

Temple Of Metal, Rigor Mortis

Dark bogs draw my walk,
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My steps arrive at the sight of my lord.
Only the scepter of my king will understand
my thirst for revenge by now placated
gives birth in me... memories of death.
My armour doesn't bear anymore
the heavy weight of doom!
My sword doesn't rage anymore
in the battle!
Long nights of tears and mysteries
will be lit in front of the demons,
that play in my soul,
my body without blood.
Only death, only my death
will clean this memory.
Only the fire of my hatred
will burn these lost souls.
Rigor Mortis!
Deamonium!
In eternum!
Regna!