

# Act I: The First Seal

## Opera IX

Dark and forgotten the times of these writings  
Timeless stones shape the walls of this site  
Arcane and powerful symbols traced on them  
May the moon lead my steps  
In the sacred search of supreme knowledge  
Waiting for his coming  
And it was gloom

Somewhere in time  
In unknown lands ruled by an ancient magic  
In titanic forests  
6 towers of power were built  
They guarded 6 sacred heirlooms,  
Protected by 6 seals  
They show the effigy of the god  
Who sits on the big black throne

I mesmerize my soul  
To fly along the dusty paths of  
Acheron  
Looking for the magic circle of the black ring  
Toth Amon, prince of enchanters  
Tell me your secret  
Or I will tear it from death to death  
Running on a human blood river  
He feeds on blood  
The blood calls him  
His strength glows if the hands  
invoking him are stained with blood  
Where he shines, the blood is shed  
There the light's kingdoms wobble  
There nature forces are shaken

Thoth-Amon, give me the sword of sacrifice  
And the sacred cup I am gonna fill with lifeblood  
Give me the lance of almightiness  
And the potsherds of the black stone  
I'm gonna place on the altar of Dagon  
Entrust the sixth heirloom to me  
And so be it!

And then a whirlwind struck my  
breast, freezing my soul  
The candle flames vanished  
announcing his coming

5 the tips and 5 the elements  
It is the blood in which I annihilate  
The sixth is the knowledge the  
supreme god, the bringer of light  
Engraved in the sixth heirloom  
The sacred book ordained to the devotee