

Promeathea - Thy Darkest Mask of Surreality

Hecate Enthroned

"The darkest clouds are forming,
Remove my mask of serenity from my tortured face,
We are as one desire,
Beneath the infinity of the majestic sky,
Arise my darkest entity,
From the domain which I dwell,
Our time has come,
This is our kingdom,
We are the essence of warm winters."