

# Diabolical Masquerade, The Castle Of Blackheim

Somewhere Beyond the Frozen Moors in the Highest North  
Where only the Falling Snow from the Sky managed to Enter  
A Kingdom Forever Deserted since it's Birth  
Forgotten in the Extremest of Storms and Cold  
A Landscape in Ancient Sleep of Deathlike Silence  
Yet Breathing in the Growing Wastelands of Frost

(Voice:) "At the End of this Bitter Winter Eternity  
Laid the Ultimate Overshadowed Ice Forest on Earth...  
Once the Northern Lightning Struck the Skies  
It became a Shape in the Entangling Ice...  
Winds of Great Haze Whispered upon the Blizzard Storms...  
an Arctic Domain under a Grinning Silver Moon..."

In the Center of the Frozen Burial Ground  
The Most Monumental Grey Creation was Placed  
To Conquer Time by Possessing Immortality  
The Sworn Oath was Coming True

Unseen Spirits of the Ancient Universe  
Sent a Vision through half a Mortal Dream  
The Sentinel of the World to all Black Elves  
Was Predictive and Granted by the Wisdom  
He had to Transcend his Cryptic Wishes

All Life and Time stood Still for that Moment  
Even the Winds Rode Colder and Stronger  
The Gate Closed with a dustfilled Breath of Vacuum  
And so it's heard..This became the Castle of Blackheim

(And even Today the Prophecy Tells)  
When all Spirits are as many as Stars  
Something not Known in Words will come to Happen...