

## Upon the Red Thrones

Runemagick

Souls flying with the dark winds of doom  
Alive by the force within the flesh  
They just are from the heart of the serpent  
He who lives beyond the great wall of stone  
The winds carried them to the land of the dying  
In the mountains where no one else where flying  
Upon the red thrones  
Where the laughter of the sinners never ends  
Upon the red thrones  
Twisted faces and bleeding eyes  
In the kingdom of the ancient dragons of death  
They sit upon the red thrones made of flesh  
The force of the soul still grows within  
They both feel that the truth is to sin  
She read the signs of the creature outsides  
And the laughter of sin echoes among the dragons  
Upon the red thrones  
Where the laughter of the sinners never ends  
Upon the red thrones  
Twisted faces and bleeding eyes  
Lost souls trying to see within the force  
Disturbed by the ones who have the code of life  
We are the highest form of desecration in your eyes  
The power of the secret magick never dies