

# The Usurper

Celtic Frost

Lend me your steel-bearing hand  
So I may reign the Jewel Throne  
My soul feels the gods' demand  
As the lost kings uphold my side

[Chorus]  
Blood and sand  
Mark their way  
The usurper's tears  
Guide my sword...

Fantasia slept in my thoughts  
As I was a son of infinity  
The emperor, forgotten, rests in my dreams  
As, back to the wall, I start the conquest

Innocence and wrath  
Now lie far beyond  
As we cross the deserts  
To reach the fortress' gates

Tragical serenades  
Are whispered in the wind  
As eyes in fury  
Grant us our strength

(They're) throning on the dignity of might  
But the successor is to enter the hall  
False truth saw them climbing the steps  
But I remain the Jewel Throne's choice