

Holding The Seal

Besatt

Between the sphere of throne choirs and sphere of angel choirs
In clouds of reverie and windy, mad existence

From all of pains and suffers made from fear in abyss of damned
The magic Seal of Formeus, weaved in merciless time

He keeps it with him
Gives a power and sentences
Guards his own madness
Yields a wild blisses

The great marquess of hell, he learns a fine arts
He can render man for being a master of rhetoric

The legions of ghosts from dark abysses
Are still ready for his orders
Are making him adored by his enemies
Formeus, gazed in his Seal