

# Varathron, Mestigoth

Deadly pain hovering in the night  
Shadows are scared around you  
Embossed thought and remorse  
To the wall of memories.

Like a spirit, like a shine  
Beyond the eternal galaxies  
(At the unknown dimensions)  
Where the silence re-echo (like a scream!)  
Of ultimate fear which possesses you.

With awe you looking at yourself  
On the waxen mirror that changes endlessly  
Losing your faith and you're crying  
For the ultimate gift, they'll promised you.

Look the bloodness skies  
Look the blasphemous kingdom  
Look the shine of victory in their burning eyes  
Feel their dark delight

After many-maby centuries and aeons  
You will be the one who will write  
The Macabre tales on the book of stone  
You will narrate to the next generation  
You will speak for their victory  
You will scream for the winter  
Oh! King of the kings, Emperor of chaos,  
dark Lord, Master... I worship you!!!