

Collectors of the King

Ragnarok

Kneel down from the whispers of the demon

Within the flames searching deeper in this force, incense of madness and lust

Drawn, so close, to the gates, your streaming possessively shivers

Overwhelming your senses, you're suffering the teeth clinching rage

Born of demon, fear

Reville for me the lusts, fall for the gates of Satan

For the man, there has never been nothing

Still bowing through the winds of dust

Forever in time shall their knees face the flames

Awaiting the collectors of the king

Reville for me the lusts, fall for the gates, set you in the trance

Rites upon the man

Forever doomed to serve, reaching in for the flesh and lost

Bowing your heads for no mercy

For the man, there has never been nothing

Still bowing through the winds of dust

Forever in time shall their knees face the flames

Awaiting the collectors of the king

Forever they serve in honor of the one, so merciless upon the slaves of the light

Forth from the mist, serve the might of Satan