

The Conqueror

Enthroned

Company of heaven has sent us a chosen apostle
To the treasure of the damned
Blessing no longer be poured the mystical lord
Covered with rich headdress

He will proceed his way over the line
Furious as tiger
Once the tower rocked and cracked beneath its lash
Caught inextinguishable fire

Conqueror - Conqueror - Conqueror

The lord of host gave ear into his sing
Intolerable blackness helms him
Only the lightning from his hand that sits
When usurping tyrants fall

An unsullied maid baffles his seductions and his ire
Pines in the poison
Compassion is the vice of kings
Stamp down the wretched weak

Conqueror - Conqueror - Conqueror

You are not of the slaves that perish
Pity them not
Tear down that lying spectre of centuries
Vices and virtues words

We'll hide in a smash of sorrow
You shall fear
Let your rites be rightly performed
With joy and beauty