

In the arms of shadow my power is growing  
I'm a half-god  
I'm crossing the threshold of portal  
I've arrived again be ware  
Serviled fans of rotting pride  
Soon my destination will be reached  
The dethronization of coronated master of this land  
I'm comforter of deceased and tameless enemy of those who live  
I cast a curse in those people who lament in the twilight  
And the morning they dream about fame  
Again I'm mounting on flamed steedbr  
To steal into the deadly moonlight to conquer the new worlds  
To inundate them with my filthy hordes  
And my delightful dreams came true  
No, it's not a heresy, this is a twisted reality  
Only I can create the vision so real  
That fear for closing eye-  
lids like plaque will touch human's breed  
I want to hear screams of terror and lamentable whimpering  
When hellish desire will woke up in the dreams  
Sand of time displacing slowly, in the hour-glass of infinity  
Secret places are still waiting for me  
Scattered in the abyss of mind