fall
We raise the sign on the mountainside
This domain....
Is eternally ours
Out world is like a black soul
In eteral search for immortality
But the soul is tired of searching...